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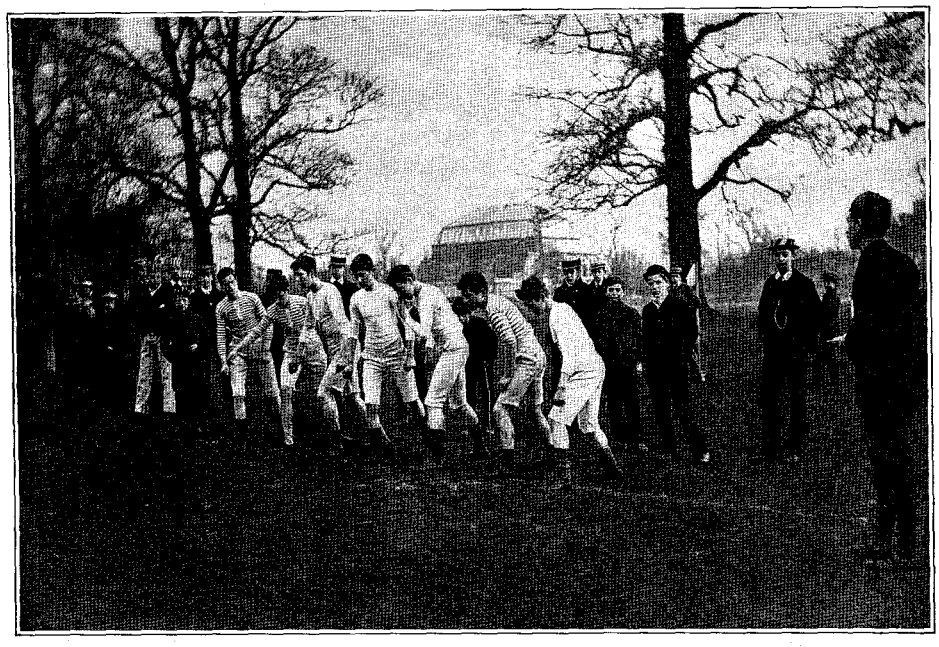

From a photograph by E. H. Speight, Rugby.

Rugby boys.

THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND

By Everett T. Tomlinson

THE public school is an institution distinctly English in its origin and development. Some writers have maintained that it is an outgrowth of English life and civilization, and others with equal positiveness have declared that England has been made by her public schools. The truth is, both classes in a measure are correct, for the school is not a result of attainment along a certain fixed line. The more correct figure is that of an arc in a circle. That English ideals, civilization, traditions have produced these great schools is true; but it is equally true that they have created or modified the traditions, civilization and ideals, and each in turn has become both cause and effect. The public school is at once a growth and an outgrowth, an expression and an impression, a starting place and a goal.

The manifest excellencies of these great schools have led to many attempts to imitate or even to transplant them to other lands; but even the sincere flattery of imitation has not succeeded in more than a weak dilution, and as for transplanting—one might as well try to transplant a London fog. The schools are as distinctively English as are the climate and soil of the British Isles. Suggestive they certainly are, a careful study of them may be inspiring, but they can be reproduced on other

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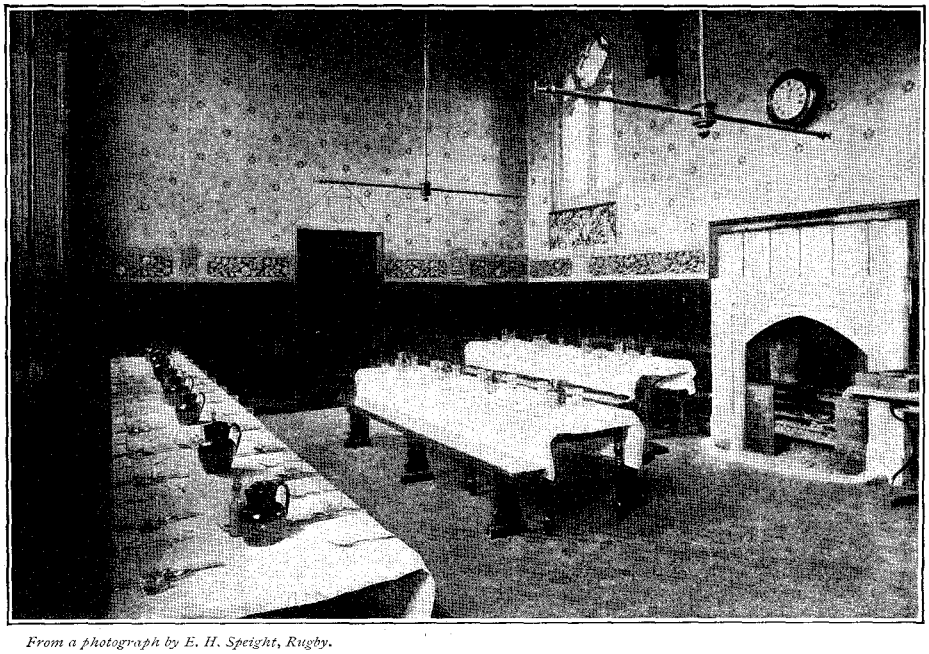
soil no more than Florida oranges can be grown in Vermont.

What is a public school? The question is natural and the answer well-nigh impossible. Even the head master smiles at the oft-heard query, but he seldom attempts to give a categorical reply. He knows; but it is difficult, indeed almost impossible, for him to impart his knowledge to you—doubly difficult if you are an American.

nor explains the peculiar meaning of the expression as it is applied to these great schools.

Nor do the boys in attendance come from the public at large. Two causes prevent this—one of which is the high fees which must be paid, and the fees are high in every one of these schools. The second cause is found in the nature of the requirements for admission. A severe entrance



From a photograph by E. H. Speight, Rugby.

Dining Hall—Dormitory Building—Rugby.

There is a certain Act of Parliament which seems to imply that these schools are limited to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster and Shrewsbury; but these names by no means complete the list. It is rather by a process of elimination and selection that the understanding of the place and function of a school like Rugby is to be attained.

First of all, the word "public" is misleading, for these schools are not "public" in any such sense as the word implies in America. They are not supported by the public nor are the pupils drawn from the public at large. It is true, they have certain governmental relations, but then every institution and every man on the British Isles has, in a way, a certain similar relation, so that the term neither defines

examination must be passed. Nor are the payment of charges and the successful passing of these examinations sufficient. In most of the schools there is a continual skimming of the cream of England's boyhood. Last year there were fourteen vacancies in Winchester and seventy-four applicants successfully passed, but only the first fourteen were selected. One can readily perceive what this process, when it is long continued, does for a school. A third barrier is the will of the head master, who may, if for any reason he deems such action desirable, refuse to receive a boy, no matter how promptly his fees have been paid or with what credit his entrance examinations were passed.

These schools are for boys and not for girls. No girls' school, whatever its stand-

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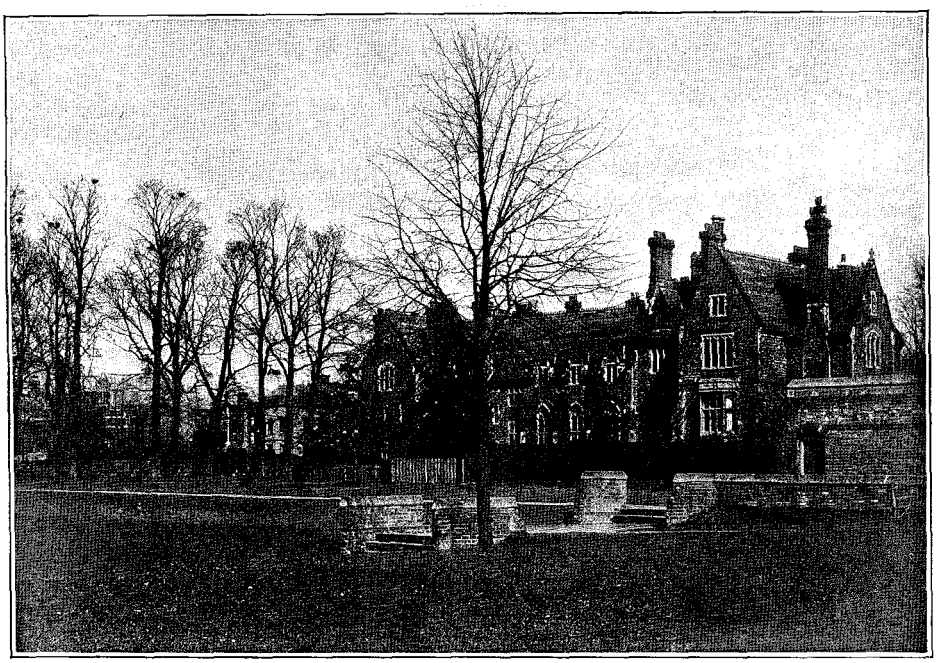

From a photograph by E. H. Speight, Rugby.

G. Brooke's house, commonly called "Georgie's House," at Rugby.

ing or quality, has been, is now, or evermore shall be classified with England's public schools.

Then, too, there are sharp limitations as to the age of the boys. In most of the public schools the average age of the entering boys is twelve, and they are eighteen when the course is completed. This law is not inflexible, but it is clearly stated in the prospectus that if a boy does not pass out of his form at a certain age, he is no longer permitted to remain as a pupil. In the school vernacular he is "superannuated."

To many the distinctive feature of a public school is its relation to the two great universities—Oxford or Cambridge—or in its special relation to a certain college of the university. At Winchester this connection is with New College, Oxford, while at Eton it is with Christ Church. This peculiar relation, however, is not inflexible, and many go out from these schools to enter other Oxford colleges or go to Cambridge.

There are many Englishmen to whom the final test of a public school is found in its contrast to "private" or proprietary schools. And there are many of the latter that give most excellent drill, and have standards as high as the best of the schools we are considering. But by no stretch of the British imagination are they looked upon as permanent. The public schools, on the contrary, in the eyes of the law and in the thought of the nation, are immortal. A school with less than a hundred boys in attendance would never be termed a public school. It may have more than the requisite number and still be only a private institution.

Although the scholarship of the public schools is of a high order and the clever boy receives special attention, a certain amount of freedom is granted which a smaller or different school would not permit. Indeed, in some of the older schools, the rules and regulations are reduced to their lowest terms. The discipline is largely entrusted to the boys themselves, and so strong is the element of tradition and the inherited sentiment of the student body that, it is claimed, a far better result is attained by this method in the character of the boy. His larger liberty makes him free from certain ordinary requirements of a boarding school; but his restrictions are in the school body itself, and seldom does

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one have the hardihood to break through its unwritten laws. When the boys of the Sixth Form—the leaders of which are heroes in the eyes of the younger ones that rank easily with Æneas and Agamemnon—are the ones to insist upon strict obedience to customs and rules, the result is easy to conceive. The masters may be a court of appeals or of final resort, but the ordinary life of the institution, to a large extent, is in the hands of the boys. When caning, "whopping," fagging, sports, even the hours of study, are in the jurisdiction of the chosen boys of the Sixth Form it is easily seen that rank, wealth or previous condition of servitude count for little. The horizon of the school world may not be extensive, but within its limitations it is a democracy pure and simple—perhaps the simplest, purest and most brutally frank known—for in all the world there is not to be found such absolute and exact justice as boys mete out to one another.

From a photograph by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

The famous motto painted on the walls of a Winchester schoolroom.

And the achievements are wonderful. Self-confident without being self-conscious, as clear in his knowledge that he does not know certain things as he is positive in his knowledge of the things he does know, the public-school boy would be astounded at the willingness of his American cousin to "throw a bluff" in his attempts to answer questions concerning which he is in a state of darkest ignorance. The value and place of authority, the necessity of doing things before praise or even recognition is to be received, self-control, qualities of leadership or of following (and the latter is as valuable as the former, although usually omitted in an American curriculum)—all these are among the well-nigh distinctive qualities imparted in a great public school. Scholarship, however high, is never merely bookish, but virile and vital, because, whatever may be the subject studied, the indefinable life and character are supreme. And as for the teaching, the quality of which has rapidly risen in recent years, when one is informed that the annual salary of a head master is £5,000 and house, he is not surprised that the master is a good man if "value received" is a part of the contract.

The name and application of the English lad who purposes to enter have both been long on the lists of the house to which he wishes to be assigned. These "houses," beautiful and spacious, each in charge of a master and in which from ten to forty or even eighty boys are in residence, provide the life. In certain schools, chiefly the older ones, are dormitories; but the number of pupils received into them never exceeds seventy or eighty, and in some of the schools there are no accommodations for these pupils at all. Every boy lives in some house, and as a rule direct application for admission is made to its master. One of the schools has a printed rule: "No applications will be received more than four years before the date of admission."

When the proper time arrives, the boy comes up for his entrance examination. Before this time he has been taught at home, or by a tutor, or has been in attendance at some preparatory school; and these preparatory schools, like certain fleas, seem to go on down *ad infinitum*.

"My school is no good now since 'babies' have been taken in!" lamented a sturdy British lad of nine in describing his own life in a school preparatory for Eton. His remark was the expression of his disgust

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From a photograph by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

Moberly Library and Chapel, Winchester.

that a school preparatory to the preparatory, which prepared for the public schools, themselves preparatory to the universities, had been formed.

This entrance examination may conform to the ideas of the head master, or warden and fellows, but, at Winchester, for example, it must be upon the following subjects:

1. Elementary knowledge of the Bible.
2. Latin grammar and parsing and translation into English from an easy Latin author.
3. Elementary knowledge of French.
4. Elementary arithmetic.
5. Outlines of English history and geography.

In addition to the above subjects the examination will include:

6. Translation into Latin of easy English passages.
7. Greek grammar, parsing and translation of easy passages.
8. An oral examination in French.
9. Algebra up to the solution of easy simple equations in one variable, together with problems depending upon such equations.
10. Experimental geometry.

The outline is simple, but how is it with the papers? The following, selected from the 1908 election examination papers at Eton is given merely as a sample:

ETON COLLEGE ELECTION, 1908

Wednesday, July 8th, 3 to 5 P.M.

GENERAL PAPER

Not more than eight questions should be attempted, of which the first should be one.

1. Write a short essay (not more than 20 lines) on one of the following subjects:
   (*a*) Compare the powers of the King of England with those of the President of the United States.
   (*b*) Moral and physical courage.
   (*c*) Our difficulties in ruling India.
   (*d*) The respective advantages of photographs and paintings.
2. Why was Athens beaten by Sparta in the Peloponnesian War? What were the chief events of the war?
3. Compare the characters and achievements of Julius Cæsar and Augustus.
4. What obvious differences are there in Latin and English grammar?
5. What was the Holy Roman Empire and how was it related to the Roman Empire?
6. What made the reign of Elizabeth a great period in English history?
7. How would the completion of the Panama Canal affect the trade of the world? Illustrate

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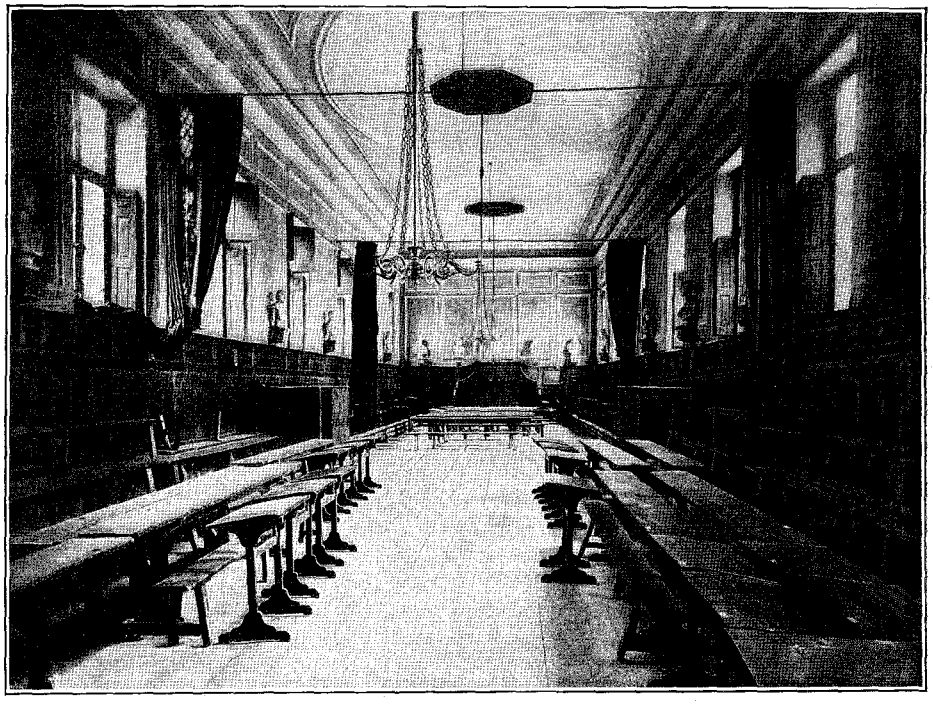

From a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

The Upper School—Eton College.

your answer by a rough map or a geographical description.

8. From what countries does England get her supplies of the following articles: wheat, sugar, cotton, timber, gold?

9. On the map given write the names of the rivers Dee, Great Ouse, Severn, Thames and Trent; and mark the positions of the towns Chester, Exeter, Lincoln, Oxford and York, and also the principal seaport towns.

10. What is an allegory? Describe any famous English allegory that you know.

11. Do you learn more or better history from an historical play of Shakespeare or from an historical novel of Scott? Give reasons for your answer.

12. State as accurately as you can the usual order in which the different trees put on their leaves in spring. What flowers would you expect to find in a garden at the present time?

13. Explain why *planets* were so called. Give the names of the *planets* in the order of their distances from the sun. Give also the names of some of the brightest of the stars.

14. For what are the following persons celebrated: Newton, Watt, Lord Kelvin, Edison, Marconi?

15. Give instances from the Old Testament of any famous parable, vow, dream, riddle, song of victory, lamentation over the dead. Quote some verses from the last two.

16. Quote sayings of our Lord about Moses, David, Solomon, John the Baptist; the use of prayer, fasting, oaths; the observance of the Sabbath; and about His own coming death and resurrection.

When the new boy has been duly admitted he finds himself in a "house" with other boys, drawn perhaps from every form in the school. With them he lives, although he has his own separate bedroom.

His first task is to learn the school language. This custom varies in different schools, but at Winchester the time required is nearly two weeks, an older boy being teacher and examiner in one. The school language itself is "notions," the boys are all "men," the study-room is the "shop," an easy time is a "thoke," "continent" is to pretend to be ill, a holiday is a "remedy" (contracted to "rem"), a study desk or bureau is a "toy," evening study hour is "toy-time," a form or division of the school is a "book," and "going up to books" is the term for going to class-rooms. The school cricket team is "Lord's" and release from the school infirmary is "going abroad." At Winchester to be beaten with a *ground ash* rod is "tunding." At Eton, Harrow and Rugby a careful distinction is drawn between a "whopping" and a "birching," the former being the punishment administered by a rod or cane and the latter by a bundle

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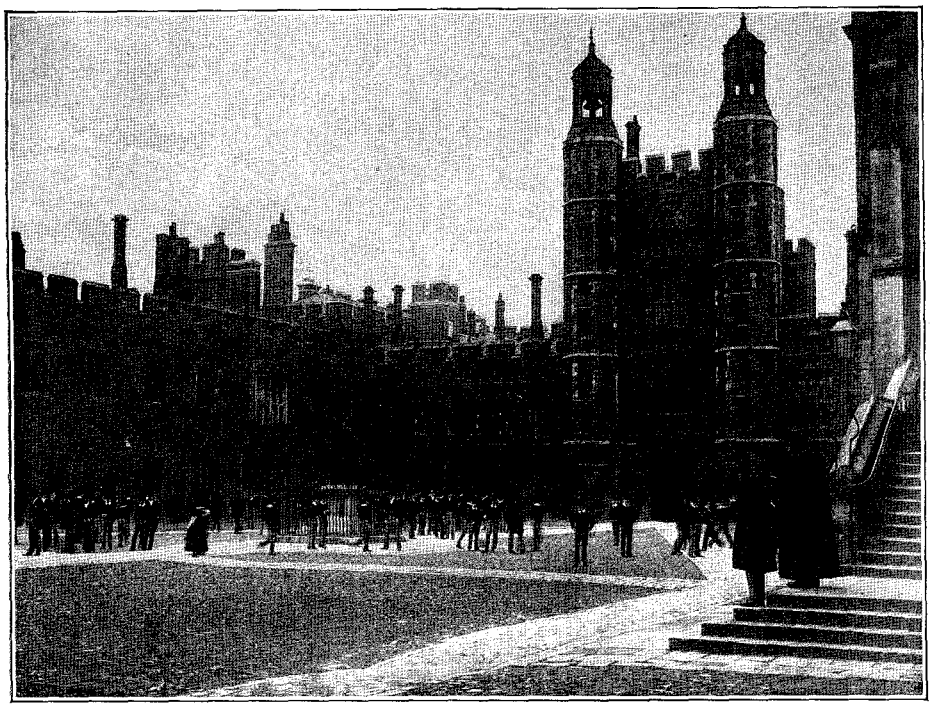

From a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

Dr. Wane calling "absence" in the school-yard, Eton.

of birch twigs. The library at Harrow is "the Vaughn."

It would be easy to extend the list, which naturally varies with the schools, being more extensive in the older ones. The following notice was seen in one of the study rooms at Winchester and was the order of the prefect (one of the Sixth Form boys):

"Men must turn off their lights in leaving their toys whether they leave the shop or not."

It is related of a certain father not long after his small son entered Winchester that he pathetically said to a tutor, "I used to call myself his father but now I am only a part of his 'pitch-up.'"

In addition to learning the language the new boy immediately finds himself in the midst of inherited customs and traditions whose unspoken demands can neither be broken nor ignored. How great is the power of these in a manner may be understood by the relation of a conversation the writer had with one of the officials at Winchester. In the dining-room of the dormitories he was shown at each place at the tables a flat piece of wood perhaps twelve inches square and half an inch in thickness.

"What are these boards?" the visitor inquired.

"Trenchers, sir."

"Yes, but what is their use?"

"The boys eat from them." It was explained that each boy formed a dam of potato around the border of his trencher, which served to prevent an untimely escape of other food. When a fresh course was served every boy scraped his trencher clean (Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat's method is not permitted, however) and reversing it was then served upon the other side.

"Don't the boys have plates?" inquired the astounded visitor. "Aren't dishes used?"

"Recently dishes have been introduced at dinner, but at the other three meals trenchers are used."

"Why?"

"They have been in use since the fourteenth century!"

"It would seem," murmured the visitor, "as if a change might be desirable by this time."

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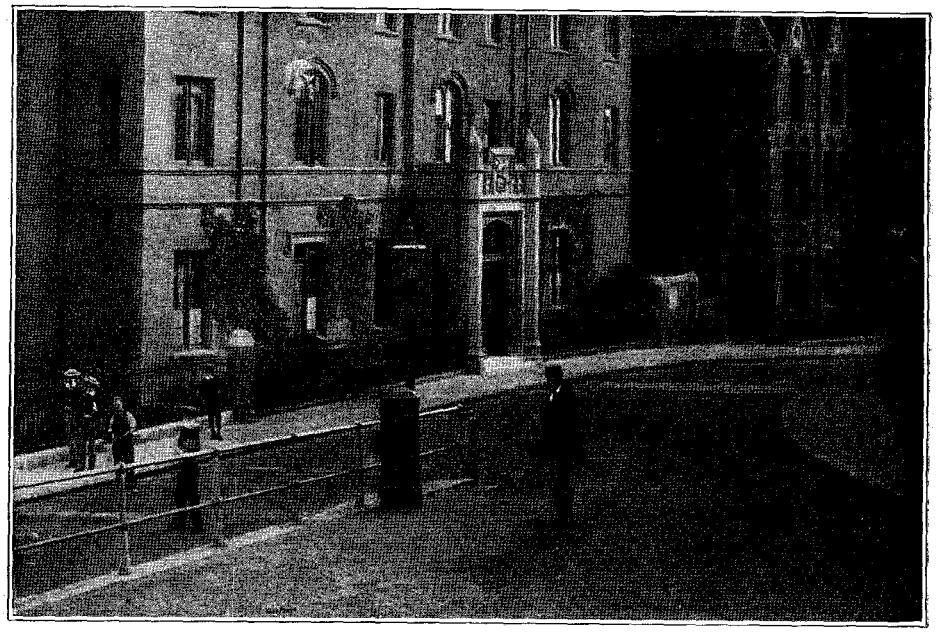

From a photograph by Gale and Polden, London.

The head-master's house at Harrow; about sixty boys are boarded here.

"I fear you do not have a very keen sense of history in America."

"True," acknowledged the visitor. "We are trying to make some history, but there is a prevalent feeling amongst us that the latest improvements are not altogether undesirable."

"And you are quite right!" suddenly remarked an Englishman in the party; but the first lesson was ended—as far as trenchers were concerned.

An enthusiastic Cornell woman from "the States" remarked feelingly when there were none but Americans present: "I would rather go to a school a day old if its face is set toward the future than attend the oldest school if it is tied to the past."

Very likely the remark would be expressive of the feeling of many of her countrymen, but no one would deny the value of the old plus the new. Surely the famous motto painted long ago on the walls of the schoolroom at Winchester, "Aut Disce Aut Discede. Manet Sors Tertia Cædi," is still suggestive, and the motto of William of Wykeham—"Manners maketh the man"—is as true in 1909 as it was in 1382 when King Richard II gave the license for the charter of the school.

As far as I was able to ascertain, the trencher lingers only at Winchester, but age is a component part of the school life at Eton, founded in 1440, or at Harrow, founded in 1571, or at Rugby, which began in 1567.

The value of established standards, of an atmosphere which is known, of tried, tested and permanent conceptions of life is not to be ignored. When a boy becomes a Wyckamite or a Harrovian there is a definite meaning in the expression.

The accommodations in the dormitories are limited to seventy or eighty, and other boys, unless they are day pupils, are assigned to a master's house. The new boy speedily learns that whatever matters tradition has settled, his own relation to the school life is distinctly modern. It was interesting to enter a dormitory room in Rugby and look at the nine cots of iron that were arranged along the walls. It was the very same room in which timid little Arthur received the fusilade of boots when he tremblingly knelt to say his prayers, and where Tom Brown, conscience smitten, came to his rescue. The story has become a part of Rugby life, but, I fancy, not every new boy finds his own problems eliminated because of that fact.

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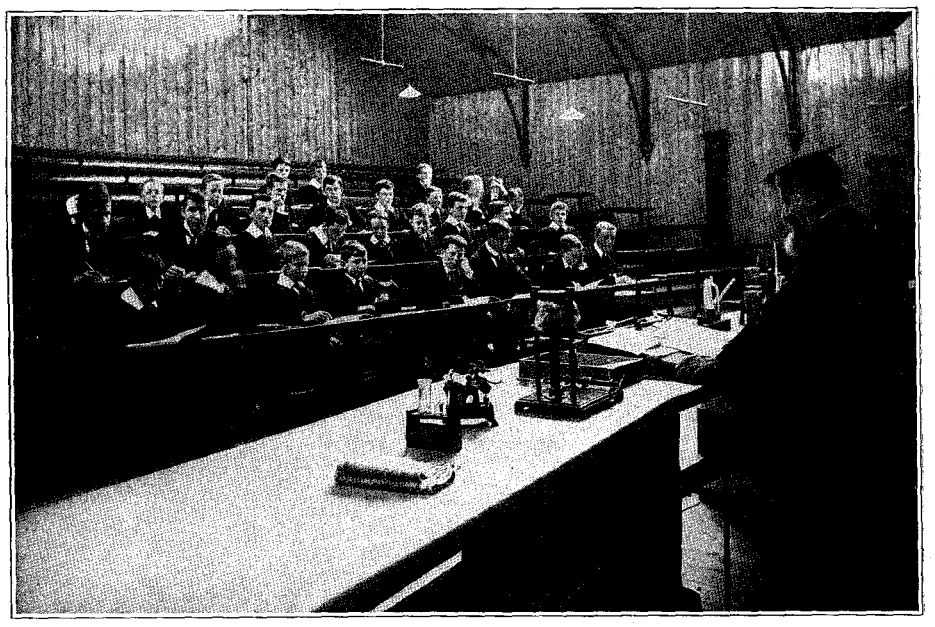

From a photograph by Gale and Polden, London.

One of the class-rooms at Harrow.

In the house the new boy also finds that certain of the Sixth Form boys are monitors or prefects, chosen by the masters for standing or character, and that in them are vested certain powers that are not to be lightly or unadvisedly ignored. In every school these boys have certain rights in the oversight of the younger ones and also the privilege of enforcing their ideas even by the use of the rod. At Winchester and Rugby the right to whip is of divine right vested in these Sixth Form boys, and the consequent reverence in which they are held is thereby strengthened. At Eton four of these boys are present when a culprit is "sent to the block," which in the school vernacular means that for some offence the culprit is sent to the room in which the "block" is kept, is there compelled to divest himself of a part of his clothing, and kneel upon the block while the master administers the punishment.

At Harrow no such repellent demands are made, for the offending boy is merely compelled to remove his jacket and the punishment is administered upon his shoulders, and, it is whispered, he is allowed to *don as many waistcoats as he desires*.

It is the well-nigh universal conviction of masters and boys that "caning," "birching," "whopping" is seldom unduly severe, not too frequently used, and never unjustly. The disgrace of the sentence is its chief effect. The four cardinal offences are drinking, smoking, absence from the house, particularly at night, and telling a lie. The public school is not a reform school. A repetition of any one of the four usually means instant expulsion.

To an American the method seems brutal. Whipping in itself is bad enough, but to have a young boy thrashed by an older one, perhaps publicly and with the approval of the masters, is almost beyond his conception—certainly beyond that of an American mother. And yet, in conversation with masters, boys, and men in no way connected with the public schools, it was somewhat suggestive not to find one who was in favor of abandoning the method or who strongly disapproved. One Englishman, sixty years of age and familiar with America and Americans, warmly said to me: "I like the people from the States—all except the American boys. They are a nuisance, noisy, inconsiderate and without any appreciation of the rights of others! If they could be placed in our

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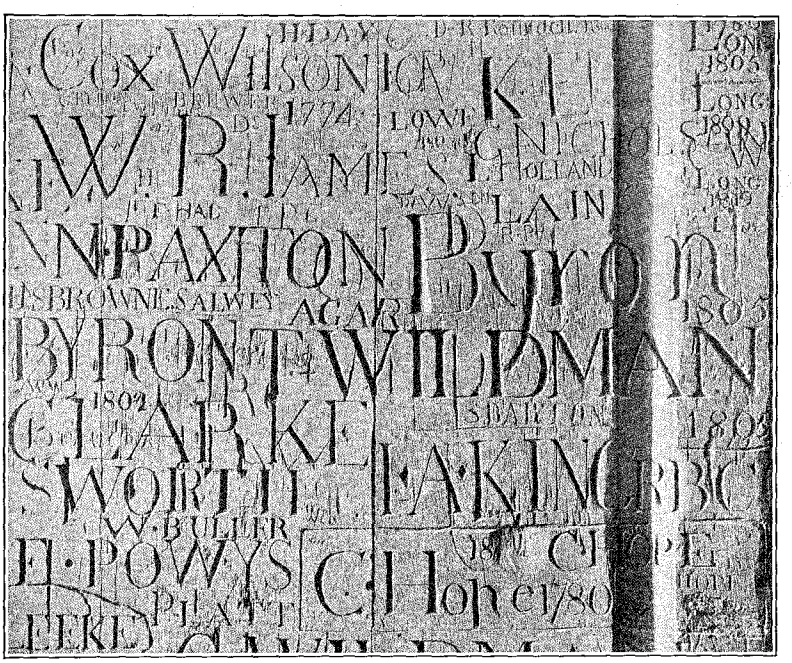
public schools for a time they would soon learn some lessons they need." The assertion was certainly sweeping, and it was also suggestive.

The presence of the past, I had almost said "present past" so vital is the force of the former days, is more than the intangible residue of tradition, for it also assumes a more definite form. Portraits of former students, who became men whom the world name for himself has his work done for him on the back of a chair which he has donated to the speech room. Hundreds of such chairs and names are now to be seen, but upon a stranger they do not make the impression like that which the deeply cut "Byron" or "Shelley" produces. Along with the name follow the traditions which have clustered about it. Of Byron as a school boy one of the Harrow historians has



From a photograph by Gale and Polden, London.

A panel in the Fourth Form room at Harrow School, showing Byron's name as carved by himself.

delighted to honor, look down from the walls of the "speech hall" or library. Upon the doors or panels of the school rooms can still be seen the names of the great which were cut when they were boys. There is a thrill when one is pointed out the carving done by the boyish Byron, Peel, R. B. Sheridan, Dr. Trench, Lord Palmerston, and others in the lists at Harrow. At Eton he finds that the youthful Gladstone, Pitt, Shelley, Lord Roberts, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Marquis of Lorne, Charles J. Fox, the Duke of Manchester, and hundreds of others are to be seen in the doors or panels carved by themselves in their school days. For obvious reasons the practice has been discontinued, and to-day the lad who is eager to make and leave a given several interesting incidents. The fiery young poet became the ringleader of the malcontents, who were angered at the election of George Butler, by the deciding vote of the Archbishop of Canterbury, when the votes of the Governors were equally divided between Butler and the beloved Dr. Drury, who had just resigned as head master; and Byron was not slothful in his business of making the life of the new head a burden. He wrote "satirical verses on the new appointment in which Dr. Drury figured as Probus while Butler was Pomposus." Byron is even said to have "helped to lay a train of gunpowder with a view of blowing up the Head Master of Harrow. The train in fact was fired, but no harm was done, and the Harrovian Guy

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Fawkes was never brought to justice. The poet carried a loaded pistol, he tore down gratings, the head master's property, because they 'darkened the hall,' he refused invitations to dinners because 'he should never think of asking Dr. Butler to dine with *him* at Newstead'—but through the excellent good sense of his master he did little harm at the time and generously confessed himself sorry for it afterward." Indeed Byron's love of Harrow is indicated by his own lines on the place. To his fag, the young Duke of Dorset, he wrote:

"Dorset! whose early steps with mine have strayed
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
Bade thee obey and gave me to command.

Ah, though myself by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hailed her favorite child,
Though every error stamps me for her own
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame
I love the virtues which I cannot claim."

In later years, one very dear to Byron was buried in Harrow church, and he wrote of Harrow as the place where he himself wished to be buried:

"Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth and couch of my repose;
Forever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear
Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied
And unremembered by the world beside—"

The modest "peachy stone" in Harrow churchyard, beneath which the remains of Byron were placed in accordance with his prayer, has in late years been surrounded by an ugly fence to protect it from the relic hunters!

But names and tales of fiery poets, of grave dignitaries of church and state, and men of rank are not all of the cloud of witnesses that surround the boy in the public school of to-day. Gilded lists of prize winners, tablets containing the names of those who went to defend England in war time are to be seen on the walls of the chapel, the school-room, the speech hall and the library. From Eton alone four hundred and fifty men were in the late war in South Africa. Busts, too, and portraits, like those of the white-souled Arnold at Rugby, are not wanting in the other schools. It was, however, a surprise to the writer to be informed at Rugby that the estimate of Arnold is higher in "the States" than it is in England. Perhaps Tom Brown, whose statue also adorns the Rugby school, had something to do with this; but, be that as it may, the public school-boy of to-day is certainly surrounded by a cloud of witnesses to the value of that of which he himself has become a part.

The new boy is also speedily admitted into the mysteries of "fagging" and admitted whether he will or no. The writer confesses to a modified change of opinion concerning this much-discussed custom. Whatever may have been its evils in former days, at the present time it has certain commensurate advantages. Certainly it is a vast improvement over hazing, although even that dire word is expressive of what may not be an unmixed evil. The new boy at once becomes the fag of some Sixth Form boy who is a prefect or monitor. No belittling service like blacking his master's boots is now required and tyrannical oppression is uncommon. On the other hand, the new boy at once secures a protector, confidante, guide and friend. It is even an honor to be so closely associated with one who may be a hero in the school world. He will not be molested by the tormentors, nor be likely to make the same mistake twice—that is if he heeds the counsels of his hero.

Usually only the boy in the first three years of the course is subject to the system, and even then he may soon escape if he shows himself to be specially proficient in certain sports. In most of the schools there are two distinct lines of fagging. One division consists of the "day-boys," one of which must be always in the house in the daytime, except on Saturday afternoons in the foot-ball and cricket seasons, who looks after the fires in the rooms of the Sixth Form boys or runs on certain errands. A prolonged call of "Bo-o-y!" or "Fa-a-g!" brings the fags swiftly to the summoner, and the last to arrive is "it." Every day-boy serves his turn regularly as a fag, and

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a careful list is usually made and posted by the head boy. The day-boy goes off duty at eight o'clock, when the "night-boy" becomes the fag. The latter's duties are to arrange the beds of the Sixth Form boys and be ready to answer the "call" for small errands.

The other phase of fagging is serving the Sixth Form boys at breakfast and tea. These dignified young gentlemen do not "feed" with the other boys at breakfast in the dining-hall, but in messes, or "finds" of two or three, are served in their own rooms. Fags are attached to each "find" and serve in rotation, generally for a week. Here, too, a careful list is made and posted. Their chief service is to bring up breakfast and tea on a tray to their overlords. If there is cooking to be done, the fags no longer do it—perhaps the Sixth Form boys have learned by experience that it is better to do that themselves. At all events they do. Years ago in early morning the streets were filled with the running small boy fags who had gone to the "tuckshop" or "grubshop" to purchase meat for their lords; but their flight is now occasional and usually ends in some shop where "jams and preserves" is a conspicuous sign. The fags also "clear away" when the breakfast is ended.

The old-time brutality, bullying and tyranny of the fagging system seem largely to have disappeared, and the service rendered to-day is seldom grudgingly given and usually compensated in many ways. Details vary among the schools, but in some form "fagging" is common to them all and accepted as belonging to the course as much as cricket or Latin. It is, however, a relic of feudalism, if not of barbarism, and however much less bad it may be than once it was, it still is not only non-American but also un-American. Of itself it is sufficient to make school life in England undesirable for American boys.

Of school songs much is made, notably at Harrow. Indeed it is acknowledged that Harrow has been the one school which has most influenced the others in this particular, although in the marked rivalry of the schools the praise is not lavish, and the assertion has been made that a distinction between the *songs of Harrow* and *music* must not be forgotten. This feeling of rivalry, and the unshaken belief of the supporters of each school that the public school system has been brought to its present state of perfection through its own contribution, impresses an outsider as being more loyal (and humorous) than in exact accord with the facts. For example, the loyal Wyckamite is profoundly convinced that the work of Arnold at Rugby was a contribution of Winchester (which was Arnold's school); but the Etonian just as firmly believes that the real excellence came from Eton through James. Be that as it may, Harrow's songs, even if they are not "music," are well-nigh universally placed first and are representative of school mythology and history, and of every phase of school life and work. It is impossible to do justice to them by any attempted description, but one or two excerpts may be of interest:

"In the days of old, ere the world grew cold,
When the Universities
To Wimbledon sent their mandrils bold
And learned chimpanzees;
Then stern papas were gorillas,
And all the naughty pets,
Who now torment their fond mammas,
Were good little marmosets.

Chorus:

"And sometimes still, try hard as I will,
I dream of the vanished joy
When the palms grew green on the top of the hill
And I was a monkey boy."

The true Harrovian believes as he sings:

"And Harrow boys then, whether monkeys or men,
Were as they always will be;
There wasn't a doubt that nine out of ten
Would be found at the top of the tree."

The true anthem of the Harrovians is "Forty Years On," and with such a song small cause for wonder is it that the spirit of the school is what it is, for it is a worthy rival of "Fair Harvard" or "Old Nassau." Two stanzas are quoted:

"Forty years on when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play,
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
Visions of boyhood shall float then before you
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

"Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men.
Follow up! Follow up!

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"Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on!

"Follow up! etc."

At Winchester, every musical entertainment concludes with the singing of the Winchester "Domum," but perhaps it is not sung at any time with more enthusiasm than at "Egg-Flip," or "Hatch Thoke," so called because the "men" on that day are allowed a "thoke," that is, they may stay in bed until late breakfast. On this day a service is held in chapel to "give most hearty thanks for our Founder, William of Wykeham" (other more recent benefactors also included), and the "lesson" is read, beginning, "Let us now give thanks for famous men." Sports then follow, and, in the afternoon, Egg-Flip, a concoction of hot beer with lemons and spices, is prepared in a large tub and drunk out of pint cups or jam pots. "The recipe," writes a Winchester historian, "is ancient and the result sticky"; and the singing doubtless is done with the spirit, whether it be with understanding or not. The whole concludes with the "Domum:"

"Concinamus, O Sodales,
Eja! Quid silemus!
Nobile canticum
Dulce melos, domum,
Dulce domum resonemus!'

Chorus—

"Domum, domum dulce domum,
Domum, domum dulce domum,
Dulce, dulce, dulce, domum
Dulce domum resonemus!"

There are in all six stanzas, which prove that home by any other name is as dulce as may be.

At Rugby, "Domum" has given way (since 1870) to "Floreat":

"Evoe laeta requies
Advenit laborum,
Fessa vult induties,
Dura gens librorum,
Nunc comparatur sarcina,
Nunc praesto sunt viatica,
Nos laeta schola miserit
Nos laeta domus ceperit
Aequales, sodales, citate, clamate
Floreat, floreat, floreat, Rugbeia."

Chorus—

"Floreat, floreat, floreat, Rugbeia,
Floreat, floreat, floreat, Rugbeia!"

Founders' Day, Speech Day, Saints' Days (of which St. Matthew, St. Simon and St. Jude seem to be "Sconced" more and more because their days have somewhat interfered with regular work) and various other memorials vary the routine of the school life.

At Eton the dress of the boy is distinct and the "Eton jacket" is familiar on both sides of the sea. At Rugby and Winchester dress is not so important, though at the latter the white straw hats in vogue throughout the year are adorned with a band of the house colors or a simple black ribbon, and on Sundays "cathedrals" (top hats), white ties and black coats, at least for the commoners, prevail. House ties are given for foot-ball and cricket; and caps, blazers and stockings are also rewards of merit for skill in sports. Gray flannels distinguish the teams, and others wear white. Dark blue caps and white flannel blazers bound in dark blue are the special privilege of the "Lord's." Commoners "going up to books" wear straw hats and the "college" men go hatless. At Harrow, in the first four forms, the boy wears a straw hat, black coat and waistcoat, but when he arrives at the dignity of the Fifth Form he discards the Eton coat and adopts one with tails. At play, however, a blue flannel jacket displaces the tailed coat, and gray flannel trousers are then donned. Each house eleven has its distinctive cap, the captain being the "house cap."

Concerning athletics so much has been written that in this article only a reference to their place in the life of the school is necessary. Cricket, foot-ball, tennis, fives, racquets, and track—in the last the long-distance run is chief—are as much a part of the curriculum as is Greek or Latin. Every boy must enter unless he is physically disqualified, and the result is that athletics are not for the few, as Harvard's president declares is the condition in American schools, but for all. Matches are arranged of house against house, form against form, Sixth Form against the school. Inter-scholastic contests are reduced to their lowest terms, but are not unknown, the fact that different games of foot-ball, for example,

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are played in the different schools, aiding in eliminating such contests. The game at Rugby has provided the basis for the Rugby game as it is known in America. Eton has the "wall game," distinctly its own, and so named from its having been played behind a certain wall on the borders of the grounds. The association game rather than the Rugby prevails elsewhere.

Still, interscholastic contests are held—Eton, Harrow and Winchester having annual matches at Lord's, at which more than ten thousand spectators assemble to watch a cricket match that may last two entire days—an indication of the deep interest of the public and not less (to an American) indicative of its patience. Although "sports" have a fixed place, candor compels the acknowledgment that it does not become so absorbing as it frequently is in America. Whether the fact that play is required and consequently becomes a part of the work has anything to do with this the writer does not venture an opinion.

The scholarship is high. The curriculum is not broad, but gains thereby in intensity. In classical work the results are far beyond those in our schools, though "pity 'tis 'tis true." A Cambridge man, a lover of America and yet a loyal Briton, who has taught boys in each country, confirmed me in this conclusion, although his assertion that "a third of the boys who completed their studies in the public schools were far in advance of any in a corresponding American school" seems to over-shoot the mark. Still, a recent paper used in Latin at Rugby for the pupils of the Sixth Form, (Coleridge's "Genevieve" to be turned into Latin verse) would, I fancy, be a bit puzzling to our boys.

In winning scholarships at the universities, Rugby has held the lead for five years; last year (1908) the school gained sixty-two scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, Harrow won thirty-four, while Eton and three others secured twenty-eight. The figures, however, do not explain all, even if they do speak the truth and lie not.

The superiority in drill in the classics can scarcely be said to extend to the scientific "side." The latter has been admitted into the curriculum, but not always with enthusiasm, and has had to fight for its life in a community which still believes the basis of culture to rest upon the classics. The comparatively recent admission of students who desire to prepare for the army has also somewhat modified the prevalent ideals, but the public schools are still essentially classical and the drill in Latin and Greek is superb.

In general it may be said the English boy has not such a fund of information as his American cousin has, but what he does know he knows thoroughly. It is the old controversy between everything of something, and something of everything, or the comparison of a rifle bullet with birdshot. To know something and know that he knows it, not to know something and know that he does not know it, is still as valuable as in the days of the "very wise Socrates," if our old Latin reader was not at fault.

As a conclusion of the whole matter, certain definite comparisons came to the writer as a result of his observations:

1. Every public school has an atmosphere, a certain well-defined and fixed quality into which a boy is thrust when he enters. This is known before he becomes a Harrovian or Etonian, and its distinctive mark is expected to be seen when he leaves the school. The advantage of this is obvious. The youthfulness of America may preclude the possibility of such possessions, but the desirability is plain. There is a difference between age and old age, and the English school believes it is as ready to hold fast to what has been proved good as it is to prove all things.

2. The individual is greater than the class or form. Candles from a mould or machine-made products, every one having the same dimensions, are not illustrative. The life and character of the boy are developed and the cramming system does not prevail.

3. The curriculum is narrower than in some American schools, but in classical training the scholarship is broader. The English boy is not taught so many branches, but is more thoroughly drilled in what he is taught. This condition may be due to the teachers and teaching, the higher salaries naturally drawing talent of a higher order, or it may be due to a different ideal or conception of the purpose of a school. The supreme purpose of the classroom is expressed in the one terse word—*drill*.

4. The school is a purer democracy. The student body has a larger share in the life of the school than is true in America.

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From a photograph by E. H. Speight, Rugby.

Rugby School. The three trees in "Tom Brown."

Fagging may be undesirable and whipping certainly is, but the lesson of the place of authority is vital. The somewhat smug conviction which the Briton has that, because these schools are great and the best for him, that therefore they are the best for every one, impresses an American as a *non sequitur*. Great they are, and suggestive they must be, but importation is impossible, imitation undesirable. The English ideal cannot become the American because of the radical difference in ideas. The public school of England is hard and to an American seems somewhat harsh, although the latter freely admits the excellence of results. But are the two necessarily related as cause and effect? "Methods," like trees and men, are to be known by their fruits. Is a boy improved by requiring lessons before breakfast? What virtue goes out of a cane?

5. The intense and loyal devotion of the student body as well as of the graduates is marvellously inspiring. Why are there so few schools in America to which a similar loyalty is given? An Englishman may be an Oxonian or a Cantabrian, but he never forgets that he is an Etonian or a Wyckamite.

The weak spot to-day in American educational life is the lack which, in England, Rugby, Eton, Winchester, and Harrow supply. We have too many colleges and too few schools. Our educational pyramid has been stood upon its apex and we have been endeavoring to adorn the attic before the foundations were firmly laid. The law of supply and demand has been applied to the college and ignored in the school. The missing link is the school which shall do for America what the public school is doing for England.

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TYLWYTH TEG

By Helen Kimberly McElhone

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLANCHE GREER

"I do not wish to stay," she said,
"Restore my wings and clouds all trailing."
They gazed at Tylwyth Teg with dread,
And built a railing.

"Give me my palace back again,
With vaulted roof and pine trees moaning."
They gave her painted walls, and then
Set up a groaning.

"Gather my scarlet berries wild,"
Said Tylwyth Teg, "for I would don them."
They brought cheap jewels to the child;
She stamped upon them.

*** *"The Welsh have much to say of the 'Tylwyth Teg,' or fair family, and many believe in them."—George Borrow: "Lavengro."*

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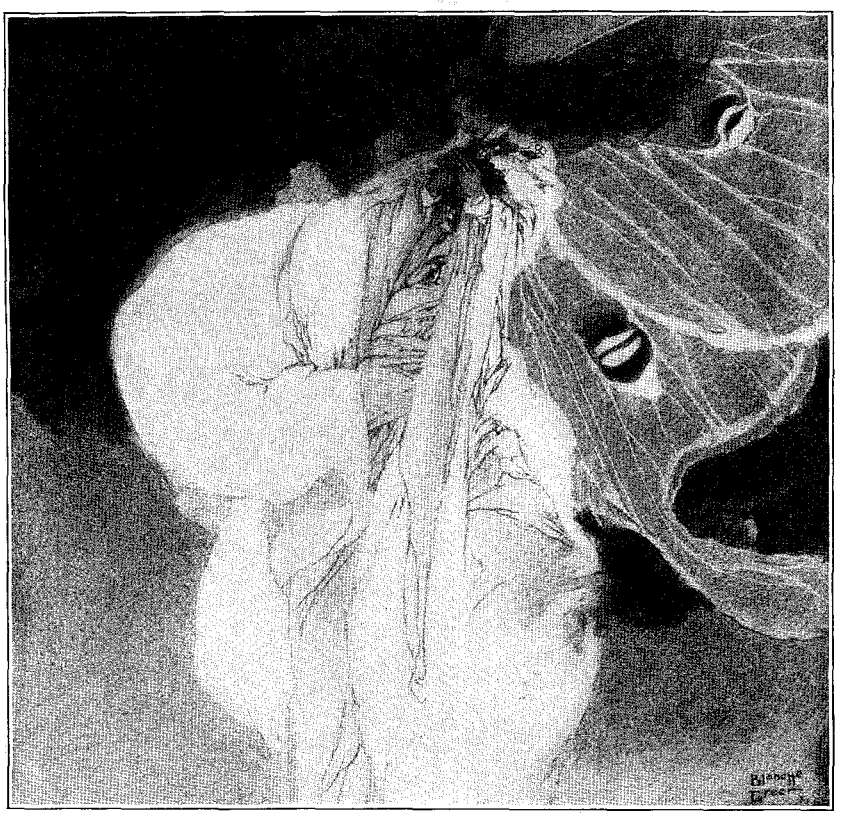

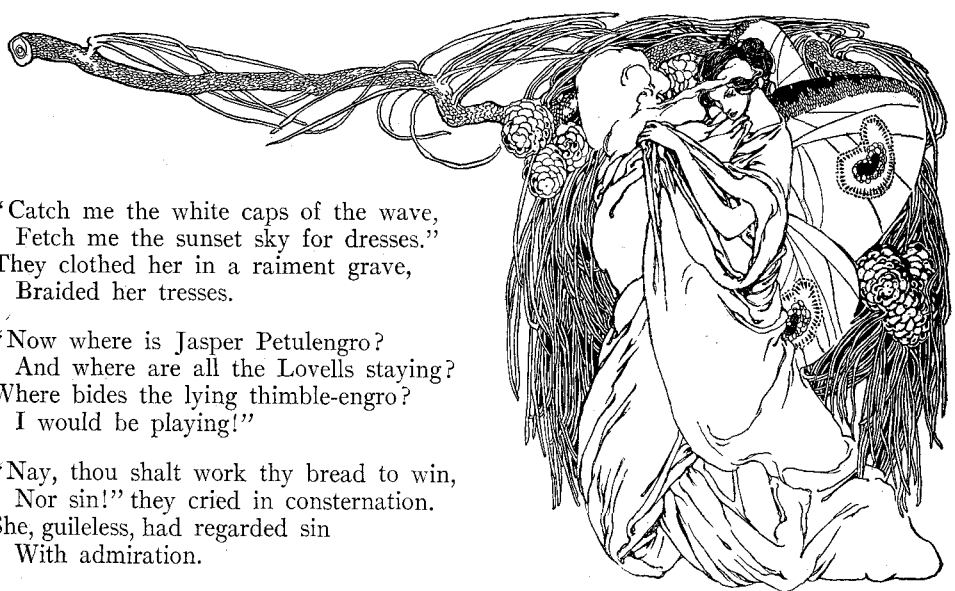

"Catch me the white caps of the wave,
  Fetch me the sunset sky for dresses."
They clothed her in a raiment grave,
  Braided her tresses.

"Now where is Jasper Petulengro?
  And where are all the Lovells staying?
Where bides the lying thimble-engro?
  I would be playing!"

"Nay, thou shalt work thy bread to win,
  Nor sin!" they cried in consternation.
She, guileless, had regarded sin
  With admiration.

So Tylwyth Teg worked for her bread
  And ceased her foolish little chatter:
She laughed, and hugged her knees, and said,
  "It doesn't matter!"

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Mrs. Sherman, by G. P. A. Healy (1868).

General Sherman, by G. P. A. Healy (1867).

From portraits in the possession of Mrs. Paul Thorndike.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTERS HOME

Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

SECOND PAPER.

SHERMAN, in his "Memoirs," tells of the summer of comparative rest which, for him, followed the taking of Vicksburg. We find him established on the bank of the Big Black River, about twenty miles from the captured city, and sending for his wife and four children to spend the summer in his camp. The oldest son, a boy of nine, bore his father's name, and was the object of a peculiar devotion and pride. The pathos of his brief illness and death from typhoid fever at this time, a pathos the more poignant for Sherman's self-reproach at having subjected his boy to the very risk which was his doom, shows itself clearly in the pages of the "Memoirs." It was at Memphis on October 3, 1863, that the boy died. Sherman was hurrying his troops to the support of Rosecrans after his defeat by Bragg at Chickamauga, and at the same time was starting his family on its journey back to Lancaster, Ohio. A letter preserved in the "Memoirs," expressing Sherman's gratitude for the sympathy of the officers and men immediately near him, may well be supplemented by passages from three letters which followed Mrs. Sherman on her northward way. They illustrate memorably the essential tenderness of Sherman's nature.

On October 6 he wrote at 7 A. M. from the Gayoso Hotel in Memphis where his son died: "I have got up early this morning

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to steal a short period in which to write to you, but I can hardly trust myself. Sleeping, waking, everywhere I see poor little Willy. His face and form are as deeply imprinted on my memory as were deep-seated the hopes I had in his future. Why, oh why, should that child be taken from us, leaving us full of trembling and reproaches? Though I know we did all human beings could do to arrest the ebbing tide of life, still I will always deplore my want of judgment in taking my family to so fatal a climate at so critical a period of the year. . . . To it must be traced the loss of that child on whose future I had based all the ambition I ever had. . . . I follow you in my mind and almost estimated the hour when all Lancaster would be shrouded in gloom to think that Willy Sherman was coming back a corpse. Dear as may be to you the Valley of Hocking,* no purer, nobler boy ever will again gladden it. . . . My command will be much smaller than the world thinks, but I do not even name the fact to those about me. Our country should blush to allow our thinned regiments to go on till nothing is left. But I will go on to the end, but feel the chief stay to my faltering heart is now gone.

"But I must not dwell so much on it. I will try and make poor Willy's memory the cure for the defects which have sullied my character."

At the end of a letter written two days later (October 8) Sherman exclaimed: "Oh! that poor Willy could have lived to take all that was good of me in name, character and standing, and learn to avoid all that is captious, eccentric or wrong. But I do not forget that we have other children worthy of my deepest love. I would not have one different from what they are."

Again on October 10: "I still feel out of heart to write. The moment I begin to think of you and the children, poor Willy appears before me as plain as life. I can see him now stumbling over the sand hills on Harrison Street, San Francisco, at the table in Leavenworth, running to meet me with open arms at Black River, and last, moaning in death at this hotel. . . . I see ladies and children playing in the room where Willy died, and it seems sacrilege. I know you are now at home, and I pray that Minnie * has gradually recovered her health and strength, and I hope all our children will regain their full health. Why should I ever have taken them to that dread climate! It nearly kills me when I think of it. Why was not I killed at Vicksburg, and left Willy to grow up to care for you? God knows I exhausted human foresight and human love for that boy, and will pardon any error of judgment that carried him to death."

Less than two years before the death of Sherman's boy Lincoln had lost his eleven-year-old son Willie, also through typhoid fever, and had put aside the private grief to bear with all his strength the burdens of his country. To Sherman's lot fell the same hard necessity. The battle of Chattanooga (November 23–25) was to be fought and won that the North might receive a Thanksgiving day message of rejoicing such as had come from Vicksburg on the previous Fourth of July; and Sherman, leaving Memphis on October 11, had to march his command over three hundred and fifty miles of hostile country in order to contribute, in the very nick of time, to the Union victory. Letters from Chattanooga itself are lacking, but passages from two letters written on the way thither illustrate yet again the depth of Sherman's bereavement and that loyalty to Grant which has already been shown:

CORINTH, MISS., *October* 14, 1863.

I was much relieved at the receipt of your two letters from Cairo and Cincinnati, both of which came out last night. I shew your message to Dr. Roler, who was affected to tears. Poor Doctor, although I have poured out my feelings of gratitude to him, he seems to fear we may have a lingering thought that he failed somehow in saving poor Willy. Your loving message may have dispelled the thought, and I shall never fail to manifest to him my heartfelt thanks for the unsleeping care he took of the boy. I believe hundreds would have freely died could they have saved his life. I know I would, and occasionally indulged the wish that some of those bullets that searched for my life at Vicksburg had been successful, that it might have removed the necessity for that fatal visit. . . .

Everybody in Memphis manifested for me a respect and affection that I never experienced North. I am told that when the

* Lancaster, Ohio, is on the Hocking, a tributary of the Ohio.

* Sherman's oldest daughter.

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report went into Memphis that my train was surely captured at Collierville, the utmost excitement prevailed at Memphis, and a manifest joy displayed when they heard the truth, that we were not only safe, but that we had saved Collierville and the railroad. At Lagrange, east of Collierville, Gen. Sweeny, the one-armed officer you may remember at St. Louis Arsenal, hearing that I was captured started south with his whole force, determined to rescue Gen. Sherman. As soon as I learned the fact I sent a courier to overtake him, advising him of my safety, but advising him to push on and drive Chalmers far to the south. He is still out. I have this moment received a despatch from Gen. Grant at Memphis. He is en route to Cairo to communicate by telegraph with Washington. I know there is a project to give him command of the Great Centre, the same idea I foreshadowed in my days of depression and insult. I advise him by all means to assent, to go to Nashville and command Burnside on the Right, Rosecrans Centre, and Sherman Left. That will be an Army, and if our ranks were full I would have hopes of great and decisive results. I have stood by Grant in his days of sorrow. Not six miles from here * he sat in his tent almost weeping at the accumulated charges against him by such villains as Stanton of Ohio, Wade and others. He had made up his mind to leave for good. I begged him, and he yielded. I could see his good points and his weak points better than I could my own, and he now feels that I stood by him in his days of dejection and he is my sworn friend. Corinth brings back to me the memory of those events and bids me heed my own counsels to others. Oh! that poor Willy could live to reap the fruits of whatever is good in me, and avoid the evil. If it so be that he can see our hearts from above he will read in mine a love for him such as would not taint the purest heaven that you ever dreamed of. God spare us the children that are left, and if I am pardoned for exposing them wrongfully I will never again. . . .

IUKA, MISS., *October* 24, 1863.

. . . . . .

I have had a pretty bad cold for the past two days and am delayed here by bad breaks on the Railroad ahead. The Tennessee is also swollen, and I expect all sorts of trouble in getting over, unless boats are sent up the Tennessee. We have had some fighting ahead with the enemy's cavalry, a pretty formidable body sent ahead from Mississippi, the same division that was in my front at Big Black and all of Wheeler's Cavalry that escaped from Tennessee; but I can engage their attention and then divert their minds from the road which supplies Rosecrans' army. Grant I suppose now is at Nashville, and will by his presence unite the army more in feeling than it seems hitherto to have been. He is so unpretending and honest that a man must be base who will not yield to him. The only possible danger is that some may claim his successes hitherto have been the result of accident, but then too I hope they will find themselves mistaken. I have telegraphic notice from Memphis that he has assumed command of the Armies of the Cumberland, Ohio and Tennessee, and that I am to command the latter. My desire has always been to have a distinct compact command, as a Corps, but spite of my efforts I am pushed into complicated places that others aspire to and which I wish they had. But with Grant I will undertake anything in reason. . . .

I see your thoughts as mine dwell with poor Willy in his grave. I do not, and you should not, reproach yourself a moment for any neglect of him. He knew and felt every moment of his life our deep, earnest love for him. The day he came on board the *Atlantic* * I think I observed that usual suppressed feeling of pride at having secured that gun. I know I joked him about it and think he received it in his usual manner, and yet at that moment he must have felt the seed of that disorder which proved so fatal. He did not know it then, and we could not so quickly detect the symptoms. . . . God knows and he knows that either of us, and hundreds of others, would have died to save him. . . .

In the winter months following the victory at Chattanooga, operations on a large scale were impracticable. For himself, Sherman planned an expedition, his "Meridian Campaign," east from Vicksburg to impair the strength of the Confederacy in

* See previous article.

* The boat from Vicksburg to Memphis. See "Memoirs," I, 376.

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the interior of Mississippi. One letter written on the eve of this expedition, and two on its completion, illuminate his part in it:

On Board Gun Boat *Juliet*,
Mouth of White River, *January* 28, 1864.

. . . . . .

I sent you a paper about the banquet * which was really a fine affair. The hall of the Gayoso was crammed and the utmost harmony prevailed. Everything passed off well. My remarks as reported by the *Argus* were about right. The *Bulletin* got mere incoherent points. I cannot speak consecutively, but it seems that what I do say is vehemently applauded. The point which may be wrongly conceived was this. As the South resorted to war, we accepted it, and as they fought for Slaves and States' Rights they could not blame us if they lost both as the result of the war; and again, that they, the South, prided themselves on high grounds of honor. I was willing to take issue then adopting their own rules, as those of the most fashionable clubs of London, New Orleans, and Paris. If a member goes into an election he must abide the result or be blackballed or put in Coventry. Now as the Southern People went into the Presidential Election they, as honorable men, were bound to abide the result. I also described the mode and manner of seizure of the garrison and arsenal at Baton Rouge and pronounced that a breach of soldierly honor, and the firing on boats from behind a cottonwood tree. People at the North may not feel the weight of these points, but I know the South so well that I know what I said will be gall and wormwood to some, but it will make others think. I was at Memphis Tuesday and part of Wednesday. The Festival was on Monday and several real old Southerners met me and confessed their cause would be recorded in History as I put it. I was not aware of the hold I had on the people till I was there this time. Hurlbut did not mingle with them and was difficult of access, and every time I went into a theatre or public assemblage there was a storm of applause. I endeavored to avoid it as much as possible, but it was always so good-natured that I could not repel it. If I succeed in my present blow I would not be surprised if Mississippi would be as Tennessee, but I do not allow myself to be deceived. The Old Régime is not yet dead, and they will fight for their old privileges; yet so many of our old regiments are going on furlough that we will be short handed. If we had our ranks full I know we could take Mobile and the Alabama River in thirty days and before summer could secure all of Red River also, leaving the Grand Battle to come off in East Tennessee or Georgia in June. We could hold fast all we have and let the South wriggle, but our best plan is activity. . . .

I am about to march two hundred miles straight into danger with a comparatively small force and that composed of troops in a manner strange to me; but my calculations are all right, and now for the execution. I expect to leave Vicksburg in a very few days, and will cut loose all communications, so you will not hear from me save through the Southern papers till I am back to the Mississippi. You, of course, will be patient and will appreciate my motives in case of accident, for surely I could ask rest and an opportunity for some one else, say McPherson, but there are double reasons: I will never order my command where I am not willing to go, and besides it was politic to break up the force at Memphis which was too large to lie idle, and Hurlbut would not reduce it. I had to bring him away and make a radical change. He ranks McPherson, and we have not confidence enough in his steadiness to put him on this expedition. He is too easily stampeded by rumors. I have a better sense of chances. I run two chances, first in case the enemy has learned my plans or has guessed them he may send to Meridian a superior force. A bad road may prevent my moving with the celerity which will command success. Would that I had the Fifteenth corps that would march in sunshine or storm to fulfil my plans without asking what they were. I almost wish I had been left with that specific command, but confess I prefer service near the old Mississippi which enables us to supply ourselves so bountifully. I hear but little from Huntsville, but suppose all our folks are comfortable there. I sent Maj. Taylor, Fitch and McFeely back to Huntsville from Memphis, and have with me only my aids and Quarter Master.

*In a letter written on the same day to his brother John, Sherman said: "I could not well decline an offer of a public dinner in Memphis, but I dreaded it more than I did the assault on Vicksburg." See *Sherman Letters*, p. 221.

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I don't want any non-combatant mouths along to feed, and am determined this time not to have a tribe of leeches along to consume our food. Not a tent shall be carried or any baggage save on our horses. The wagons and packs shall carry ammunition and food alone. I will set the example myself. Experience has taught me if one tent is carried any quantity of trash will load down the wagons. If I had ten more Regiments I would be tempted to try Mobile, but as it is if I break at Meridian and Memphis, I will cut off one of the most fruitful corn supplies of the enemy, and will give Mississippi a chance to rest. The State is now full of conscript gangs carrying to their armies the unwilling, the old and young. We will take all provisions and God help the starving families! I warned them last year against this last visitation, and now it is at hand. . . .

I feel the full load of care and anxiety you bear. Mourning for Willy, fearing for the future, and oppressed with intense anxiety for parents. I believe you can bear all, and that you will for our sakes. Just think of me with fifty thousand lives in my hand, with all the anxiety of their families. This load is heavier than even you imagine. . . .

STEAMBOAT *Westmoreland*,
Approaching MEMPHIS, *March* 10, 1864.

. . . . . .

I have no doubt you were amused at the thousand and one stories about my Meridian trip. It certainly baffled the sharp ones of the Press and stampeded all Alabama, but in fact, was a pleasant excursion. Weather was beautiful, roads good and plenty to eat, what fighting we had was all on one side. Our aggregate loss is 21 killed, 68 wounded, and 81 missing, 170 all told. But in a day or two I will send you my report which will be clear and explicit. I have sent 10,000 men up Red River under General A. J. Smith with Admiral Porter to co-operate with General Banks. They are to be gone only thirty days when they come around to me at Huntsville. I want to make up my army there to 40,000 men. So when we cross the Tennesssee look out. Grant in command, Thomas the Centre, Schofield the Left and Sherman Right—if we can't whip Joe Johnston, we will know the reason why; Banks in the meantime to come out of Red River and swing against Mobile. If he had been smart he could have walked into Mobile when I was in Meridian. I am down on Wm. Sooy Smith. He could have come to me, I know it, and had he, I would have captured Polk's army; but the enemy had too much cavalry for me to attempt it with men afoot. As it was I scared the Bishop out of his senses. He made a clean run and I could not get within a day's march of him. He had railroads to help him but these are now gone. Had I tolerated a corps of newspaper men how could I have made that march a success? Am I not right? And does not the world now see it? . . .

On my way down I picked up at Natchez a prisoner of war, Professor Boyd, my favorite among the officers of the academy at Alexandria. I never saw a man evince more gratitude. He clung to me till I came away. Stone promised to be kind to him and to exchange him the first opportunity. He told me all about the people up river and said they talked about me a great deal, some with marked respect and others with bitter hatred. . . .

Many of the negroes are gone and the present trip up Red River will clean out the balance. Boyd tells me the motto over the door of the Seminary is chiselled out—You remember it in my letter of resignation: "By the liberality of the General Government of the United States. The Union, Esto perpetua." The fools! Though obliterated it lives in the memory of thousands and it maybe will be restored in a few days. I wanted to go up Red River, but as Banks was to command in person I thought best not to go. Grant wanted me to command, but I reported my reason as before stated. Banks ranks Grant and myself. But now Grant will be Lieutenant-General and will command all he pleases. Of course I can get anything I want, but as soon as the spring campaign is over I want to come here and look after the Mississippi. Like the story of Gil Blas, "Here lies my soul." Though Willy died here his pure and holy spirit will hover over this the grand artery of America. I want to live out here and die here also, and don't care if my grave be like De Soto's in its muddy waters.* . . .

* It was at General Sherman's own request that he was buried, in 1891, at St. Louis by the side of his son.

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MEMPHIS, *March* 12, 1864.

. . . . . .

Of all the expeditions sent out this spring mine has been best conducted and most successful simply because of the secrecy and expedition with which it was planned and executed. Had the enemy been informed of these in advance by our prying correspondents I might have shared the fate of Seymour.* He did not go forty miles from his base, whereas I went one hundred and eighty-two miles. I have written Grant a long letter and begged him to adhere to his resolution not to stay at Washington. He would not stand the intrigues of politicians a week. He now occupies a dazzling height and it will require more courage to withstand the pressure than a dozen battles. I wonder if you kept a certain despatch Halleck made me from Corinth in June 1862 and my answer from Moscow. I foretold to Halleck his loss, and the fact that the man who won the Mississippi would be *the* man. I wish you would hunt it up—I know I saw it among your papers—and show it to Phil† to satisfy him however extravagant my early assertions may have seemed how they are verified by time. I feel that whilst my mind naturally slights the events actually transpiring in my presence it sees as clear as any one's the results to be evolved by time. Now Halleck has more reserve book-learning and knowledge of men than Grant, and is therefore better qualified for his present post; whereas the latter by his honesty, simplicity, candor and reliance on friends, is better suited to act with soldiers. I would rather occupy my present relation to the military world than any other command and therefore must serve out this campaign which is to be the test. All that has gone before is mere skirmishing. The war now begins, and with heavy well-disciplined masses the issue must be settled in hard fought battles. I think we can whip them in Alabama and it may be Georgia. . . . No amount of poverty or adversity seems to shake their faith: niggers gone, wealth and luxury gone, money worthless, starvation in view within a period of two or three years, and causes enough to make the bravest tremble. Yet I see no signs of let up—some few deserters, plenty tired of war but the masses determined to fight it out. . . .

The "Meridian Campaign" was followed by minor activities on Sherman's part, but a greater enterprise than any he had undertaken was near at hand. On Grant's removal to the East in March of 1864, to take command of all the armies of the United States, the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi fell to Sherman. The prominence and responsibility he had long shunned were no longer avoidable. His immediate duty was to plan and direct the "Atlanta Campaign," which was to last from May to September. Not only was Sherman's chief antagonist, General Joseph E. Johnston one of the most elusive and skilful of soldiers; but advancing into a hostile country, fed from without by a single artery of supply, "it was manifest," as Sherman wrote in his "Memoirs," "that we should have to repair the railroad, use it, and guard it likewise." The difficulties of the problem were innumerable. Through April Sherman employed all his foresight to meet those which could be met in advance. The following letters, all written after his own start from Chattanooga was made on May 5, deal with events of the highest moment in the progress of the Union cause.

KINGSTON, GEO., *May* 20, 1864.

I have no doubt you will complain of neglect on my part, but you have sense enough to see that my every minute has been taken. According to appointment with General Grant I got everything as far ready as possible on the 5th and started from Chattanooga on the 6th. Troops had to be marched and collected from all parts of the country without attracting attention and I got McPherson up to Chattanooga and on Johnston's flank before he suspected anything more than a detachment of Thomas' command.

Dalton lies in a valley, but the road passes through a gap which was a most formidable place. I drew Johnston's attention to it whilst I moved the army round through a gap thirty miles further south and appeared on his rear and flank. He hastily evacuated Dalton and succeeded in getting into Resaca, eighteen miles, where he had prepared a strong position. This

* In the previous month Gen. Truman Seymour had met defeat in Florida.

† Mrs. Sherman's brother.

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we attacked at all points, getting closer and closer whilst I got a bridge across the Oostenaula, and again threatened his rear. Again he started and we chased him fighting all the way to Cassville, and to-day the army is pushing him across the Etowah. Having a railroad and familiar with all the byeways he has got off, but at a cost of about 6,000 men. We have a thousand prisoners, have killed and wounded 5,000, and have ourselves lost less than 4,000. We have had no time to count noses. The enemy burned the railroad bridge at Oostenaula, but we have repaired it and now have the telegraph and cars to the very rear of our army. The whole movement has been rapid, skilful and successful, but will be measured by subsequent events. Difficulties increase as we go, for I have to drop men to guard our roads whereas our enemy gathers up his guards and collects other reinforcements. I will cross the Etowah and Chattahoochee and swing round Atlanta. If I can break up that nest it will be a splendid achievement. Grant's battles in Virginia are fearful but necessary. Immense slaughter is necessary to prove that our Northern armies can and will fight. That once impressed will be an immense moral power. Banks' utter failure is awful as that force should now be at Mobile. It may be that Canby can straighten out matters. Banks was so intent on Civil Government that he underrated the military features of his territory. All attempts at Civil Government in the midst of war are folly. . . .

ACWORTH, GEO., *June* 9, 1864.

. . . . . .

The paucity of news from the army at this time in Northern papers is most satisfactory to me. My circular was exactly right. Every officer and soldier should keep his friends and family advised of his own adventures and situation, whilst the busy and mischievous scribblers for newspapers are discountenanced. I know my course is right and meets the unqualified approval of all good soldiers. The press is angry at my term, the "cheap" flattery of the press. We all know that Generals and aspirants bribe these fellows by the loan of Government horses and other conveniences not at their individual cost but at the cost of the United States, and in return receive the cheap flattery of the press. The press caused the war, the press gives it point and bitterness, and as long as the press, both North and South, is allowed to fan the flames of discord and hostility so long must the war last. The Southern press is just the same, and as long as people look to the press for truth and counsel so long will war and anarchy prevail. The liberty of the press like that of individuals must be restrained to just limits consistent with the good of the whole, and every fool must not be allowed to print and publish falsehood and slander as he pleases. . . .

IN THE FIELD, BIG SHANTY, GEO., *June* 12, 1864.

. . . . . .

That it should have devolved on me to guide one of the two great Armies on which may depend the fate of our people for the next hundred years I somewhat regret. Yet you know I have been drawn into it by a slow and gradual progress which I could not avoid. Grant was forced into his position, and I likewise. I think thus far I have played my game well. Had my plans been executed with the vim I contemplated I should have forced Johnston to fight the decisive Battle in the Oostenaula Valley between Dalton and Resaca; but McPherson was a little over-cautious, and we cannot move vast armies of this size with the rapidity of thought or of small bodies.

For the past ten days, our movements have been vastly retarded by rains. It has rained hard all the time and to-day harder than ever, a steady cold rain. I am in an old house with a fire burning, which is not uncomfortable. Johnston has 60,000 Infantry, 15,000 Cavalry and a good deal of militia. We must have a terrific battle, and he wants to choose and fortify his ground. He also aims to break my road to the rear. I wish we could make an accumulation of stores somewhere near, but the railroad is taxed to its utmost to supply our daily wants.

The country is stripped of cattle, horses, hogs, and grain, but there are large fine fields of growing oats, wheat and corn, which our horses and mules devour as we advance. Thus far we have been well supplied, and I hope it will continue, though I expect to hear every day of Forrest breaking into Tennessee from some quarter.

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Jno. Morgan is in Kentucky, but I attach little importance to him or his raid, as we don't draw anything from Kentucky, and there are plenty of troops there to capture and destroy him. Forrest is a more dangerous man. I am in hopes that an expedition sent out from Memphis on Tupelo about the 1st of June will give him full employment. I have also ordered A. J. Smith with the force he brought out of Red River to move against Mobile by way of diversion. Johnston is now between me and Marietta. As soon as these clouds and storms clear away I will study his position and determine to assault his line or turn it and force him back of the Chattahoochee. As long as I press him close and prevent his sending anything to Lee I fulfill my part of the Grand Plan. In the meantime Grant will give Lee all the fighting he wants until he is sick of the word. Every man in America should now be armed, and all who will not help should be put in petticoats and deprived of the right to vote in the affairs of the after nation. . . .

From a letter of June 26, dated "In the Field, near Marietta, Georgia," two fragments must be taken: "All the people retire before us and desolation is behind. To realize what war is, one should follow our track. . . . Though not conscious of danger at this moment, I know the country swarms with thousands who would shoot me, and thank their God they had slain a monster; and yet I have been more kindly disposed to the people of the South than any general officer of the whole army."

IN THE FIELD, NEAR MARIETTA,
June 30, 1864.

. . . . . .

It is enough to make the whole world start at the awful amount of death and destruction that now stalks abroad. Daily for the past two months has the work progressed and I see no signs of a remission till one or both and all the armies are destroyed, when I suppose the balance of the people will tear each other up, as Grant says, re-enacting the story of the Kilkenny cats. I begin to regard the death and mangling of a couple thousand men as a small affair, a kind of morning dash—and it may be well that we become so hardened. Each day is killed or wounded some valuable officers and men, the bullets coming from a concealed foe. I suppose the people are impatient why I don't push on more rapidly to Atlanta, but those who are here are satisfied with the progress. It is as much as our railroad can do to supply us bread, meat and corn, and I cannot leave the railroad to swing on Johnston's flank or rear without giving him the railroad, which I cannot do without having a good supply on hand. I am moving heaven and earth to accomplish this, in which event I shall leave the railroad and move to the Chattahoochee, threatening to cross which will I think force him to do that very thing, when I will swing round on the road again. In that event he may be all ready and attempt to hold both road and river, but my opinion is he has not force enough to do both. In that event you will be without news of us for ten days. I think we can whip his army in fair battle, but behind the hills and trunks our loss of life and limb on the first assault would reduce us too much; in other words, at this distance from home we cannot afford the losses of such terrible assaults as Grant has made. I have only one source of supply. Grant had several in succession. One of my chief objects was to prevent Joe Johnston from detaching against Grant till he got below Richmond, and that I have done. I have no idea of besieging Atlanta, but may cross the Chattahoochee and circle round Atlanta breaking up its roads. . . .

I hardly think Johnston will give me a chance to fight a decisive battle, unless at such a disadvantage that I ought not to accept, and he is so situated that when threatened or pressed too hard he draws off leaving us a barren victory. He will thus act all summer, unless he gains a great advantage in position or succeeds in breaking our roads. . . .

IN THE FIELD, NEAR ATLANTA, GEO.,
July 26, 1864.

I got your long letter and one from Minnie last night and telegraphed you in general terms that we are all well. We have Atlanta close aboard, as the sailors say, but it is a hard nut to handle. These fellows fight like Devils and Indians combined, and it calls for all my cunning and strength. Instead of attacking the forts which are really unassailable I must gradually de-

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stroy the roads which make Atlanta a place worth having. This I have partially done, two out of three are broken and we are now manœuvoring for the third.

I lost my right bower in McPherson,* but of course it is expected, for with all the natural advantages of bushes, cover of all kinds, we must all be killed. I mean the general officers. McPherson was riding within his lines behind his wing of the army, but the enemy had got round the flank and crept up one of those hollows with bushes that concealed them completely. It has been thus all the way from Chattanooga, and if Beauregard can induce Davis to adopt the Indian policy of ambuscade which he urged two years ago, but which Jeff thought rather derogatory to the high pretenses of his cause to courage and manliness, every officer will be killed, for the whole country is a forest so that an enemy can waylay every path and road, and could not be found.

Poor Mac, he was killed dead instantly. I think I shall prefer Howard to succeed him. . . .

IN THE FIELD, NEAR ATLANTA,
July 29, 1864.

Since crossing Chattahoochee I have been too busy to write. We have had three pretty hard battles. The enemy attacked my centre as we were fairly across the Peachtree Creek, and got badly beaten. Next as we closed in on Atlanta he struck our extreme left and the fighting was desperate. He drove back a part of the left, but the men fought hard and when night closed our losses amounted to 3,500 and we found nearly 3,000 dead rebels. Making the usual allowance the enemy must have sustained a loss of 10,000. Yesterday I shifted the Army of the Tennessee to my extreme right and in getting into position it was again attacked and repulsed the attack. The fight was mostly with the 15th Corps. Logan commanded it. McPherson's death was a great loss to me. I depended much on him. In casting about for a successor I proposed Howard who is a man of mind and intellect. He is very honest, sincere and moral even to piety, but brave, having lost an arm already. But he was a junior Major General to Hooker who took offense and has gone away. I don't regret it; he is envious, imperious and braggart. Self prevailed with him and knowing him intimately I honestly preferred Howard. Yesterday's work justified my choice, for Howard's dispositions and manner elicited the shouts of my old corps, and he at once stepped into the shoes of McPherson and myself. I have now Thomas, Schofield and Howard, all tried and approved soldiers. We are gradually drawing our lines close up to Atlanta, fortifying our front against the bold sallies, and I now have all the cavalry out against the roads between Atlanta and Macon. I am glad I beat Johnston, for he had the most exalted reputation with our old army as a strategist. Hood * is a new man and a fighter and must be watched closer, as he is reckless of the lives of his men. It is wonderful with what faith they adhere to the belief that they whip us on all occasions though we have them now almost penned up in Atlanta. If no reinforcements come I think I will cut them off from all communication with the rest of the confederacy. . . .

[To the Hon. Thos. Ewing] †

IN THE FIELD, NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA,
August 11, 1864.

I can well understand the keen feelings of apprehension that agitate you, as you sit with mind intent on the fate of a vast machine, like the one I am forced to guide, whose life and success depend on the single thread of rails that for near five hundred miles lies within an hostile or semi-hostile country. I assure you that to the extent of my ability, nothing has been left undone that could be foreseen, and for one hundred days not a man or horse has been without ample food, or a musket or gun without adequate ammunition. I esteem this a triumph greater than any success that has attended me in battle or in strategy, but it has not been the result of blind chance. At this moment I have abundant

* The death of Gen. McPherson, July 22, was a grievous personal and military loss to Sherman. Not long afterwards he wrote to Mrs. Sherman: "You have fallen into an error about McPherson. He was not out of his place or exposing himself more than I and every General does daily—he was to the rear of his line, riding by a road he had passed twice that morning. The thing was an accident that resulted from the blind character of the country we are in. . . . Not a day passes but what every General officer may be shot as McPherson was."

* On July 18 Sherman had learned that Hood had superseded Johnston in command of the Confederate forces in Atlanta.

† Mrs. Sherman's father.

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supplies for twenty days, and I keep a construction party in Chattanooga that can in ten days repair any break that can be made to my rear. I keep a large depot of supplies at Chattanooga and Allatoona, two mountain fastnesses which no cavalry force of the enemy can reach, and in our wagons generally manage to have from ten to twenty days' supplies.

I could not have done this without forethought beginning with the hour I reached Nashville. I found thousands of citizens actually feeding on our stores on the plea of starvation, and other citizens by paying freights were allowed to carry goods, wares and merchandise, to all the towns from Nashville to Chattanooga; also crowds of idlers, sanitary agents, Christian commissions, and all sorts of curiosity hunters loading down our cars. It was the Gordian Knot and I cut it. People may starve, and go without, but an army cannot and do its work. A howl was raised, but the President and Secretary of War backed me, and now all recognize the wisdom and humanity of the thing. Rosecrans had his army starving at Chattanooga, and I have brought an army double its size 138 miles further, and all agree that they were never better fed, clothed and supplied. I think you may rest easy on that score.

My only apprehension arises from the fact that the time of the three year men is expiring all the time, and daily regiments are leaving for home, diminishing my fighting force by its best material; and the draft has been so long deferred, and the foolish law allowing niggers and the refuse of the South to be bought up and substituted on paper (for they never come to the front) will delay my reinforcements until my army on the offensive, so far from its base, will fall below my opponent's, who increases as I lose. I rather think to-day Hood's army is larger than mine, and he is strongly fortified. I have no faith in the people of the North. They ever lose their interest when they should act—they think by finding fault with an officer they clear their skirts of their own sins of misfeasance.

. . . The good news has just come that Farragut's fleet is in Mobile Bay, and has captured the Rebel fleet there; also that Fort Gaines which guards the west entrance to the Bay has surrendered, and some prisoners we took this morning say it was the talk in their camp that the Yankees had the City of Mobile. So all is coming round well, only we should not relax our energies or be deluded by any false hope of a speedy end to this war, which we did not begin, but which we must fight to the end, be it when it may. . . .

On the night of September 1, General Hood evacuated Atlanta, and it became immediately possible for Sherman to make his laconic announcement to the North: "Atlanta is ours and fairly won." The long advance from Chattanooga, gallantly and skilfully obstructed through nearly four months of fighting even more violent and constant than these letters have suggested, was at last accomplished. The success of Sherman's army fixed the eyes of the country more than ever upon its commander. For two months from the taking of Atlanta there was enough and to spare of occupation for him in reorganizing his army, directing the operations against the forces of Hood still within fighting distance of Atlanta, and preparing for the next great move, the March to the Sea. "I will then make the interior of Georgia feel the weight of war." * So he wrote on October 17 to General Schofield. This was no sudden expression of a vengeful spirit, but merely the utterance of an old belief that until the full weight of war should be felt, the war would continue, and that true mercy lay in hastening the end. On October 19, he wrote to Mrs. Sherman: "Unless things take a turn not anticipated, you will have to get used to being without letters from me for some time." From three of the letters written during the remaining days of preparation the following passages are taken:

GAYLESVILLE, ALA., *October* 21, 1864.

. . . . . .

Since I have become famous for taking Atlanta and writing independent letters I get the most wonderful medley that you can conceive of from all parts of the world. Some are amusing but all breathe the utmost respect, and cannot be disregarded. Some I toss in the camp fire, and some I answer but usually in a very hasty, imperfect manner; but it seems that my letters now even are sought after like hot cakes.

As long as I am not a candidate I hope

* See "Memoirs," II, 157.

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none will be published as samples of literary composition. You can read my letters and guess at the meaning, but judging from my copy clerks, some readers would make an awful jumble of my letters, written usually in the small hours of the night, by a single candle on a box. Actually, one man wrote that it was seriously contemplated even to put me up for President!

That was cruel and unkind. You remember when the solemn Committee waited on me at San Francisco to tender the Regular Democratic nomination for Treasurer my answer was that I was ineligible because I had not graduated at the "Penitentiary." If a similar committee should be rash enough to venture the other nomination I fear I should proceed to personal violence, for I would receive a sentence to be hung and damned with infinitely more composure than to be the executive of this Nation. I send you a few letters that may interest you as samples. . . .

This Army is now ready to march to Mobile, Savannah or Charleston, and I am practising them in the art of foraging and they take to it like ducks to water. They like pigs, sheep, chickens, calves and sweet potatoes better than rations. We won't starve in Georgia. Our mules are doing better on the corn fields than on the bagged corn brought by the railroad. . . .

GAYLESVILLE, ALA., *October*, 27, 1864.

. . . . . .

You ask my opinion of McClellan. I have been much amused at similar inquiries of John and others in answer to a news paragraph that I pledged ninety-nine votes of the hundred to McClellan. Of course this is the invention of some knave. I never said such thing. I will vote for nobody, because I am not entitled to vote. Of the two, with the inferences to be drawn at home and abroad, I would prefer Lincoln, though I know that McClellan, Vallandigham or even Jeff Davis if President of the U. S. would prosecute the war, and no one with more vigor than the latter. But at the time the howl was raised against McClellan I knew it was in a measure unjust, for he was charged with delinquencies that the American People are chargeable for. Thus, how unjust to blame me for any misfortune now when all the authorities and people are conspiring to break up the Army till the election is over. Our Armies vanish before our eyes and it is useless to complain because the election is more important than war. Our Armies are merely paper Armies. I have 40,000 Cavalry on paper but less than 5,000 in fact. A like measure runs through the whole, and so it was with McClellan. He had to fight partly with figures. Still I admit he never manifested the simple courage and manliness of Grant, and he had too much staff, too many toadies, and looked too much to No. 1. When I was in Kentucky he would not heed my counsels, and never wrote me once, but since I have gained some notoriety at Atlanta and the papers announced as usually falsely that I was for him, he has written me twice and that has depreciated him more in my estimation than all else. He cannot be elected. Mr. Lincoln will be, but I hope it will be done quick, that voters may come to their regiments and not give the Rebels the advantage they know so well to take. I believe McClellan to be an honest man as to money, of good habits, descent, and of far more than average intelligence, and therefore I never have joined in the hue and cry against him. In revolutions men fall and rise. Long before this War is over, much as you hear me praised now, you may hear me cursed and insulted. Read History, Read Coriolanus, and you will see the true measure of popular applause. Grant, Sheridan and I are now the popular favorites, but neither of us will survive this war. Some other must rise greater than either of us, and he has not yet manifested himself. . . .

The march from Atlanta to the sea began on November 15. The anticipated period when letters could not reach the North because Sherman left behind him no means of communication lasted a full month. It was characteristic of him, on reaching Savannah, to provide his wife at once with this simple account of one of the most memorable undertakings of the Civil War:

NEAR SAVANNAH, *December* 16, 1864.

I have no doubt you have heard of my safe arrival on the Coast. . . . We came right along living on turkeys, chickens,

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pigs, bringing along our wagons loaded as we started with bread, etc. I suppose Jeff Davis will now have to feed the people of Georgia instead of collecting provisions of them to feed his armies. We have destroyed nearly two hundred miles of railroad and are not yet done. As I approached Savannah I found every river and outlet fortified. The Ogeechee River emptying into Ossabaw Sound was best adapted to our use, but it was guarded by Fort McAllister which has defied the Navy for two years. I ordered Howard to carry it with one division. The detail fell on the 2nd Division of the 15th Corps and it was the handsomest thing I have seen in this War. The division is the same I commanded at Shiloh in which Buckland, Hildebrand, Cockerill and others were, and Cockerill's Regiment was about the first to reach the interior and is now its garrison, but Cockerill is not in service now. As soon as we got the fort I pulled down the bay and opened communications. General Foster and Admiral Dahlgren received me, manned the yards and cheered, the highest honor at sea. They had become really nervous as to our safety and were delighted at all I told them of our easy success. I can now starve out Savannah unless events call my army to Virginia. I would prefer to march through Columbia and Raleigh, but the time would be too long, and we may go by sea. I have letters from Grant of the 3rd and 6th. I never saw a more confident Army. The soldiers think I know everything and that they can do anything. The strength of Savannah lies in its swamps which can only be crossed by narrow causeways all of which are swept by heavy artillery. I came near being hit the first day in approaching too near to reconnoitre. A negro's head was shot off close by me. The weather is and has been all we could have asked. It is now warm and pleasant, and the live-oaks are sublime; japonicas in blossom in the open air and the orange is but slightly touched by the frost. I expect rain soon and have heavy details at work corduroying the roads in anticipation of such an event. I have some heavy guns coming from Port Royal, and as soon as they come I shall demand the surrender of Savannah, but will not assault, as a few days will starve out its garrison, about 15,000, and its people 25,000. I do not apprehend any army to attempt to relieve Savannah except Lee's, and if he gives up Richmond it will be the best piece of strategy ever made, to make him let go there. We have lived sumptuously—turkeys, chickens and sweet potatoes * all the way, but the poor women and children will starve. All I could tell them was, if Jeff Davis expects to found an empire on the ruins of the South, he ought to afford to feed the People. . . .

It was just 30 days from Atlanta till I was sitting with the Admiral on a sea steamer at sea. Grant's letter of the 3rd proposed to bring you down to see me, but his of the 6th looked to my coming to James River. Await events and trust to fortune. I will turn up where and when you least expect me. . . .

The remaining letters from Savannah reflect more fully the satisfaction which Sherman, with all the world singing his praises and his own heart telling him what he had done, could not but feel in the outcome of his great undertaking. "Like one who has walked a narrow plank," he wrote before the end of the year, "I look back and wonder if I really did it." The last of the Savannah letters, January 15, was written two weeks before Sherman set out on the northward march, which in his own opinion put his powers to a severer test than that which the March to the Sea had afforded.

SAVANNAH, *December* 25, 1864.

This is Christmas Day and I hope truly and really that you and the little ones may enjoy it, in the full knowledge that I am all safe after our long March. I am at this moment in an elegant chamber of the house of a gentleman named Green. This house is elegant and splendidly furnished with pictures and statuary. My bed room has a bath and dressing room attached which look out of proportion to my poor baggage. My clothing is good yet and I can even afford a white shirt. It would amuse you to see the negroes; they flock to me, old and young, they pray and shout and mix

* These words bear a curious testimony to the accuracy of a stanza in one of the most familiar of war-songs:

"How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia!"

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up my name with that of Moses, and Simon and other scriptural ones as well as "Abram Linkom," the Great Messiah of "Dis Jubilee."

There are many fine families in this city, but when I ask for old and familiar names, it marks the sad havoc of war. The Goodwins, Teffts, Cuylers, Habershams, Laws, etc., etc., all gone or in poverty, and yet the girls remain, bright and haughty and proud as ever. There seems no end but utter annihilation that will satisfy their hate of the "sneaking Yankee" and "ruthless invader." They no longer call my army, "Cowardly Yanks," but have tried to arouse the sympathy of the civilized world by stories of the cruel barbarities of my army. The next step in the progress will be, "for God's sake spare us; we must surrender." When that end is reached we begin to see daylight, but although I have come right through the heart of Georgia they talk as defiantly as ever. I think Thomas' whipping at Nashville coupled with my March will take some conceit out of them.

I have no doubt you hear enough about "Sherman" and are sick of the name, and the interest the public takes in my whereabouts leaves me no subject to write about. Charley * and Dayton † promise to write details. All I can do is to make hasty scrawls assuring you of my health and eternal affection.

[To the Hon. Thos. Ewing.]

SAVANNAH, GEO., *December* 31, 1864.

I have received yours of the 18th, and by Christmas day you must have heard that my army had possession of Savannah and all its Forts which have heretofore defied the Navy and the expeditions hitherto sent against it. I ought to have caught its garrison but the swampy ground prevented my reaching the Causeway on the South Carolina shore, but if Hardee had given me two more days I would have closed that also. As it was, however, *only* his men escaped, and with Savannah I got all the guns, stores and gun-boats which made it formidable. Of course I feel a just pride in the satisfaction you express, and would rather please and gratify you than all the world beside. I know full well that I enjoy the unlimited confidence of the President and Commander in Chief, and better still of my own Army. They will march to certain death if I order it, because they know and feel that night and day I labor to the end that not a life shall be lost in vain. I always ignore secondary objects and strike at principals with a foreknowledge that the former follow the latter, nor are my combinations extra hazardous or bold. Every movement I have made in this war has been based on sound military principle, and the result proves the assertion. At Atlanta I was not to be decoyed from the fruits of my summer's work, by Hood's chasséeing to the left, but I sent my oldest lieutenant in whom I had confidence (Thomas) to Tennessee, and gave him a liberal part of my veterans and *all my recruits* which I knew would enable him to cope with Hood defensively, as also hold the vital parts of former conquests: there again has my judgment been verified by events. Nor was I rash in cutting loose from a base and relying on the country for forage and provisions. I had wagons enough loaded with essentials, and beef cattle enough to feed on for more than a month, and had the Census Statistics showing the produce of every County through which I designed to pass. No military expedition was ever based on sounder or surer data.

Besides, my Army has by time and attention acquired too much personal experience and adhesion to disintegrate by foraging or its incident disorganizing tendency. I have just reviewed my four Corps and challenge competition for soldierly bearing and behavior. No city was ever occupied with less disorder or more system than this of Savannah, and it is a subject of universal comment that though an army of 60,000 men lay camped around it, women and children of an hostile people walk its streets with as much security as they do in Philadelphia. I attach much importance to these little matters, as it is all important our armies should not be tainted by that spirit of anarchy that threatened the stability of our Government, but on the contrary that when war does end we may safely rest the fabric of government if necessary on the strong and safe base of a well disciplined army of citizens . . .

* Mrs. Sherman's brother, Gen. Charles Ewing.
† Col. S. M. Dayton, aide-de-camp on Sherman's staff.

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[To Mrs. Sherman.]

SAVANNAH, GEO., *January* 2, 1865.

. . . . . .

I am now in a magnificent mansion living like a gentleman, but soon will be off for South Carolina and then look out for breakers. You may count on my being here till the 15th. I have not yet had one word from you since you knew of my having reached the Coast and only know of the death of our little boy,* by the New York papers of December 22, but was in a measure prepared for it by your letter received at Kingston. I suppose you feel his loss far more than I do because I never saw him, but all the children seemed to be so attached to him that you may be so grieved at his death you cannot write to me. I know by the same source that you are now at South Bend in Mr. Colfax' † house. It must be very cold up there. It is really cold here, though the sun shines warm and the trees have green leaves. Of course no snow, but ice found in the gutters and on the pond. General Barnard got here last night from General Grant with dispatches, which I have answered, and the clerks are copying my letters and as soon as finished I will send a flat steamer to Port Royal whence a sea steamer will go to City Point and thence this letter will be sent you. . . .

I see that the State of Ohio talks of making me a present of a home, etc. ‡ For myself I would accept nothing, but for you and the children I would be willing, especially if such a present were accompanied as in Farragut's place, with bonds enough to give interest to pay taxes. My pay would not enable me to pay taxes on property. I have received from high sources highest praises and yesterday, New Year, was toasted, etc. with allusions to Hannibal, Cæsar etc., etc., but in reply I turned all into a good joke by saying that Hannibal and Cæsar were small potatoes as they had never read the New York Herald, or had a photograph taken. But of course I feel a just pride in the confidence of my army, and the singular friendship of General Grant, who is almost childlike in his love for me. It does seem that time has brought out all my old friends, Grant, Thomas, Sheridan, etc. All sorts of people send me presents and I hope they dont slight you or the girls. I want little in that way, but I think you can stand a good deal. Thus far success has crowned my boldest conceptions and I am going to try others quite as quixotic. It may be that spite of my fears I may come out all right. Love to all.

SAVANNAH, *January* 5, 1865.

I have written several times to you and to the children. Yesterday I got your letter of December 23, and realize the despair and anguish through which you have passed in the pain and sickness of the little baby I never saw. All spoke of him as so bright and fair that I had hoped he would be spared to us to fill the great void in our hearts left by Willy, but it is otherwise decreed and we must submit. I have seen death in such quantity and in such forms that it no longer startles me, but with you it is different and 'tis well that like the Spaniards you realize the fact that our little baby has passed from the troubles of life to a better existence. I sent Charley off a few days ago to carry to General Grant and to Washington some important despatches, but told him he must not go farther than Washington as by the time he returns I will be off again on another raid. It is pretty hard on me that I am compelled to make these blows which are necessarily trying to me but it seems devolved on me and cannot be avoided. If the honors proffered and tendered me from all quarters are of any value they will accrue to you and the children. John writes that I am in everybody's mouth and that even he is known as my brother, and that all the Shermans are now fêted as relatives of me. Surely you and the children will not be overlooked by those who profess to honor me. I do think that in the several grand epochs of this war, my name will have a prominent part, and not least among them will be the determination I took at Atlanta to destroy that place, and march on this city, whilst Thomas, my lieutenant, should dispose of Hood. The idea, the execution and strategy are all good and will in time be understood. I don't know that you comprehend the magnitude of the thing, but you can see the importance attached to it in England where the critics stand ready to turn against

* Writing from Kingston, Georgia, on June 12, 1864, Sherman had acknowledged the news of the birth of this child.

† Schuyler Colfax, at this time Speaker of the House of Representatives, lived at South Bend, Ind.

‡ This present was never received.

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any American general who makes a mistake or fails in its execution. In my case they had time to commit themselves to the conclusion that if I succeeded I would be a great general, but if I failed I would be set down a fool. My success is already assured, so that I will be found to sustain the title. I am told that were I to go north I would be feted and petted, but as I have no intention of going, you must sustain the honors of the family. I know exactly what amount of merit attaches to my own conduct, and what will survive the clamor of time. The quiet preparation I made before the Atlanta Campaign, the rapid movement on Resaca, the crossing the Chattahoochee without loss in the face of a skilful general with a good army, the movement on Jonesboro, whereby Atlanta fell, and the resolution I made to divide my Army, with one part to take Savannah and the other to meet Hood in Tennessee, are all clearly mine, and will survive us both in history. I don't know that you can understand the merit of the latter, but it will stamp me in years to come, and will be more appreciated in Europe than in America. I warrant your father will find parallel in the History of the Greeks and Persians, but none on our Continent. For his sake I am glad of the success that has attended me, and I know he will feel more pride in my success than you or I do. Oh that Willy were living! how his eyes would brighten and his bosom swell with honest pride if he could hear and understand these things. . . .

You will doubtless read all the details of our march and stay in Savannah in the papers, whose spies infest our camps, spite of all I can do, but I could tell you thousands of little incidents which would more interest you. The women here are, as at Memphis, disposed to usurp my time more from curiosity than business. They had been told of my burning and killing until they expected the veriest monster but their eyes were opened when Hardee, G. W. Smith and McLaws, the three chief officers of the Rebel army fled across the Savannah river consigning their families to my special care. There are some very elegant people here, whom I knew in better days and who do not seem ashamed to call on the "vandal chief." They regard us just as the Romans did the Goths and the parallel is not unjust. Many of my stalwart men with red beards and huge frames look like giants, and it is wonderful how smoothly all things move, for they all seem to feel implicit faith in me not because I am strong or bold, but because they think I know everything. It seems impossible for us to go anywhere without being where I have been before. My former life from 1840 to 1846 seems providential and every bit of knowledge then acquired is returned, tenfold. Should it so happen that I should approach Charleston on that very ground where I used to hunt with Jim Poyas, and Mr. Quash, and ride by moonlight to save daytime, it would be even more strange than here where I was only a visitor. Col. Kilburn arrived here from Louisville yesterday, and begged me to remember him to you. I continue to receive letters most flattering, from all my old friends and enclose you two, one from General Hitchcock and one from Professor Mahan. Such men do not flatter and are judges of what they write. . . .

SAVANNAH, GEO., *January* 15, 1865.

. . . . . .

It may be some days yet before I dive again beneath the surface to turn up again in some mysterious place. I have a clear perception of the move, but take it for granted that Lee will not let me walk over the track without making me sustain some loss. Of course my course will be north. I will feign on Augusta and Charleston, avoid both and make for Columbia, Fayetteville and Newbern, N. C. Don't breathe, for the walls have ears, and foreknowledge published by some mischievous fool might cost many lives. We have lived long enough for men to thank me for keeping my own counsels, and keeping away from armies those pests of newspaper men. If I have attained any fame it is pure and unalloyed by the taint of parasitic flattery and the result is to you and the children more agreeable, for it will go to your and their benefit more than all the surface flattery of all the newspaper men of the country. Mr. Stanton has been here and is cured of that Negro nonsense which arises, not from a love of the Negro but a desire to dodge service. Mr. Chase and others have written to me to modify my opinions, but you know I cannot, for if I attempt the

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part of a hypocrite it would break out at each sentence. I want soldiers made of the best bone and muscle in the land, and won't attempt military feats with doubtful materials. I have said that slavery is dead and the Negro free, and want him treated as free, and not hunted and badgered to make a soldier of, when his family is left back on the plantations. I am right and won't change.* The papers of the 11th are just in and I see Butler is out. That is another of the incubi of the army. We want and must have professional soldiers, young and vigorous. Mr. Stanton was delighted at my men and the tone which pervades the army. He enjoyed a good story, which is true, told by one of my old 15th corps men. After we reached the coast we were out of bread, and it took some days for us to get boats up. A foraging party was out and got a boat and pulled down the Ogeechee to Ossabaw and met a steamer coming up. They hailed her and got answer that it was the Nemeha, and had Major General Foster on board; the soldiers answered "Oh H—l, we've got twenty-seven Major-Generals up at camp. What we want is hard tack." The soldiers manifest to me the most thorough affection, and a wonderful confidence. They haven't found out yet where I have *not* been. Every place we go, they hear I lived there once, and the usual exclamation is, The "Old Man" must be "omnipresent" as well as "omnipotent." I was telling some officers the other day if events should carry us to Charleston I would have advantage because I know the ground etc., etc. They laughed heartily at my innocence, for they knew I had been everywhere. But really my long sojourn in this quarter of the world from 1840 to 1846 was and is providential to me.

I have read most of the current discourses about me, those you sent inclusive; but take more interest in the London Spectator, the same that reviewed my Knoxville Campaign. He is surely a critic, for he catches the real points well. The Times utterly overstates the cases and the Dublin papers are too fulsome. Our American papers are shallow. They don't look below the surface. I receive letters from all the great men, so full of real respect that I cannot disregard them, yet I dread the elevation to which they have got me. A single mistake or accident, my pile, though well founded, would tumble; but I base my hopes of fair fame on the opinion of my own army, and my associates. . . .

I will surely be off in the course of this week, and you will hear of me only through Richmond for two months. You have got used to it now and will not be concerned though I think the chances of getting killed on this trip about even. If South Carolina lets me pass across without desperate fighting, her fame is gone forever. . . .

I would not be surprised if I would involve our Government with England. I have taken all the cotton as prize of war, thirty thousand bales, equal to thirteen millions of dollars, much of which is claimed by English merchants. I disregard their consular certificates on the ground that this cotton has been notoriously employed to buy cartridges and arms and piratical ships, and was collected here for that very purpose. Our own merchants are equally culpable. They buy cotton in advance and take the chances of capture, and then claim. . . .

* Sherman's unwillingness to weaken his army by increasing it with any but the most effective fighting men was frequently construed as an evidence of hostility to the negro. His true feeling on this subject is shown especially in the account of Stanton's visit to Savannah in the "Memoirs" (vol. II, chap. XXII). The clear remembrance of those who knew him best warrants the belief that his knowledge of the South gave him a sympathetic understanding of the moral effect of employing negro troops, which increased his reluctance to include them in his army.

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THE HUMANNESS OF THE FRENCH STREETS

By Warren Barton Blake

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PAGES OF GEORGE WRIGHT'S SKETCH-BOOK

THERE is, after all, small reason why France should mean to the American traveller nothing more than some aspects of the capital. France is ever that

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with herself, whom all the world can please,—

and the most deeply human, as the most completely humanized, of lands. Though it be by motor-flights that the many now replace traditional and more intimate modes of travel, the water-ways remain for those of us who shun the too frequented high-roads. Stevenson loved the rivers and canals of France; he would have made a second "Inland Voyage" had fortune only smiled upon his house-boat plans. All are not Stevensons; but since the river journey from Oxford down the Thames is not unknown to trippers, why should we be denied the Seine-voyage out of Rouen? There are freight-boats, at least, for the journey; and if Rouen be not the town to leave behind too rapidly—a town gracefully old-fashioned without being dead—the river-trip to Paris is quite the happiest way of quitting its old curving streets and sculptured courts. Here one suspects even the stones and bricks of "atmosphere"; one is grateful for the Gothic beauty of St. Ouen's outline—and for the phrase that Mr. James has used of it in "lightness and majesty."

Set in its garden, St. Ouen lingers in the memory as one of those perfections without which your Yankee wanderer would suffer from a fatal vagueness in impressions: confounded by the bigness of things beautiful, where the detail is drowned in utter mass.

To make the trip to Paris by the Seine, ever as charming as the land it waters, is the dream of a holiday, as idle as the rest. In sharing the life of one of the slow-moving river-barges, guest of the little family which lives aboard (ever in easy-going travel—flowers in the stern, and clothes hung drying somewhere on the deck; hens scratching, and even laying now and then; wife and children giving domesticity to a scene made picturesque by the boatman's big red sash), there are whole sheaves of new sensations to be garnered. Without a barge-trip, your traveller may know the boat-women not at all and the bargemen only in hours of bibulous relaxation, passed at some bank-side *estaminet*. Not grandiose, the scenery that the land-locked mariner passes so leisurely; none the less tempting in the invitation of its green fields and forests—and now and again that of some tied-up barge, half waterlogged, perhaps, and serving its old purposes no longer; flaunting instead the sign of *bateau-restaurant*. Here, say, at Poissy, you may catch your dinner from the porch, or deck, and afterward consume it in the open air, with a butter omelette and a bit of cheese and a bottle of red wine; the whole preceded, if you will, by fragrant peasant broth, floating its loaf of bread. Many are the ways of passing the time pleasantly—granted an interest in one's kind, and a love of the passing moment.

We have heard almost too much of the streets of Paris, and not enough of that street most distinctive of all—the River Seine. Flowing through the city for six miles, it is a highway, with its *bateaux mouches*, its bridges and its quays. Of a dark night, the Seine may seem to lugubrious fancy the symbol of death in the city's life abounding: murky death and inky crime, oozy and silent wickedness. Yet normally, even perhaps to suicides, the Seine is but the mirror of a city's mood. There are lights everywhere—lights lengthened in the water; the Louvre and the Conciergerie, shown in the stream, are things fairer than their originals. It is better to look upon the eddying reflections of the bridges here than to stand in the Place de la Concorde, bright with its orange lamps in honor of an Auto Show; the lights on the Seine and its images are more

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Drawn by George Wright.

The ins and outs of a street in Rouen.

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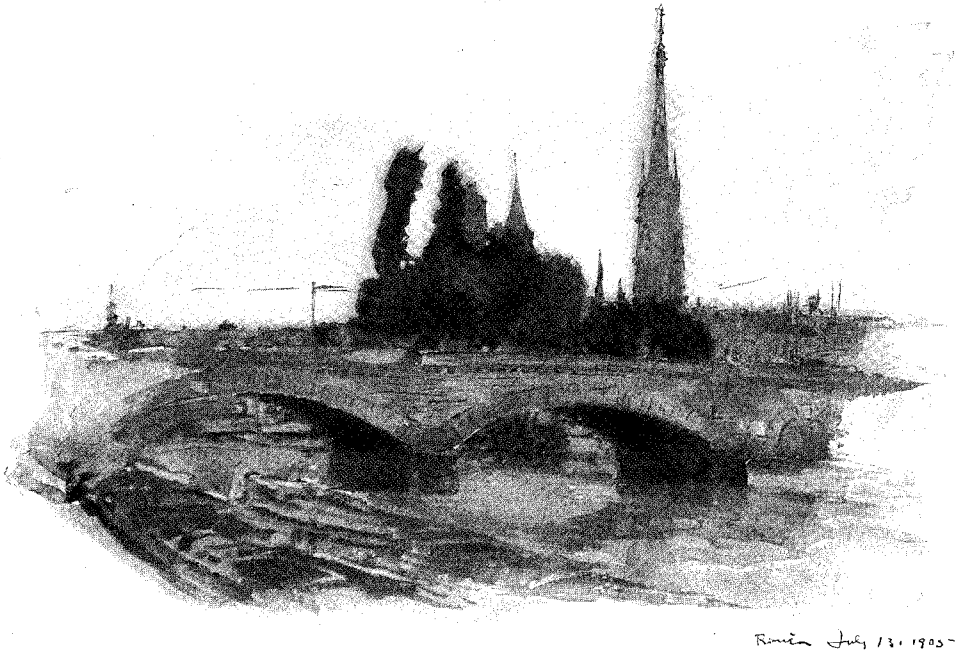
alluring, more innately of Fairyland and Paris, than the gilded boulevards. Nor is it only in the moonlight that the Seine has charms. The holiday sculler finds it a paradise for miles above the city; and there are ever such fishermen as Maupassant's Renard. Line-fishing is more than a mild sport at Paris; even to watch its devotees seems to amuse your true Parisian. A legend tells us that in the Commune days, when the Hôtel de Ville was fired on and a dark page written in the city's history, the Seine fishermen pursued their pastime imperturbable. And the tale seems likely enough as the saunterer watches the fisher-folk, whose leisure may be envied more than their occupation; and who are found not on the city quays alone, but in the *banlieue*, where the Seine's green bank is dabbed with villages in brown and red and gray, and where one stops to watch the peasants bathe their horses in the stream itself, rubbing them down soon afterward by the river's brink. Within the city, there are the men who clip poodles on the quays, and, higher, book- and picture-stalls with their merchants and shifting groups of bargain-hunters—the Odéon arcade for new books, the river-side for old. It was near the great clock of the Palace of Justice that I found Chateaubriand's "Essai sur les Révolutions," very clean in its original covers, and duly misdated *Londres*, 1717, for 1797: this for five sous. But it is not often that the bookman naps. The tales one hears of Rousseau's annotated Thomas à Kempis, and an album of Corot's picked up for a song, are told, as a rule, in the long-past tense. Still, it remains a pleasure to rummage among the portfolios and the dusty *bouquins* of the Seine-side merchants: there is ever the rare chance of making a rarer find. They talk of suppressing the traffic, or rather of moving the merchants and their tin-topped boxes to the outer boulevards: long be that day deferred! There are few enough interesting passages on Paris in Hawthorne's note-books—Hawthorne was only a shade more conceivable a Parisian than Emerson himself—but one of them describes a promenade beside the Seine. Father and son walked the left bank, one winter day some fifty years ago, "looking at the titles of books on the long lines of stalls that extend between the bridges." And the infinite variety of those titles was not wasted upon them: "Novels, fairy tales, dream-books, treatises of behavior and etiquette, collec-



The Seine at Rouen.

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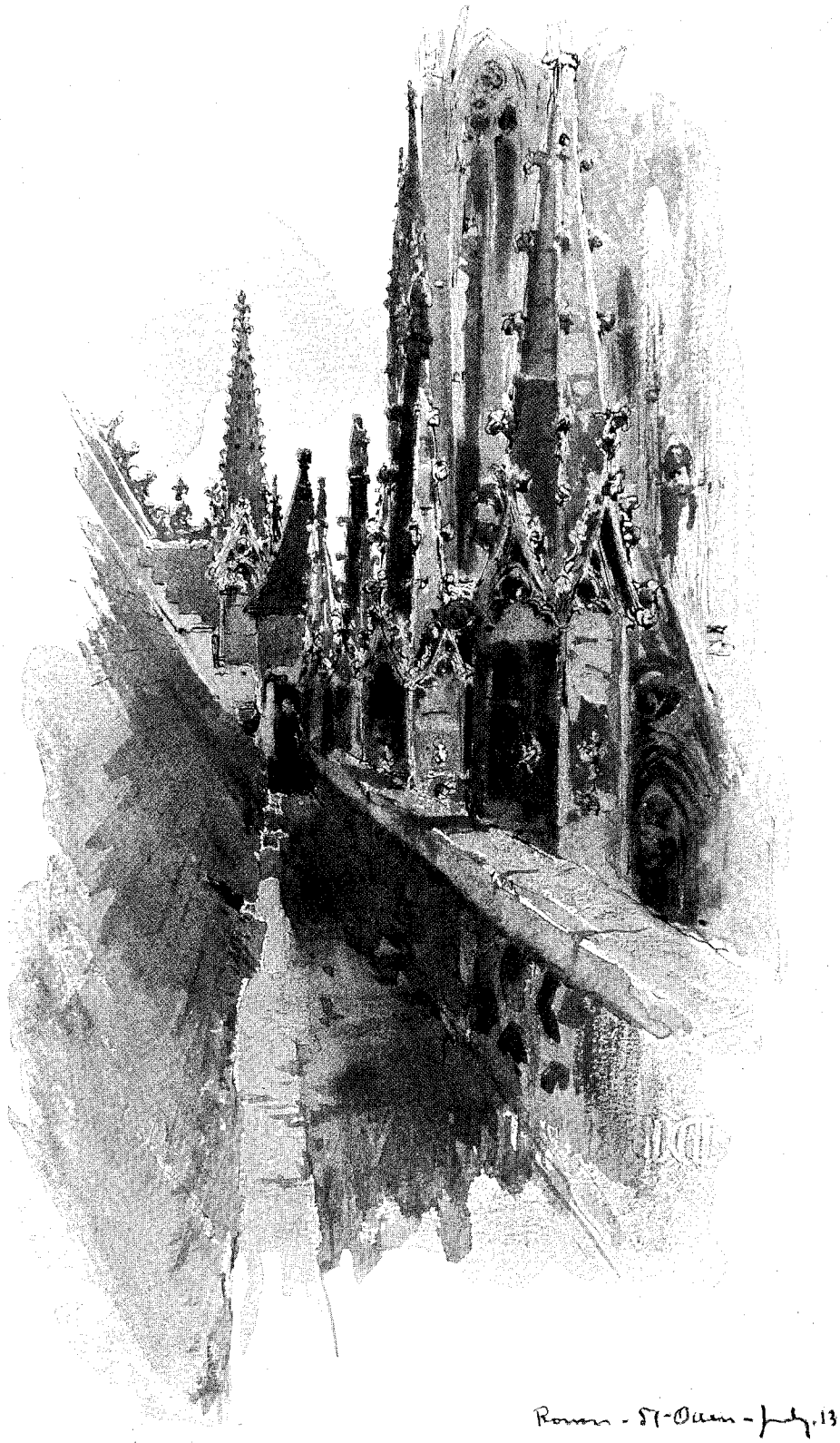

Drawn by George Wright.

The gallery of St. Ouen—Rouen.

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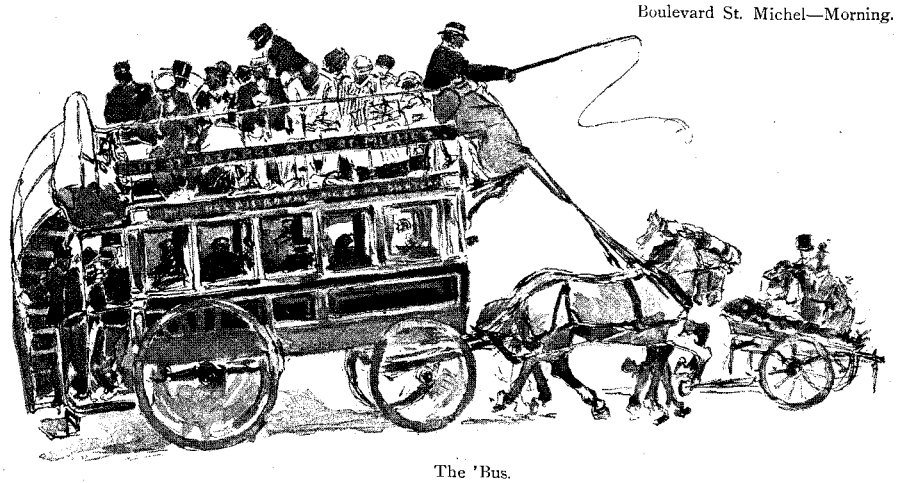
Boulevard St. Michel—Morning.



The 'Bus.

Drivers.

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Carousel types—Montmartre.

At the Bal Tabarin.

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At Sevres—the bathing hour.

tions of *bon-mots* and songs, were interspersed with volumes in the old style of the classics of French literature. A good many persons, of the poor classes, and of those apparently well to do, stopped transitorily to look at these books. On the other side of the street was a range of tall edifices with shops beneath, and the quick stream of French life hurrying and babbling and swarming along the sidewalk." Just so it

Fresh flowers, Ho!

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The Odéon bookstalls.

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Drawn by George Wright.

The beach at Trouville.

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is to-day—and ever shall be. Hawthorne enjoyed the book-stalls—though I suspect he took more pleasure in the hours he spent browsing at Mr. Young's, in Liverpool, not too far from the Custom-house—and he tried, too, to enjoy the bustling streets and their life, so different from anything in Salem. But he tells us nothing of the laundry-boats, which stood there long before he paid his visit to the bridges; or of the baths one comes on everywhere, and the pretentious "Schools of Natation." We take them all in for our two sous' fare; and for us, at least, passengers on the "fly-boat," the Seine remains what Pascal called it centuries ago: the city's moving highway.

Neither Napoleon the Less nor the Baron Haussmann could "improve" it out of existence. One thoroughfare, at least, is left. In the Latin Quarter, for all it is so pleasant to overhear the flower-women's chaff (flower-women are old and ugly here, as always and everywhere off the stage and out of novels), this is not too true. The Boulevard St. Michel, though it call to mind the half-forgotten tales of Murger—tales of different streets, but of the same abiding types—is but a modern thing; the Boulevard St. Germain was pierced at the cost of old streets and old houses innumerable. What the Empire left, the Republic is tearing away: in the Rue St. Jacques, for example. And the changes are in the students as well as in the student quarter: to-day they shave sometimes, and sometimes wash. Is it the coming of the Anglo-Saxon that has impaired the picturesqueness of it all, and given a student's tailor and barber almost as much importance as his mistress; or is it the co-educational régime at the Sorbonne, and even in the studios? Call it but evolution, if you like. It is more to the point that the Latin Quarter of our day is overstocked with polite *pensions* where the Englishwoman and the American girl predominate; one has but to go to the corner grocery to find American soap, and no further than the boulevard to buy this very magazine. The American Girls' Club is in the Rue Chevreuse, hard by; and the Restaurant Coopératif, administered by students at the University, seems to be modelled on Randall Hall, at Harvard. Even the cafés are changed in these days of progress—far more alimentary they are han literary. It is no longer in the Boul' Mich' that revelry reigns of an evening (exceptional evenings aside); the tide of dissipation runs never so strongly toward Montmartre, where vineyards used to stretch. There one attends the Moulin Rouge—naughty no longer, simply dull, and given up to comic opera of American make; there one finds the Bal Tabarin in full swing, and all the *cafés noctambules*. And a gay place of an evening is the Avenue Clichy, where the merry-go-round is running and arc-lights blaze and loud music assails one from afar.

Such are not all the streets of Paris. Not every quarter on the right bank is as garish as the Avenue Clichy or as cosmopolitan as the Avenue de l'Opera. There are sections of the Rue des Francs Bourgeois where one finds himself in some old town far from the modern capital; in the Marais one may hear the hurrying feet of Dickens's "Tale." They are not the feet of those who shall enter our lives—rather the hurrying footsteps of those who have already passed our way and, through ages now past, entered it. When the saunterer walks old Paris by night, let him be no more heedful of *Apaches* than ready for the echoing tread of the heroes of the *temps d'antan*. In the darkness of the quarter, why, you ask yourself, are not the lackeys of Ninon, of Gabrielle and of the Montespan (you think little of chronology at these moments) lighting their mistresses to coaches or to sedans? But, hark! the *petits violons* are playing in the hotel that we call Carnavalet; Molière's "Georges Dandin" is acted this evening for Madame de Sévigné's guests. And these great mansions that one passes are noble dwellings all—neither factories nor shabby tenements now that darkness has fallen upon them. The illusion passes, and there are no more hurrying, echoing footsteps; there is silence in salon and in street that were but now the scene of a glorious, mad masquerade: a dance of ghosts through our historical imagination.

For the streets of Paris are a stage—set sometimes to a melodrama, or to a pageant such as Nodier's fantasy, or ours, has figured; more often to a comedy wherein the unities are outraged and the mob amused. As in some Elizabethan piece, we who sit to it may be spectators and players too; it is from our café table on the pavement—if we stay not too long—that the piece is best

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followed and is best enjoyed. In London, where the play is more spectacular, with less of human interest and more emphasis upon the "properties," we prefer to take a 'bus-top seat. Here we may face the 'bus-stand, if we like; the 'bus-stand, where they are watering their cattle and calling the numbers for another circuit. A handful of copper buys us all this: with our *bock* thrown in. And if the play which Paris improvises for us fail to amuse, there is the beer at least; and the café newspaper, and the stationery to write a letter home on—if not this article. All these small perquisites come with our *fauteuil d'orchestre* in the open-air theatre of the boulevard. The dialogue was better at Furetière's *cabaret* or in Voltaire's time; but the music of the comedy—the orchestra wears tight red coats—is well enough to-day; so, too, the action. Even in the quarters of the poor—Paris is not all holiday nor all Boulevard des Italiens—the street sends up accompaniment to the piece that is always playing: the *comédie humaine*. The glazier calls his *Ho . . . ! vitrier, ho!* the vegetable-women cry their potatoes and water-cresses; the fish-wife plaintively comments, *Ah, qu'il est donc bon, le maquereau!* There is ever a diversion on some penny whistle.

It is in rendering the movement of the Paris types and scenes—not in competing with the window-dressers of the Bon Marché or those who copy costumes for a poster—that George Wright has in his sketch-book caught the essence of the eternal comedy. And it is in the *humanness* of even the superficial life of Paris—of France, too, if you will—that resides one part of the great charm which the resident cannot describe, but snaps a finger over, with a word of an *indefinable something*. Every Frenchman is, with Gautier, one for whom the visible world exists—for in France it can hardly escape one. But it is the humanness of it all to which, and, often, for which, one comes back; and life moves pleasantly in all the minor details that make it up. "They are tragic and charming, our streets; they should suffice for any poet." Although even the narrowest and oldest of them has its juggernaut—its swaying motor busses—there remains here street-movement over against mere motion: the people one sees are *of* the street, not merely in it. The *flâneur* keeps his place at the little round table till his cigar is smoked down to its last half-inch. This is to linger—to loiter—instead of struggling to arrive.

IN THE OASIS

By G. E. Woodberry

It was a paradise of trees
  In the blue vague of sand and sea;
An isle of ocean histories,
  An unknown isle, it seemed to me;
A precinct of the ancient grove,
  Sacred to fruit and corn and peace;
Old as the spring of life and love,
  It seemed a bank where time might cease.

It was a tract of sky and palm
  Where yellowing waters ooze and run,
And dark folk dwell amid the calm
  Of earthen shadows red and dun;
They brought me gourds of liquor pale
  The cut palm yields at break of dawn;
In hearts so simple could not fail
  The kindness out of nature drawn.

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You wonder how I understand
  Man's soul in dusky faces,
And, though a stranger in the land,
  A friend roved that oasis;
They strove to please with gentle art,
  Soft smiles and silent duty;
Unconsciously they soothed my heart
  With touches of wild beauty.

I twined my soft gray hat with bloom
  They brought me in the desert bowers,
And wound along the palm's white plume
  The dark-leaved red pomegranate flowers;
I wandered, thoughtless of the lure,
  Beside the burning sapphire sea;
The bronzed boys laughed, and sat demure,
  And every eye flashed love at me.

So voyagers whose victorious keel
  First swam the lone Pacific floods,
Felt morn's mysterious lights unseal
  The tribes of ocean solitudes;
And found the bloom without decay,
  The life through fading centuries sown,
That flower-like lifts a little way
  Its head to heavens that soar unknown.

There showed her Carthage navied host,
  Passing the desert solemn;
And nigher rose on that sparse coast
  Rome's eagle-bearing column;
The distant centuries lapsed away,
  But nothing here knew time had flown;
The small dark race that moulds the clay
  Outlasts the race that built in stone.

Ah, never moves man far apart
  From kinship and from duty,
And straightest unto every heart
  Winds the old path of beauty;
They showed me all the secret isle,
  They brought me all their meagre store,
And many a child's caressing smile
  Followed me down to the sea-shore.

It was a paradise of trees
  In the blue vague of sand and sea;
An isle of antique histories,
  A long-lost isle, it seemed to me;
They rowed my boat, I sailed away
  To lands beyond the western star;
Like something lost my natal day,
  Within my mind these memories are

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THE OLD LAMP

By Catalina Páez

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. GLACKENS

IT was Mollie O'Brien who first broached the Settlement to Carmelina. Mollie O'Brien, whose mother scrubbed offices from dawn till dusk, while her father sojourned remote from the bosom of his family in a mysterious region denominated "the Island." For such as Mollie, gravitating between a lonely hearth and the seething maelstrom of the streets, the Settlement spreads its nets. And for such as Mollie, acknowledged Carmelina, the Settlement has its advantages. But what need of Settlements had she—Carmelina—enthroned upon the stairs of her own vegetable cellar, sucking an orange from her own fruit stand, and rejoicing in a full complement of parents, to say nothing of Nonna—a very queen among grandmothers? Carmelina rested quite content with the cellar, the stand, and her family connection. For luxuries, she had Tomassino, the cat, all unsalable fruit, and an occasional fiesta at the church of San Bernardo, when there was praying, and brass bands, and incense, and confetti, and every one blossomed like the rose in purple and complementary harmonies. And all this spelled happiness.

What more could one ask? Raiment sufficient to cover one, without the encumbrances of fashion; macaroni and polenta at stated intervals, plus risotto on the Sabbath; and, when the day was over, a snug corner on the mattress in the dark bedroom, with *mamaina's* loving arms around her, *mamaina's* soft Tuscan lullabies in her ears. Her *carissima mamaina*, Bianca. Bianca, so loving, so tender, so lavish with the polenta, so cautious with the customers! Bianca, whose kerchiefs were so beautifully gay, whose eyes so beautifully brown, whose coils and coils of shining braids the longest and thickest in the world! (Of that fact Carmelina was positive.) What a calamity to be afflicted with a mother whose hair, all gray and drab, hung in straggling wisps about her face; whose eyes, if eyes she had, were lost behind spectacles; who neither bargained nor bartered, but spent her days slopping around with buckets of water! Ugh! Carmelina hated water. No wonder Mollie took to the Settlement! But again, what had Settlements to offer one so felicitously circumstanced as she?

"A yard and a sand-pile"? Pooh! She had a cellar and a pile of cabbages. "A lady who made things of clay, pigs and the like, and would teach one how"? Well, Bianca made things; things of straw, beautiful gleaming straw-baskets and braid and fans. There was a certain little three-cornered basket she wove for no one but Carmelina; and when it came to the handle she tossed out a long strip for Carmelina to catch in her grimy little hands, and they two would weave together, both beginning in the middle. "Music at the Settlement? Song?" Carmelina and Bianca sang, too, sang as they wove, a little song, Tuscan, like the mother, and the straw, and the pattern they were making:

"La violetta
Che in sull' erbetta
S'apre al mattin novella;
Di' non è cosa
Tutta odorosa,
Tutta leggiadra è bella?"

And yet more settlement marvels? "A story hour"! "A story circle," drawn up, on little wooden chairs, about a "story lady," who recounted wonderful tales of "knights and heroes and fairy land"? No marvel there! Did she not also have stories? And what were circles and ladies and little wooden chairs compared to the joy of huddling beside Nonna on a potato sack, with Tomassino's soft fur tickling one's cheek, the earthy scents of vegetables delighting one's nose, and Nonna's sweet *patois* droning in one's ears? And what legend of knighthood could compare to hers of saints and miracles? What hero to Garibaldi? What fairy land to Italy? Glorious, sunny Italy, where Vesuvio loomed grimly in the distance, and almond trees cast fragrance

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Carmelina enthroned upon the stairs of her own vegetable cellar.—Page 560.

from the hillsides! Ah the trees! The trees! Carmelina had seen no tree since, a baby, she had entered the slums via Castle Garden; but Nonna kept them green and fragrant in her memory. Some day when Pietro and Bianca had garnered a harvest of *soldi* from the penny bananas and three-cent oranges, and the onions and cabbages of fluctuating value, she would again see Italy, and the almond flowers, and the trees! Meanwhile she mingled trees with her visions of Heaven, along with talking dolls and purple satin dresses. The trees were her final boast.

"I bet you don't have trees in your old fairy land!" she said largely.

Mollie betrayed some uncertainty. "But we have a bean-stalk!" she hastened to proclaim. Then Mollie laid down her trump ace. "In the yard, at the Settlement, there is—a tree!"

Carmelina's orange rolled unheeded to her feet. "A tree!" she repeated. "A tree! A really, truly tree? I don't believe it! There ain't no trees in Rivington Street! There ain't no trees nowhere," she added sadly, "only Italy!"

At this Mollie, incensed by what she considered aspersions upon her veracity, took an indignant departure. Carmelina picked up her orange, but the fruit had lost its savor; the orange went into the gutter. Carmelina watched it float away upon a fetid stream, but her eyes saw only a vision of something green and shadowy. "A tree!" she murmured, as, from force of habit, she sank upon the curb and dabbled her toes in the languid current. The gutter, once so cool, to-day seemed merely slimy. Carmelina withdrew to the shady side of an ash barrel; but the barrel, like unto the land of Pharaoh, was corrupted by reason

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of a swarm of flies, and its shady side proved torrid. Through the glare came Carmelina's vision of that something green, and shadowy. She mopped her brow upon her multi-colored garment, then rose, and with her face toward Rivington Street, issued her manifesto.

"I am going," she said, "to the tree!"

In this wise was Carmelina lured into the haunts of the Philistines.

. . . . . .

Verily it was cool! It was green! It was shadowy! at first rapturous glance Carmelina could only clasp her hands in ecstasy; then she touched it, she smelled it, and finally sat down beneath it, her cheek pressed close to that delightful prickly bark. "I stay," she announced. At six o'clock a hollowness within called up visions of polenta—and home. Carmelina arose reluctantly, cast a quick glance about the now deserted yard, and, reaching up on tiptoe, broke off a leaf, just a tiny little leaf. Then she fled homeward.

But the next morning the Settlement workers found her again knocking at their gates. The genial head-worker smiled. A new lamb come into the fold! "I am glad to see you," she said, taking the unwashed hands in hers, "you are just in time for the singing." Carmelina pulled away her hands defiantly.

"I didn't come for no singin'," she muttered. "I can sing home! And I didn't come for no pigs, or stories, or sand piles; I don't care nothin' about them! I don't care nothin' about nothin'—only your *tree!*" and her eyes turned wistfully toward the yard.

It had not vanished over night! Carmelina drew a sigh of relief, and settled down again with her cheek against the bark. And there she remained all the hot, sunny morning, untempted by even the allurements of the sand pile, which soon became a centre of activity. But Carmelina was naturally a gregarious animal. She watched, and in her turn was watched. There came a sudden shower of sand, another, and another. Choking, blinded, she scooped up a yellow handful and hurled it back at Mollie O'Brien. Five minutes later she had a recognized place in the caravan which crossed and recrossed the sandy waste.

But at the story hour she balked again. "I can have stories home!" she reiterated, though Mollie fancied that the tone wavered. Carmelina made again for her tree and watched the caravan file into a big sunlit room; watched them assort themselves upon the circle of little chairs; and then watched their eager faces, upturned toward a central someone. How interested they looked! How happy! She could hear the pleasant rise and fall of a gentle voice. Was it a knight? she wondered, or a hero? Or could it be—the bean-stalk? Concerning that bean-stalk she had pondered deeply, having gathered from Mollie only so much that it was in some way akin to a tree. If so, the tale might prove not altogether unworthy of attention. Almost unbidden her feet strayed toward the door, across the threshold, nor stopped until they had reached the circumference of that magic circle. And all the while the gentle voice told on.

"And the princess looked out of the window at the wicked magician's beautiful new lamps which glittered and sparkled in the sunlight. 'How beautiful they are,' thought the princess, 'how much nicer than that ugly old lamp which my husband prizes so highly.' Then she went and took the old lamp, their faithful, trusty friend, and just because it wasn't in quite the latest style, and was a little worn and shabby from hard work——"

No bean-stalk this in very truth. But how entrancing! Carmelina caught her breath and moved yet closer into the magic circle. Of a certainty there was entertainment here.

"And so the princess held up the old lamp, being careful to screen it from the view of any passers-by, for she was terribly ashamed of its age and shabbiness, and——"

Carmelina shuddered; plainly catastrophe threatened. When the catastrophe occurred she shuddered again, but laughed and clapped her hands when came the final ever-enduring bliss.

"Tell us some more," commanded the circle, settling back expectantly upon their little wooden chairs. Carmelina slipped quietly into a vacant seat. "Yes," she breathed, "tell us some more."

And thus was Carmelina's subjugation made complete.

. . . . . .

Thenceforth the gutter knew her no more, for the gutter came to be measured

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by Settlement standards, and was found lacking. To dabble therein was an offence against society, an offence to be expiated only by baptismal rites in the ancient manner—immersion complete, and in these times, frequent. After the first stormy pro-

The joy of huddling beside Nonna on a potato sack.—Page 560.

test, Carmelina submitted, since the way to godliness must ever be a watery one. And one not to be travelled without tribulation of spirit Carmelina discovered to her sorrow. The occasional tubbings at the Settlement being deemed insufficient, she was instructed as to ceremonies for the home, morning and evening observances never to be omitted. Thus Bianca, arising from her pallet in the gray dawn of an early morning, stepped into a gust of spray from the ancient watering-pot, with which her daughter was besprinkling herself. "Ecco, she dreams!" cried the mother, shaking her offspring, and incidentally fresh showers from the watering-can. "No," sputtered Carmelina, "I bathe," and she directed an icy stream down her shrinking back. Bianca raised her hands in horror. "Art thou mad?" she exclaimed. Then she

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confiscated the watering-can and administered chastisement.

Carmelina crept shivering into her clothes; occasionally she sobbed, and later she choked over her polenta. All that day, and for many days thereafter, there were rancors in the vessel of her peace. She did not phrase her emotion, she did not try—the tragedies of childhood are oftenest inarticulate. Carmelina knew only that something had clouded her concept of her mother; she had been thwarted in pursuit of good—and by Bianca. She could not tell herself, because she could not know, that Bianca had crossed swords with her in a conflict ancient as the everlasting hills, and yet forever new; a conflict which began in Eden, and will end only when man, perfected, shall once more enter Eden; a conflict patricidal, in which the sons oppose the fathers, and daughters are arrayed against their mothers; the conflict between Tradition and Innovation—the battle of Progress and Prejudice—the war of Yesterday with To-morrow.

The art and science of the bath proved to be the only required subject in the Settlement curriculum, and having mastered this, Carmelina found herself free to choose from among a host of electives, all of them delightful. The circle was omnipresent; reading circles, sewing circles, singing circles, story circles; and the circle was closely rivalled by the club—boys' clubs, girls' clubs, clubs athletic, clubs dramatic, clubs for work, and clubs for play. In addition there were field days, and museums, and classes, and lectures, and a new and wonderful occupation known as "arts and crafts," a fascinating diversion with clay, and paints, and colored papers. And in all these activities Carmelina was a large part. With Latin ardor and intemperance she entered into everything, and in every-

Verily it was cool! It was green! It was shadowy!—Page 562.

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Carmelina slipped quietly into a vacant seat.—Page 562.

thing was equally enthusiastic. She sang, acted, modeled, and debated; she engaged in feats of engineering on the sand pile, and in feats of daring on the horizontal bars; she visited parks and museums; and she listened to innumerable stories, of which she never could have too many, and to innumerable discourses, of which she never could have too few.

In the beginning she had regarded the discourse as a new and strange variety of fairy tale, compound of fancy and hyperbole, and had discovered with amazement that the speakers expected to be taken seriously. Then for a time she listened, as to the vagaries of a disordered mind. Surely sanity could never propound doctrines so astounding! The open window absurdity, for example! Open windows in mid-winter forsooth! And how were they going to keep out the cold? And how were they going to accomplish this nightly opening, anyway, with the windows nailed immovable from frost till spring (as all properly managed windows should be), and in the case of bedrooms, overhung with the family wardrobe? "Dark"? Of a surety they were dark. How otherwise, with a blank wall three feet away? But all bedrooms were dark, and it was well, since bedrooms were only meant for sleeping. So said Bianca, at any rate; and here Carmelina's logic ended. Not so the discourse, however. It proceeded with terrifying specifications to which Carmelina paid frightened heed. To the child of the tenements there is dread import in the word "consumption." So Carmelina listened. She knew about consumption. Yes. Consumption takes away one's brothers and sisters one by one, till there is no one left to play with but Mollie O'Brien and such like. And it was the dark bedrooms that did it? And the nailed-up windows? And consumption would take her, too, unless the windows were opened? Alas and alack! But it was Bianca who nailed the windows; it was Bianca who said that night air bred fevers! Bianca must be enlightened.

Bianca, however, repudiated enlightenment. Consumption, she asserted, was sent by an all-wise Providence, whereupon she crossed herself and promised a candle to Saint Joseph. And there the matter rested.

Little by little, constant exhortation wore away the stone of Carmelina's scepticism; little by little she accepted the one time heresies of the Settlement; little by little she exalted the ways of the Philistines. And little by little she renounced all former creeds, foreswore all previous allegiances, little by little she learned to look with disfavor upon the things which had once spelled happiness. In the light of a new intelligence the cellar was revealed as damp, musty, filthy; Carmelina shuddered

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to think how it might reek with germs (the germ theory being her most recent acquisition). She shuddered also to consider the bacteria she must have consumed with the unsalable fruit, in the dark ages when she had consumed unsalable fruit; now she rejected it uncompromisingly, for she knew that therein lurked ptomaines. She knew likewise that Tomassino was mongrel, thieving, flea infested. And Nonna was fat, toothless, dirty, shrill of voice, and her *patois* (for Nonna and Pietro having hailed from Naples, jabbered in dialect after the fashion of their kind) an abomination. It was some small satisfaction to realize that Bianca, at least, preserved uncorrupted her Tuscan purity of speech.

A satisfaction by no means unqualified, however; for Bianca's light burned low. Dimmer and dimmer grew the old lamp, fainter, and fainter its beam, until to Carmelina, dazzled by the glaring searchlight of Progress, it seemed scarcely to shine at all.

Settlement standards had dealt unkindly with Bianca. Bianca, so sparing of water, so cautious of air, so disdainful of germs and microbes! Bianca, who haggled disgracefully over the onions and cabbages; who wove color schemes that shrieked in discord; who, in housekeeping primitive as mother Eve's, defied every law of domestic science. Domestic Science—for the Settlement spelled it large—a fetish at whose shrine Carmelina burned tardy but increasingly abundant incense. And in the sanctuary of Domestic Science the old lamp flickered and went out. Carmelina made valiant effort to keep it aglow, but the old lamp refused its light to heresies. Vainly did Carmelina expound them as true beliefs, Bianca was not to be proselytized. So she clung to her sooty pots and kettles; her greasy skillets, her feather beds, unsheeted and unaired. And Carmelina, making disparaging contrast between these empiricisms and the shining patty-pans, the immaculate toy bedding of the Settlement junior housekeeping, clung to her theories, her science, her modern methods, and slopped around with buckets of water more diligently than Mrs. O'Brien in her most strenuous moments.

And day by day the conflict became more bitter, as day by day Tradition contested Innovation, and Progress combated Prejudice. And day by day Carmelina's heart grew heavier; day by day her discontent increased; day by day she came to despise the things which had once spelled happiness. How she despised them! The reeking stand; the festering cellar; the mangey Tomassino; the garrulous, unkempt Nonna! It seemed to Carmelina that she despised everything in her world that was not of the Settlement—everything, except Bianca. One cannot despise that which one loves (and who does not love one's mother?), but one can be—alas, that it should be so!—one can be *ashamed* of her.

How much ashamed Carmelina never fully realized until the fatal day when Bianca appeared at the Settlement. How, whence, or why she came, always remained a mystery. Perhaps it was that latent spirit of adventure, common to all humanity, or a still more common human curiosity that sent her forth upon a voyage of discovery into the land of the Philistines. Or perhaps it was a motive more than human, that brooding instinct universal, which carries the mother hen, flapping and clacking, to the watery peril which has swallowed up her venturesome brood of ducklings.

Whatever the instinct, whatever the motive, Carmelina, skipping gaily down the corridor one August afternoon, suddenly started and stopped short. There, in the open doorway, silhouetted against the brilliant sunshine beyond, stood Bianca. Mystified, awed, she hesitated upon the threshold, every detail of face, form, and costume thrown into high relief; every detail accented by the gentle gloom, the soft wood-tones of the Settlement interior. Carmelina, peering through the shadows, saw as she had never seen before. Never had Bianca's reds and purples appeared so redly red, so blatantly purple, as they did against these Settlement refinements of color: these tints of green, these hues of red dulled into delicate harmonies. Never had her dusky skin appeared so brown, so wrinkled, so greasy; her hands so rough and soiled; her feet so large and clumsy, as here in this temple of cleanliness and grooming. Never had her lack of grace and stature, her slouching gait been more apparent, as she lurched forward, walking much from the hips, in the manner of Tuscan women.

For a moment Carmelina felt her heart stand still; then it gave a great jump—

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right up into her throat, where it throbbed so vehemently that it made her feel frightened. There was no other way to account for her feeling so frightened. Assuredly she was not frightened of Bianca! Bianca would work her no harm! What harm *could* she work her bambina? Why Bianca had not even seen her! (of a sudden she became unaccountably grateful for the gloom and the shadows), need not see her if she but exercise caution! (she slipped back a pace or two farther into the gloom). And how was any one to guess that Bianca belonged to her—to her with her clean face, her tidy hair, her spotless apron. Security was rendered doubly secure by Bianca's scanty English; she could never reveal herself with a vocabulary confined to the terms of barter. And with this sense of security, Carmelina realized that it was not harm she feared, but recognition, identification. How could she acknowledge a mother such as this before the immaculate, cultured women of the Settlement? How could she take her by the hand and lead her out among them, to flaunt her lack of all that they esteemed; to have her scorned—or pitied?

Her heart, pulsating there in her throat, would surely strangle her! She caught a tortured breath, and covering her face with her hands, sank into a dark corner behind the stairs.

Then she confiscated the watering-can.—Page 563.

She heard the hall door slam; and then during agonized centuries she heard the familiar slip-slapping of Pietro's cast-off number sevens (Bianca never indulged herself in the luxury of new shoes); heard them pass down the hall, scrape upon a door sill, and thereafter shuffle slowly and less distinctly, with ever and anon a pause, filled in by little wordless Tuscan exclamations. Carmelina could picture her mother wandering about the library just beyond, inspecting, admiring, fingering; could picture her awe and astonishment at each new

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And thereafter they two wove together.—Page 569.

wonder—the library was full of wonders—and she could picture an upward glance, a swift gesture of reverence when she heard a quick, surprised: "Ecco, il Bambino!" Almost unconsciously, Carmelina, too, crossed herself there in her dark corner, for Bianca's exclamation brought to her vivid image of the Divine Mother and Her Inscrutable Son, who, in the room beyond, smiled out of a golden halo.

Bianca must have made long pause before Our Lady "of the Chair," for during many minutes neither speech nor motion broke the quiet of the library. Then all in a moment the silent room was animated with stir and bustle; a door opened, feet clattered, and voices were everywhere. Something thumped down upon the table, a soft, muffled thump, and Carmelina heard a rustling most familiar, and the voice of the head-worker rising above the others.

"Well, then, I suppose there's nothing for me to do but send it back where it came from! But it seems to me that *some* one among you ought to know how to use it."

"It certainly isn't in *my* line," said the instructor of Domestic Science.

"Nor mine," added the expert in gymnastics.

"It seems to me," laughed the director of singing, "that it's up to the department of arts and crafts."

"The department of arts and crafts has limits to her capabilities," retorted the department's executive. "Just at present she handles drawing, painting, clay model-

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ing, designing, cord and raffia; but she makes no pretence to omniscience, and in the matter upon the carpet, thinks it's decidedly up to somebody else."

"Who in every probability will have to be the expressman, since we all seem incompetent to manage the situation," finished the head-worker. "I'm sorry, too. It's so much more practical than cord weaving, so much prettier than raffia." Again Carmelina heard that familiar rustling; and then she heard an ominous slip-slapping, even more familiar. She crept softly to the door and peeped through the crack into the library.

She saw the head-worker and her principal assistants grouped about a table, upon which lay a pile of something smooth and yellow, something that ran into glistening strands through the fingers of the head-worker as she held it up before her companions, who were shaking puzzled heads. And moving toward them, from her unobserved station under the Madonna, was Bianca, hands outstretched, eyes alight, face aglow. "Like a musician reaching out for a violin," said the director of singing in speaking of it later. "Or a sculptor, when his eyes behold a block of unchiselled marble," murmured she of the arts and crafts. Straight for the table headed Bianca, while the ladies stared, and Carmelina stood aghast at such temerity.

"Why—why—what?—" began the head-worker, and stopped to watch.

"I really believe she is going to do something with it!" exclaimed the expert in gymnastics, in an awe-struck aside.

"Of course she is! Don't you see that she is setting the splints? My, look at her fingers fly!" The voice was that of the story lady. "How clever she must be! I always did admire people who could do things with their hands!"

"She's a perfect picture with that streak of vermilion against her tawny skin. I wonder if she would pose for me! And, girls, did you ever see such braids? I'd wager they're all her own, too!" and the little leader of arts and crafts ruefully patted a blond coronet, which, to Carmelina's eyes, seemed thicker than Bianca's.

"A picture." Bianca a picture! A picture of what? But the tone had denoted approval. And these other comments were all of them flattering! Bianca was "clever," and admired by the story lady. Carmelina's small brain reeled. Such a complexity of emotions as she had known during the past half-hour would have warranted disturbance of an older and wiser equilibrium than hers.

The comments continued to flow thick and fast, and with each comment Bianca's light flickered brighter, until at last the old lamp burst into a brilliant glow. And Bianca, all unconscious, uncomprehending, absorbed, wove on.

"Why, it's a fan!" cried the story lady, as the finished work was passed from hand to hand, "one of those lovely straw fans like that I brought from Tuscany last summer! Pauline never let me have a minute's peace until I gave it to her, and I've always wanted another. Oh, I wish she'd show me how!"

"I wish she'd show us *all* how!" It was the head-worker who spoke. "A class in basketry, girls! And then we could teach the children; and I wouldn't have to send the straw back. Can't somebody ask her? Can't *any*body talk to her?"

"*I* can."

The tone was proud, possessive. The ladies looked up, Bianca looked up, and Carmelina, with her clean face, her tidy hair, her spotless apron, stood forth in the doorway. She flashed Bianca a brilliant, happy smile, and Bianca flashed hers back.

"Ecco!" she cried, and held up that which she was weaving. It was a basket, a little three-cornered basket.

Then she gathered into her skilful fingers a handful of gleaming strands, and tossed out a long strip. Carmelina sprang forward, caught it dexterously, and thereafter they two wove together, both beginning in the middle. And as they wove Carmelina's heart grew lighter than the straw, and she broke into a little song, Tuscan, like her mother:

"*La violetta*
Che in sull' erbetta
S'apre al mattin novella:
Di' non è cosa
Tutta odorosa,
Tutta leggiadra è bella?"

And the Perfect Mother and her Perfect Child smiled down from a golden halo in silent benediction.

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THE CARROLLS' FAMILY PARTY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

THE family's cherished custom of foregathering once a year about an unnecessarily long dinner and pretending to enjoy being together had usually been observed on Thanksgiving Day, with the venerable head of the house beaming upon all alike—including the uneasy "in-laws"—and telling them every now and then how good and pleasant it was for brethren to dwell in unity.

When this annual comedy, appropriately produced with a setting of Mid-Victorian furniture and ideals, was at last brought to a climax of kisses and genuinely happy good-bys, and all the very different couples had fled away to the centres of their distinct universes, they always vowed, as they dosed their offspring for indigestion, that they would never go through the ordeal again.

But, of course, the next year found them there once more, each doing his best to look delighted. None of them knew just why they kept it up. They thought it was only to gratify their beloved father, to whom family parties had become the chief of his few remaining joys. But there was also another impulse, less conscious, more potent—the clan instinct.

I

THERE came an epoch-making year in the history of the ancient Carroll family. The old home nucleus were abroad—and they were to *remain* abroad until late in December! "It grieves us," wrote Aunt Bella from Italy, "to think of foregoing the usual happy time together." So for once the dark-blue shades remained drawn upon the tall, narrow windows of the walnut-finished rooms of the sombre old house all through Thanksgiving Day, and for once sincere thanks ascended from the various parts of our country inhabited by Carrolls. But the rejoicing was short-lived.

Just when the rest of the brethren were sinking luxuriously into that serenity which follows escape from an anticipated ordeal, two inconsiderate young members of the family known as "the Fred Carrolls," without a word of warning, invited the whole tribe to their small but charming country place, recently finished with great rejoicing and expense, in order to celebrate Christmas, the opening of the "our new house" and the safe return of father and Aunt Bella, who were due to land beamingly in America on the twentieth.

Now, to be sure, the Fred Carrolls enjoyed giving family parties no more than the rest of the middle generation enjoyed attending them. But Fred thought that the others would like to come, and the others thought that feelings would be hurt if they declined. So when Fred's wife wrote characteristically gracious notes to all the other wives, telling them what a joy it would be and how she was looking forward to it, the other wives straightway accepted, telling her what a dear she was, and how *they* were looking forward to it. . . . Just when Archie, the eldest and wealthiest, had planned to start South; and Roger, the professor and the poorest, had counted upon attending the annual meeting of the American Economic Association!

Fred, though given to doing unaccountable things, was the last they would have suspected of this—with the possible exception of Molly, his wife. For early in life he had departed more widely than any of them from the traditions of the family. The Carrolls' chief claim to distinction in previous generations had been in the pursuit of piety and scholarship—with just enough "drifting into money-making," as their unworldly but not unhumorous father called it, or else into advantageous matrimony, to make their lives comfortable as well as useful. But Fred had become a painter! So, while not a philistine, like all those who made money, he was necessarily considered a Bohemian, like all

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artists, which perhaps was even worse. Therefore he felt himself more out of the family picture and less understood than any of the brethren—each of whom, it may be added, cherished a similar illusion about himself.

Perhaps it was that the Bohemian wanted to get back into the family picture. Until recently he had led a nomadic existence in various parts of the world; perhaps he was hearkening, unconsciously, to the call of the tribe. Having a young family of his own now, perhaps he thought a family party would do them good, and at the same time might serve to rid the house of the lingering taint of newness and help to establish the atmosphere of home.

But that was not what made Molly take to the project. She saw a chance she had wanted ever since she had married into the Carroll family.

"I'll agree to have them here upon one condition," she said, twinkling mischievously, "and that is that you will join me in a scheme to reform your family! With a merry, old-fashioned Christmas party, such as we used to have in *our* family—with a tree and a yule-log and eggnog——"

"Look out, Molly! Aunt Bella."

"Oh, that's so." She stopped a moment. "Very well, we'll omit the eggnog. But at any rate, they will be far removed from that dreadful old house with its atmosphere of artificiality. That has been the chief trouble heretofore. No one can be spontaneous there. The ghastly color scheme always gets on *your* nerves; and the disquieting memories of our engagement days always get on mine. I don't believe any of us 'in-laws' can ever enter that gloomy place without snapping back into the old defiant attitude of the days when Aunt Bella tried to poison the minds of the family against each of us in turn. But this fresh, new house of ours, bright and innocent and full of charm, hasn't any atmosphere or memories at all! It will be like getting them on neutral ground. Don't you see, dear?"

"Well," said Fred, with a reflective smile, "it will be interesting in any case to see how they take it."

So these two set about to reform the Carroll family. They decked out their unsuspecting house with holly, put wreaths in all the many windows, hung mistletoe in the arches and placed a Christmas-tree in the studio, which had a ceiling high enough for a tall one. They soon became absorbed in their plans, and Fred drew caricatures of various members of the family for dinner-cards, while Molly wrote appropriate verses.

"Nothing like a few jokes," said Fred, "to set the note and start them going. I have seen that worked to good effect in other families."

They had a very pleasant anticipatory picture—all the little nephews and nieces in white piqué against the dark woodwork of the hall, the glow of the yule-log shining on their red sashes, merry laughter, wassail, good cheer. Even Fred became quite enthusiastic. Perhaps Molly hadn't so much imagination, but she did more of the work, and that increased her enthusiasm.

So when at last the great day arrived they really believed they could make it go—if, that is, Molly could only remember to avoid references to Unitarianism, Vegetarianism and Second marriages. For her father-in-law was a famous Unitarian (see records of the Andover Controversy), Aunt Bella was a conscientious vegetarian, and Archie had married a worldly widow, much to the chagrin of the family, who did not approve of second marriages. As a memorandum, Molly took the initials of these taboos and repeated them frequently upon her fingers, "U. V. M.—U. V. M." Then feeling secure on these points she became ambitious and made Fred rehearse her upon all the minor forbidden topics, though since it was a large family, and Molly had but ten fingers, the chances were against her. Nevertheless, hope rose high in the new Carroll house. Fred and Molly were not unconscious of being considered good hosts.

But they had reckoned without their guests. The family did not know it was to be reformed.

II

AROUND a charming old mahogany dinner-table (extended to its full length for the first time since the hostess had inherited it from her grandmother) festively decorated in green and red by one of America's most promising young impressionists, with humorous dinner-cards,

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specially designed for each place by the same talented hand, enlivened by jocular verses from the pen of his clever wife, were seated two very good-looking generations of the distinguished Carroll family, politely waiting for the end of the Christmas party.

Except for the change of scene (and cuisine), the comedy was proceeding quite as usual, and each pretty wreath in the windows seemed a mocking "O" from the mouth of a comic mask. For, you see, the *dramatis personæ* were the same, and they had all learned their parts too well upon the old stage to forget them on the new. In short, the Carrolls were not accustomed to having a good time together, and it seems they did not intend to on this occasion. They had come expecting to be bored, and so they had proceeded to be bored at once. They had hardly taken off their wraps, before Fred and Molly felt the familiar symptoms of the annual slump which always succeeded the first gently animated expressions of interest in one another's health and children. "I hope you are well." "Yes, thank you, are you well?" "Quite well, thank you—and how's the baby?"

That was not the way the hosts had intended to start off at all! They wondered what was the matter, as they began showing the guests about the new house—the first of the "things to do," by which they hoped to keep the family enlivened. Perhaps the unexpected current in the atmosphere was due to Fred's lack of fraternal spirit in securing the services of his friend Mason Peters instead of the architect who had married into the family and was now in the family party viewing his rival's work in polite silence, while sneering inwardly at the surbases.

But that was not the trouble. It was simply that the unbidden guest had also arrived—the Family Attitude. It hypnotized them. Molly lost all her sparkle; became quiet, formal, constrained. As for Fred, he did not arise to the occasion at all; he slipped down into the accustomed niche assigned him of yore by the family, and was now merely one of the younger brothers of the wonderful Archie. He seemed to be trying to efface himself against the wood-work. Molly threw him an imploring glance. He avoided her eyes. This man before her was no longer "Frederic Carroll, the well-known landscape painter" who should have been proud of making a greater mark in the world than any of them—without family influence, despite family opposition. This was merely a shy, self-conscious boy, blowing his nose unnecessarily, ashamed of himself, of his house, of his wife. Molly drew near and pinched him. He glared at her indignantly. They hated each other.

The tree in the studio had pleased the children, though it did seem to Aunt Bella like a flaunting of Molly's sensuous Episcopalianism in the very faces of the Carrolls. But when Fred, to the tune of sleigh-bells, entered, made up like Santa Claus—and feeling like the devil—one of Archie's nervous children, brought up "without superstitions," was nearly frightened into hysterics by the apoplectic-hued false face, and Archie cried, "For Heaven's sake, Fred, take it off." Never would Fred and Molly forget the terrible look of sophistication which crept over the trusting faces of their own little dears, who had been brought up with superstitions, when there was destroyed in one stroke of the hand their illusion of Santa Claus and their belief in their father. . . .

But they had counted upon dinner to redeem the cause. Molly prided herself upon her dinners, and this was undoubtedly a good one. They all politely told her so, just as Aunt Bella informed Fred, examining her dinner-card with thoughtful interest through her lorgnette, that his caricatures were "capital" and Molly's lines "very clever indeed." Then they began to eat, for that, to be sure, is the object of dinners. Fred, feeling inexpressible sensations, turned and asked Archie's wife for the third time in three hours whether the new governess was proving a success.

"Twenty-four hours more of this!" thought Molly at her end of the table. For Christmas came on Saturday, and they had invited the family for the week-end, so that they "all could become well acquainted for once." On her right sat her father-in-law, of whom she was sincerely fond, beaming as usual like a patriarch. He patted her hand and whispered, "It was thoughtful of you, my dear, to prepare this surprise for us while we were on the ocean. Nothing could have gratified us more than

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to be in your delightful home and to see all the family so happy together." Then he turned to beam upon the timid creature upon the other side, Herbert's fiancée, who was still in the state of abject terror she tried to conceal ever since she arrived.

On Molly's other hand was Archie, Fred's eldest brother, the family oracle. He had been told by his aunt and sisters that he was wonderful so often that he had begun to think there must be something in it. Molly, saying to herself, "This is the man who used to make me cry," was now trying her best to make him talk. Archie did not even try. To him she was only his impractical brother's improvident wife. If she had been anybody else's wife he would have found her interesting, but they were kept apart by the very thing that had brought them together—their relationship. They knew too much about each other, and cared too little. He knew how hard up the artist branch of the family often was, and she knew that the widow had brought Archie a substantial income of her own.

Archie did not seem to care for Molly's views on Pragmatism, so she glanced down the table to see how the others were getting on. At this dinner it was easier to pick out the couples who were talking than those who were not.

Uncle Thomas was having a very good time talking to Sophia, who sat on the other side of Archie. She was a German, whom brother Roger had married while taking his degree at Leipsic, and though the family had finally forgiven Roger for this, they had never quite forgiven Sophia. But they tried to show her that they were treating her just as kindly as if she were forgivable and that it took a Carroll to rise to such heights. Roger and Sophia lived upon an assistant professor's salary, with more children than they had any business having. Incidentally they were about the happiest of the lot. Archie thought he was indulgently kind to her, while she felt herself—and especially her brilliant husband—to be serenely superior to what Archie considered success.

Uncle Thomas was an old bachelor, and boasted of never having missed but one funeral in the entire connection, and that happened when he was travelling. That, it was said, was why he had never travelled since. The family was large and somebody might take an unfair advantage of him. Uncle Thomas was quite wealthy, and Sophia was listening with rapt attention to the history of the Carroll family during the American Revolution. She and Roger had named their second boy Thomas.

Aunt Bella was also enjoying herself, because she was giving the architect the benefit of her views on architecture. He was buoyed up by the prospect of one of Fred's good cigars when at last the meal would be over. It seemed to him a crime to spoil such a good dinner with nothing but water, and he glanced across the table at his wife, who winked at him. She was named after Aunt Bella, but was a very different Bella. For since her marriage she had become one of the most emancipated of the lot, had acquired the modern boldness in ideas and the expression thereof, and prattled constantly about her sense of humor, thus proving how much she had. Her pose did not go very well with her face. The younger Bella was tenderly beautiful.

Aunt Bella had no husband to contribute to the solemnity of the occasion, but she was the chief conservator of the Carroll traditions, including the immemorial one they were now ably illustrating, of being bored to death whenever they foregathered. She would not allow gossip, and made general talk impossible, because unless you believed as she believed you were made to feel—not only by her but by those who were afraid of her—like an alien and a renegade. As they were sure to run against one of these hidden snags if they let go and drifted down the current of conversation, they had all learned by experience never to let go. When it becomes necessary to stop and think before saying anything most of the time is spent in thinking and stopping. Consequently the Carrolls never talked. They only conversed.

That was what most of them were trying their best to do at the present moment, all down that side of the table and up the other, past the silent engaged couple, to old Dr. Carroll, who was saying, "If only Sarah could be here to enjoy this with us." Sarah was the youngest daughter, and had been married about a year before.

Now it so happened that this sigh was heard by Harry, the youngest, who sat near by. He was rather a naughty boy,

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still in college, who considered family parties the limit, and looked with indulgent contempt upon all his things-in-law, especially the sad bird who wore detachable cuffs. Being neither married, engaged, nor guarded in his utterances, he said, "Well, why *isn't* Sarah here?" for he had been considered too young to be informed.

The old gentleman was deaf. His youngest repeated the question in a loud tone.

Every one was aroused. Aunt Bella and two of the other ladies answered in concert, "Sarah is ill."

"What's the matter with her?" he blurted out.

For a moment silence reverberated about the table. Then Aunt Bella threw herself into the breach. "Fred, is that a copy of the Peale portrait of the 'Signer'?"

Noble Aunt Bella!

This episode scared them into a confused animation for a few moments, all trying to give the illusion of not having heard what each was still thinking about. But, of course, it did not last very long, and all were relieved by the interruption of the telephone bell in the hall. Fred was summoned. They heard him calling, "Yes, this is Mr. Carroll." And now might have been observed another familiar family phenomenon: They were all trying to talk to show that they were not listening, while at the same time they were endeavoring to hear what Fred said with a view to guessing what was being said to him. Naturally, their responses to one another were somewhat vague.

They all knew what it was before Fred returned to the room, and each knew that all the rest knew, but every one pretended otherwise while Fred proceeded to make his announcement with becoming Carroll reserve. "What do you think has happened?"

There was no answer.

"Guess!"

No one could guess. They turned politely expectant faces toward him.

It was too much for Molly. "Oh, quick! Is it a girl or a boy?"

"It's a little girl," said Fred, adding, as he dropped his eyes, "Sarah is doing splendidly."

Now that it was officially known, the glad news was immediately repeated to the happy grandfather in loud tones by several voices at once—including Aunt Bella's. The new member of the Carroll family and her mother were now perfectly proper topics of conversation. Two minutes before they had been improper.

But even a new Carroll, without any conscious Carroll traditions, could not redeem a Carroll dinner. The talk soon died down again, though the grandfather continued to glow with quiet satisfaction, apparently quite as happy as though it were the first time, occasionally asking questions—sometimes rather embarrassing ones, which kept Aunt Bella on the jump. For in mellow old age, when death is near and all life seems sweet and worthy, it is difficult always to remember just what used to be considered, "genteel" and what "ungenteel."

Aunt Bella, however, gave a worthy exhibition of the well-known Carroll tact.

Now, if Molly had not been fatigued by her futile efforts to make the party a success she might have been able to perform the mental jump to the outside of the family circle, and thus enjoy the spectacle from the objective point of view; but she was not accustomed to seeing people bored at her table, and she resented their establishing this atmosphere of artificiality in her house. Perhaps she dreaded its becoming the permanent atmosphere of the new house—which the family called "Fred's house" quite as consistently as her people called it "Molly's house."

It was the incident of the game course which brought about a climax. The quail which now came on had been shot by Fred himself the month before, and they had been hanging for this famous occasion not wisely but too long. They had been beautifully cooked, after a manner well known in Molly's family, enclosed in an envelope of oiled paper to retain the flavor and juices.

So it was not discovered that the birds had been kept too long until the family with polite expressions of interest (to show they were not jealous of Molly's originality) opened the dainty envelopes, then each member of the family in turn seemed to find it necessary to lean far back in his chair, operating knives and forks at arm's length. Molly burst out laughing and ordered the offending little birds removed from the room.

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"Not at all," said Aunt Bella; "they are very nice, I'm sure. Connoisseurs prefer them this way." But she was pretending to blow her nose.

Molly laughed again—this time almost pleading with them to laugh with her. She laughed alone. "Oh, Aunt Bella," she cried, still trying to relieve the tension; "you're a vegetarian, you can get out of it, but spare the others!" and she signalled the servants to hurry.

"Such was not my intention," said Aunt Bella in the manner of the unappreciated.

Again Molly began to laugh and again alone. She stopped abruptly. It was the last straw. She ceased to struggle. It was no use. The party was a failure. If they preferred to do it this way, let them do it. She washed her hands of them. Once more she looked down the double row of polite masks. "And this," she said to herself, "is what I am expected to endure for the rest of my life!" She gazed at her husband with dull uninterested eyes. He seemed to be as bad as any of them. He was a Carroll. She was an outsider. It was one of those moments when she wondered how she had ever married him.

She turned and scrutinized his brother Archie beside her. He wore the characteristic Carroll look of expressionless reserve, his lack-lustre gaze upon the tablecloth at an angle of forty-five degrees. He had said nothing for ten minutes. Apparently he saw nothing, thought nothing, expected nothing.

She could not very well stick a pin into him, but as it happened she startled him almost as much. Yielding to a sudden impulse she leaned close to his mask and said, "Booh!"

Archie jumped as though an electric current had passed through him and ejaculated involuntarily, "Why booh?" Then hearing his own words and realizing their utter absurdity, he blushed and blinked at her helplessly.

"Well, not necessarily 'booh,'" Molly replied with whimsical gravity, apparently not in the least confused. "I was merely wondering if you were as bored as you look. But it's really of no consequence." Then with a conventional smile she relaxed into her chair again, as though quite willing to drop the situation she had created.

But this was not to be. There was a spark of life in that childish "booh" of hers, the first vital utterance these two had ever produced. It was not to die at birth; it was to mature and bear fruit.

She had surprised him, but now he stopped blinking and surprised her.

"On the contrary," he replied, perfectly cool, "I couldn't possibly look as bored as I am."

"Dear me!" she returned glancing at him with real interest and a little more respect, "it's even worse than I feared!"

"But it's not your fault," he remarked pleasantly. "We always are bored, you know, when we get together."

"I did not dream of its being my fault," she said. "It's one of the Carroll customs. Even those who are only Carrolls by marriage soon acquire it!"

It was rather neat.

"You mean that you are just as bored as I am?"

"More so, if possible."

They looked at each other and laughed—the first real laugh they had ever had together. They enjoyed it.

"Well, there's nothing like family unity," said Archie. "We aren't the only ones. Look at the rest of them!"

But even while these two impious ones were exchanging their blasphemies, speaking in low tones with heads close together to avoid being overheard, a subtle change in the atmosphere of the table had begun. Aunt Bella, ever on the alert, ever determined to know everything that was being said and thought, wondered what these two were discussing with such unwonted animation, such close intimacy!

"It's a rather amusing sight," Archie was saying in a low tone.

"Sometimes," smiled Molly.

"Always," corrected Archie.

"Not when you're the hostess." She was still smiling, carelessly, but Archie was quick and felt a sudden appreciation of her situation.

But he was not the kind who knows how to express sympathy, so he only smiled—he had his father's smile—and said, "Well, what did you expect? You've been one of us now long enough to know better."

Molly really liked this more than if he had become serious. "Oh, yes," she said, "Fred and I deserve it, I suppose, for daring to plot against the sacred custom. We'll never try it again."

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"So that was it!" Archie exclaimed. "I had been wondering how to account for your inviting us. Of course, I knew it wasn't because you wanted us."

"Not in the least. Why should we want you?"

"Quite so. No more than we wanted to come."

"Why *did* you come, by the way?"

"Probably for the same reason, though you didn't realize it, that you invited us—an instinct deeper than our conscious desires, more potent than our personal preferences."

A bit didactic, perhaps, but interesting all the same to Molly. Clearly, he, too, had looked this matter in the face. Now they were both looking it in the face together. Therefore they were no longer bored, and this shows that boredom can commit suicide with the God-given gift of speech.

The little leven of life in Molly's "booh!" was spreading. Others, besides Aunt Bella, were now feeling the sudden flare of animation at one corner of the table. It was not a customary sight this, two members of the family enjoying each other's society for several consecutive minutes. It made the observers rather nervous. They had a firm conviction that it would soon die a natural death—if not a violent one—by being dashed to pieces against one of the family taboos. But meanwhile, just to show that they were not noticing this unprecedented thing or feeling the slightest apprehension, they all proceeded to give an illusion of conversation. Aunt Bella asked the architect if he did not greatly admire Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." What the architect wanted to reply shall not be recorded in the annals of such a refined family. So he lied and said, "Oh, tremendously," and swallowed another glass of water.

"I mean," Archie was now saying to Molly, "that whether we like it or not, we are bound together by ties of mutual interest, communal feeling. We are all in the family and we can't get out. Now you may hate me——"

"But, somehow, I don't," interrupted Molly, looking at him critically. "At least not so much now that I've made you talk."

"Well, then—I may hate you," Archie went on imperturbably; "but your children and my children have some of the same blood in their veins. It's hard luck, but they can't help it. You can divorce Fred, but you can't divorce your children. You and I are bound together irrevocably."

Molly looked at him a moment. "Dear me!" she said, "what a prospect. Once a year, as long as we live, you and I must meet and bore each other."

"It's pretty bad," said Archie. "There's only one thing worse, and that would be not to do it at all. Little-minded people who want to destroy the family, simply because it is imperfect like the church or marriage itself, or any of our institutions, usually haven't wisdom or imagination enough to consider the alternative. What is the use of knocking down even bad things unless you can stick better things up."

"But why have so many 'things'?" Molly inquired. "It's all habit."

"Habit founded upon human cravings—cravings which can't be suppressed."

"I believe I could suppress my human craving for family parties," said Molly. She said it in the quiet way she did her joking, as though not much impressed by the joke.

Archie burst into a laugh. He was getting an occasional inkling of what Fred saw in this girl. The others heard the laugh and wondered. They all knew Archie's real laugh from his assumed merriment. This was his real laugh.

"But then you would probably get ostracized from the family, and that would hardly pay. It's easier to come and get bored."

"But why be bored? Why can't we have a merry, congenial time together like other families?"

"What other families? Do you mean to say you enjoy your own family reunions?"

Molly laughed and colored, but she was game. "Well, when *we* get together we always fight," she said drolly, and Archie laughed again. "Oh, we enjoy the fighting," she added demurely. "Of course, you Carrolls wouldn't. You prefer to suffer in silence." He laughed again at this. ("What *are* they talking about up there!" thought the family. Suppose they had known!) "You see my people are the kind who talk without thinking. The Carrolls think without talking. Your way is more polite, ours is more exciting."

"Naturally you think yours is the better way."

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"And you, that yours is the better way."

"Whereas, neither is the *better* way. They are merely different."

"But you could never get your family to admit that!"

"Nor yours," said Archie, and this time it was Molly's laugh that the perplexed family heard—and pretended not to hear.

"All of which proves nothing," said Molly.

"It proves everything. It shows exactly why a large family can't have a good time together, when once it's got apart by marrying. We represent so many and such various family habits and traditions—no two alike, except in complacently thinking themselves the best."

"We could resolve all those differences or make a composite of them, if we only *talked*—expressed, not *re*pressed, ourselves all the time."

"In other words, become like your family?" asked Archie twinkling.

Molly laughed and blushed. He had caught her neatly. "Dear me, Archie, you *are* something of an oracle, aren't you? If I'm not careful, I'll soon learn to like you, even though you are my brother-in-law."

"I've already begun to like you," he whispered gallantly.

"Good!" she returned triumphantly. "It's all because I made you talk. Aha! That's why you're no longer bored!"

She rather had him there. "That's so," he said, "I'm afraid I'm not."

By this time the whole family was alert and watching—though, of course, no one would have suspected it from their demeanor, except those who knew the Carrolls. It was a sort of rippling wonder like that of a stagnant pool awakened by the whisperings of the coming storm.

Even the absorption of the engaged couple was penetrated. They stopped thinking about the loggia into which they meant to disappear after dinner, and exchanged glances which meant, "When *we* are married *we* shall never want to whisper and laugh with any one but each other." Young Harry, the naughty boy, also observed, and also disapproved. His brothers always seemed tiresome when talking to women.

The only ones at the table unmoved were Uncle Thomas and father Carroll, but they really did not need stirring up, because they were already perfectly happy. The former was telling Sophia with great relish what a certain distinguished Carroll ancestor had said to Lafayette and what Lafayette said to him. As for Dr. Carroll, he was still beaming contentedly, though rather sleepily now, as he asked, "What do you suppose they will name her?" He had hopes, dear old boy, of Sarah's deciding on Margaret. It had been his wife's name.

Now, at the other end of the table, were Molly's husband, Fred, and Archie's wife, Julia. She was the one on whose account the family considerately avoided references to second marriages, of which the female members of the family severely disapproved. Julia would not have minded the references or the disapproval in the least, but the palpable attempts to cover both sometimes annoyed her. She was a pretty, frivolous woman, exquisitely dressed, but felt choked by the lack of air, sparkle and gayety of the world she was accustomed to. She and Fred, naturally, had been among the first to be awakened. Husbands and wives are apt to glance at each other frequently at family reunions. Julia caught Fred at it, and Fred caught Julia at it so often—and Julia tried to show Fred, and Fred tried to show Julia, so persistently that each thought nothing of it—that it became almost laughable, and indeed they might have laughed had it been anywhere else but at a family reunion. Finally, it reached a pitch where even the Carroll reserve was burst. So, "Isn't it outrageous?" remarked Julia in her indolent manner, "the way my husband is making love to your wife."

She had hoped to shock him, but Fred swung into position. "But it's nothing," he said, "to the shameless way my wife is making eyes at your husband."

And these two, in turn, looked at each other with new eyes, almost with interest.

"But I really can't blame Archie," said Julia with some enthusiasm, "Molly is so very good-looking."

Fred liked that so much more than her praise of his canvases. "Still," he remarked reflectively, "it isn't as if he were obliged to come to *my* home for that sort of thing."

It was the first compliment he had ever paid her, and it wasn't much of a compliment at that, but she approved of his trying,

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at any rate. So she smiled indulgently at him and said, "Oh, you artists!"

Fred saw the indulgent smile. It piqued him. He didn't want her to think that this was the best he could do. He wasn't warmed up yet. The machinery creaks when it has been out of use. Meanwhile he bestowed upon her a rather authoritative glance of appreciation, being an artist. She *was* good to look at—somehow he hadn't realized before quite how good. He intimated as much.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed to encourage him, "I had no idea you could be so nice." It was an affected tone, but Fred did not mind that so much now; for she shot such a brilliant smile as she said it, the kind she ordinarily employed when dining out in town.

Thus, these two also got under way. It was rather lukewarm badinage, but it was better than ingrowing thoughts, so they left off their repeated questions about their offspring.

This, also, was observed by the perplexed Aunt Bella, but as their manner was more open and less confidential, it was to the other end of the table that the good lady's glances more frequently wandered. It would be too much to say that she was shocked. There was nothing to shock, even her—as yet. But she did not like it. It was not what she was accustomed to. It was not "like us." Therefore it must be wrong.

Archie had been quoting Mr. Chesterton to Molly. "Oh, it's easy enough for Chesterton to say the 'family is a good thing because it is uncongenial,'" she rejoined, "but he never had to dine with *this* family. What good does our uncongeniality do us! We don't allow it to do us any good. We cover it up. We pretend there isn't any. We're all so afraid of saying something some one else won't like that we don't say anything. So we miss all the 'romance'—as he calls it—of family life, meaning the fighting, and just slump! Sitting around looking sweet and refined and becoming unutterably bored and getting nothing out of it except mutual contempt and a loathing for family parties. I'd a good deal rather have my feelings hurt once in a while than be bored *all* the time."

Archie thought her quite delicious when she unconsciously mimicked the Carroll repose. "All the same," he said, "deep down under all this emotional repression there is plenty of real feeling and fondness. We simply don't know how to express it. We're all so afraid of vulgar exposure of the feelings. But let death or disaster" he went on, "come to any of us and you'll see the inherent kindness and the essential unity of the family butting in through the icy reserve and the superficial uncongeniality and everything else."

"Yes," said Molly, "you really seem to let go and enjoy yourselves at funerals. Sorry I couldn't arrange one for you."

"Any other hard luck would do quite as well. Some impending disgrace would be better yet—it lasts longer. They would all rally around to avert it. There's nothing like a family skeleton for keeping alive the family spirit."

"But, of course, you have nothing of the sort in your clean, Carroll closets. You are all so horribly good. Now if it were only my family—oh, I could rattle a few bones for you!"

"There you go," said Archie dryly, "boasting about your own family again."

Molly laughed appreciatively. "Well, make a skeleton of your own, then!"

"What would you suggest?"

"You might have tried drinking too much," she said reproachfully, as she arose to lead the ladies away to the library, "but it's too late now."

"Too *much!*" jibed Archie with a glance up and down the dry table, and he arose to draw back her chair.

Again she laughed intimately. "I forgot" she whispered with a shrug. "Aunt Bella, you know!"

He knew, and he blessed her inwardly for sparing his aunt's feelings. "It's your party," he whispered in her ear as he took a step toward the door with her, "your house, your closets—you are the one to supply the skeleton."

Then they laughed gayly and separated, not dreaming that they had already begun a charming little skeleton together—only a counterfeit one, to be sure, but if properly manipulated it might answer the purpose almost as well.

III

While the men were still smoking and laughing as much as possible at one another's stories, Archie arose and left the

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room in his abrupt manner. He didn't feel like attempting the illusion just now. The muscles of his cheeks were already somewhat fatigued from having performed his full share of forced smiles during the day. Besides, he wanted to talk to Molly. As is usually the case, after a discussion he thought of several good points with which to floor her.

As Archie did not smoke, his exit caused no remark among the men. But when he joined the ladies, now pleasantly engaged in discussing their children's ailments, he made straight for Molly and drew a chair close to hers.

A sudden silence greeted this astonishing spectacle. Aunt Bella was the first to recover. "I think we shall have rain," she said, averting her eyes.

"Yes, it feels like a storm." It was the first time Sophia had ever agreed with Aunt Bella.

Undoubtedly Molly had looked up with welcoming interest when Archie approached. The ladies had seen her eyes brighten. One of them being in the shadow, could not resist the shameful temptation to glance at Archie's wife. But Julia looked indifferent. (She, poor girl, would have to keep on discussing diseases and modified milk for a while longer.)

Now, it was quite impossible to talk the family over with the family so near by—and apparently so willing to listen to what one had to say—so Archie twiddled his thumbs nervously. This, too, was noticed and considered. Presently Molly arose to poke the fire. Then, as if by preconcerted design, she and Archie retreated to a distant window seat, and began talking in low tones, Archie smiling eagerly and bending forward to look into her eyes. Aunt Bella's virgin bosom rose and then fell quakingly. She had feared as much!

Archie's suspiciously gallant attitude and suspiciously whispered tones were for the purpose of making the following flirtatious declaration: "The trouble with you, Molly, is that you look upon the family gathering as a social function. It's a religious ceremony. It isn't meant to be enjoyed."

"And the trouble with you, Archie, is that even you, in this generation, can't help regarding everything enjoyable as *per se* bad. Therefore to be good a thing must be disagreeable. For my part I don't believe in keeping up even religious ceremonies unless they are more than ceremonies. I want to enjoy them. There has got to be real feeling in my worship or else it's not worship at all, but sacrilege. That's why I don't go to church."

They fought it out on this line for several congenial minutes.

"Molly, when did Fred do that charming Sicilian boy?" This from Aunt Bella, much interested, apparently, in a sketch she had never noticed before upon the book shelves.

Molly replied absently: "The last time we were in Sicily, Aunt Bella," and went on talking to Archie.

It seemed odd that she did not even try to disguise her interest in her husband's brother. "It is a beautiful head," remarked Aunt Bella, and the other ladies affably agreed with her. Molly apparently was too much absorbed to hear.

Presently, she excused herself to go up stairs for a look into the nursery.

Aunt Bella breathed a sigh of relief.

"She is such a devoted mother," said Sophia with unwonted enthusiasm. Sophia was a devoted mother herself, so she ought to know.

"And wife," put in Aunt Bella, with a glance at Archie. It was almost a vulgar exposure of enthusiasm, but the situation demanded it.

This did not interest Archie, so he scowled and said nothing. They saw the scowl. They remembered it later. At the moment they were all watching his face in suspressed excitement. For he now heard Molly's returning footsteps on the stairs. His eyes brightened. He was sauntering out into the hall! He was meeting her! Together they were stepping into the secluded studio! (So they would not be interrupted again.)

Several of the ladies now began to talk at once to show they had not noticed anything. One of them remarked upon the charm of the open fire, another upon the excellence of Fred's work, and a third upon the fact that the men were smoking an unusually long time this evening. Perhaps they were anxious for the approach of calm, masculine judgment. Perhaps they were dreading Fred's arrival.

The only ones in the room who did not go through these motions and emotions were Archie's wife, the worldly Julia, who was biting her lips to keep from smiling and Aunt Bella's unworthy namesake, who

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wanted to be worldly but didn't quite know how. She was keenly interested and welcomed with relish the supposed flirtation. It gave her new hopes for her hopelessly prim and provincial family. She was the one who, a few minutes since, had been so inconsiderate as to steal a glance at Archie's wife. And now, with the heartlessness of the worldly minded, she did so again. Their amused glances met, fled, returned and rested upon one another for a moment. . . . And in that moment these two became understanding friends instead of misunderstanding sisters-in-law.

At this point the men came in—with quite the air of having had a jovial half hour over the cigars and coffee. Their approach being heralded by one of Aunt Bella's orthodox exhibitions of forced-draught animation. Quite unnecessary, because the men observed nothing amiss. Men are notoriously obtuse in such matters. The old gentleman made for Fred's deep leather chair and straightway went to sleep. Fred made for Julia's corner and went on from where he had left off with her at dinner. The others sank down into the places Fate provided for them and wondered how soon they could decently go to bed.

Presently, in a natural pause, Fred asked Julia where, by the way, were Archie and Molly.

"Ask Aunt Bella," suggested Julia mischievously.

Fred did so.

The answer came unhesitatingly. "Molly is showing him the new portrait you have made of her, I believe." For, of course, Aunt Bella had prepared for this emergency.

When presently the suspected pair returned to the fold, the inevitable and obvious happened. Fred, forgetting to conceal his artist's eagerness, said, "Well, what do you think of it, Archie?"

"Think of what?"

"The head."

"What head?"

"The head of Molly."

Archie, somewhat puzzled, turned and looked at Molly's hair. "I think it's beautiful," he said boldly.

"Fred's portrait of Molly, Archie," put in Aunt Bella hurriedly.

"Oh, I forgot to show him that," laughed Molly, blushing.

This statement was followed by a pause, and a vague feeling of unrest.

"Well, what were you doing in the studio, then," asked Fred a little piqued. It was the artist in him and not the husband that spoke. The family noticed the tone, misunderstood the source.

"Oh, we were just talking."

"What in the world were you talking about all this time," put in Julia brazenly. Such an unreserved betrayal of wifely suspicion was rather jarring to those members of the family who were really suspicious—but when a woman is jealous! The family considerately avoided looking at poor Julia. They were gazing at Archie, waiting for his incriminating reply. But he made no reply at all, and that was incriminating enough. But in addition he shot a glance at Molly, knowing how she would appreciate the humor of being questioned about the subject of their studio conversation—by the family itself. This look was still more incriminating.

The apparently casual gaze of the family now shifted searchingly to Molly.

"We were talking, about all sorts of things," she said with an almost invisible smile at Archie.

Almost invisible, but every woman in the room saw it. Every one of them misinterpreted it, except Julia, who knew her husband too well to dream of *his* flirting with anybody.

"Poor Fred!" thought Aunt Bella, scandalized.

"Poor Archie!" thought Sophia, horrified.

"Clever Molly!" thought young Bella, admiringly.

"Dear Herbert!" thought the young fiancée, sentimentally.

None of the men saw or thought anything. They did not dream that there was a skeleton in the family closet. But the door was now ajar.

There seemed to be an unanimous desire among the feminine guests to go to bed early this evening—or rather to retire, for even in the twentieth century the Carrolls still retired when Aunt Bella was around, though they had learned to say leg in her presence without being made to feel that they ought to blush.

"A railroad journey and a change of air—they always make one sleepy," remarked Sophia, who seemed to be coming

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to the fore midst the stress and strain of stirring events.

There was undoubtedly a decided change of air, but the reason the wives wanted to retire was to get their husbands off alone and tell them all about it. For that was the way gossip percolated in the refined Carroll family. None of them went to sleep for hours.

The astonishing news was reported and received in various manners. The architect roared with laughter, sceptical but interested —as his wife knew he would be. He was a noisy fellow when removed from the family atmosphere. "What! Archie? Well, well! I didn't think it of him. The old sport!" He'd always considered Archie a prig.

"It's all Molly's doing," said the younger Bella. "She's leading him on without his knowing it. She's a clever little thing. You've observed that she has a twinkle?"

He had not. But he secretly resolved to look for it on the morrow.

Sophia's report to Roger, the professor, was given with less amusement, yet with considerable relish in her tones of regret. In their little academic world they were not given to flirtations, even such innocent ones as she firmly hoped this to be. Her ideal was sweet, womanly absorption in her husband and the department. But Roger counselled Sophia that Archie and Molly were merely silly, not horrid as Sophia was inclined to believe. She always thought as he did on every subject, so hereafter she would think it merely silly.

However, they all had something to look forward to with interest on the morrow, and when at last they went to sleep it was with the pleasurable anticipation that even if Sunday did prove to be a rainy day, as Aunt Bella predicted, the family party would not be the usual bore.

The only ones not too excited to fall asleep early were those who caused the excitement. But even they, as had been noted, had found new interest in the family party, and they, too, indulged in the luxury of conjugal confidences.

"Well!" said the host to the hostess, "it seems to be going all right after all! What got into them this evening?"

"I'll take back all I ever said about Archie," declared Molly impulsively. "I like him."

"I always said you would," Fred replied with a younger brother's pride. "He's not a bad sort when once you know him, even though he does use big words."

She told him what she and Archie had used big words about.

"But that isn't the strangest thing," she went on, "he likes *me!*"

Fred saw nothing strange in that. He merely thought better of Archie for it. "Every one likes you," he said, "when you give 'em a chance. Why, they couldn't keep their eyes off you this evening, and Aunt Bella fairly hugged you when she said good-night."

"Oh, that's only because she's so fond of *you*, Fred," Molly returned. "When I took her to her room she said the most delightful things about you. It sounded almost like an obituary. I'm beginning to believe they appreciate you after all. By the way," she added just before going to sleep, "you and Julia seemed to be hitting it off better than usual."

"Yes, I began by handing her a few bouquets—big broad ones. But she's not such a fool as I thought. By the way, she seems to admire you a good deal." Every body seemed to like every body else more than usual somehow.

And so with the soothing sense of success, the host and hostess took their well-earned rest.

Archie and his wife, who were quartered at the country club owing to the limited capacity of Fred's house, pretended to tease and to be teased on the way back in the automobile, a harmless diversion often enjoyed by married pairs. "But seriously, that girl can talk," said Archie.

"That means, she listened to you talk, I suppose," laughed Julia. "I observed that you were working your impressive manner pretty hard."

"She has ideas," maintained Archie.

"She has eyes, at any rate," smiled Julia.

"What were you trying to do with Fred," rejoined her husband, "your usual game?"

"Don't worry. Your little brother can take care of himself. He's by far the best of the Carrolls."

"No," said Archie, "his wife is."

All of which was helping the cause.

IV

Now dawned a memorable day in the annals of the illustrious Carroll family. To Molly's surprise the entire household

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was down promptly for breakfast. They were all afraid they might miss something. Archie and his wife, to be sure, remained at the club, but it is a significant tribute to the skeleton that, despite the absence of two of the leading parts in the veiled comedy, even breakfast was interesting.

The architect was there to see the twinkle. His wife was there to see whether Molly knew she was suspected of using it. Sophia was there to be shocked and thankful that she was devoid of such evils. Roger was there to watch poor Fred. Aunt Bella was there to watch everything.

Such were their intentions—but these were their results:

The architect could not, as it happened, locate the twinkle; Molly's eyes were pretty well occupied with coffee cups. But he amused himself by looking around at the rest and wondering what Aunt Bella thought about it. His wife, in turn, could not tell whether Molly knew she was suspected; therefore she admired the highly finished art, the woman-of-the-world ease of this hitherto unappreciated sister-in-law. Roger could not tell from Fred's demeanor whether he wanted brotherly sympathy or not, therefore he decided to cultivate Fred and find out, for the family was the unit of the state. Sophia gazing with guileless horror at Molly's calm assumption of innocence, could not understand such hypocrisy in a wife and mother. Therefore Aunt Bella, watching everything, saw Sophia's face and forgave her, at last, for marrying Roger. Molly, finally filling her own cup, looked up and caught the young Bella's admiring glance. Therefore she forgave her for being so strenuous in her pose. The architect noting Fred's wholesome appetite, decided that he was a good sport and almost forgave his bad taste in the choice of architects.

Even for a full-grown, able-bodied family skeleton this would seem to be a pretty good day's work, though breakfast was not yet finished, and this was only a small, artificial skeleton.

A note arrived at the breakfast table for Molly. She, being busy with the second cups and important questions as to lumps and cream, allowed it to remain a moment unopened by her plate. Now it is easy to believe that no one intended to look and recognize the large handwriting on the envelope, but it cannot be denied that every one near enough did so, as all the rest knew by the quick way they averted their eyes again. Moreover, from the grave expressionless look of those eyes the whole family were apprised of the fact that Molly had a note from Archie, as clearly as if she had mounted her chair and proclaimed it.

It was furthermore obvious that Archie had made an appointment with her, because she declined to accompany the others to church. For in the Carroll family, they never asked "Are you going to church?" but merely, "How much time should we allow to get there?"

There was nothing to do about it. To speak of the matter would only proclaim themselves suspicious, and each would rather die than do that. But all, now watching everything with breathless interest, perceived that at last even unsuspecting Fred was becoming aroused. They could tell that from the look he gave her when she made the announcement. As a matter of fact, Fred *was* disappointed in her. He had carefully looked up the local Unitarian church, rented a pew in it for the occasion—in order to spare his aged father's feelings—and he had counted upon Molly's being there to watch him lead the family up the aisle with the air of doing it all his life. But when she showed him the note, later, he agreed with Archie that a spin in the latter's car would be a beneficial diversion from the nervous strain of entertaining the whole family—and that by no means should she tell the family that she was going automobiling on Sunday.

"He is behaving very well about it," thought the ladies observing poor, dear Fred's face as he started off to church with them—without his wife.

Julia also behaved very well about it. Archie, the wretch, sent her to represent his branch of the family at church, and she seemed to be sweetly, silently suffering, quite like a real Carroll, though she was only an "in-law." Incidentally, she was very smartly dressed, and the family felt no less proud of the heavenly forbearance by reason of the worldly sensation she created as she came down the aisle.

But when the family sedately returning from church and discussing the sermon on the way, as was the custom, were almost run down by Archie in his Fiat with Molly at his side, the situation became acute.

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Guilt was written large upon their shamed countenances. And no wonder, for it was impossible to turn around in time, and though they broke the speed limit in order to dodge down the nearest side street, the family caught them breaking the Sabbath just as they turned the corner.

This episode put a new complexion on the matter. The family skeleton was threatening to stick his head out. This would never do. Even the younger Bella looked grave as she walked home in silence. If it were a flirtation at any other house party she might have kept up her worldly pose of detached amusement. But with the best of intentions one cannot shake off one's innate feelings. The sight of her own brother dashing madly through a quiet village street with another man's wife, and that man also a brother, opened up to her vistas of possibilities which no longer seemed merely amusing. It is difficult to regard one's family in the comic spirit when a tragedy is impending—no matter how provincial the family may be. She became a Carroll once more.

She spoke to her husband about it when they reached their room. He did not laugh at her. "They'll get themselves talked about!" he said, and he went downstairs and gave Harry, his youngest brother-in-law, a cigarette from a feeling of family unity. Heretofore he had always snubbed the youngster.

Harry, too, was feeling that something was wrong. To be sure, he "had lived," and considered himself a devil with the women, but he had a high ideal of conventional good form—even if the family name were not concerned. Archie was going too far, and Archie was old enough to know better. A similar feeling of apprehension ran through the rest of the family. The sense of common peril had awakened the clan spirit at last.

So, after luncheon, where Archie and Molly were convincingly silent (being drowsy after their spin in the frosty air), the family, as if by tacit consent, combined as a unit to keep the guilty pair apart.

This was quite unnecessary, because, though the two had become friends for life, they were pretty well talked out and a bit tired of each other for the time being. So they were rather relieved to find fresh partners for the walk proposed and arranged by Aunt Bella, it being as right to walk as it was wrong to motor on the Sabbath day, though walking would seem to be more in the nature of work, forbidden by the Fourth Commandment, than was motoring—which, however, was more enjoyable and therefore perhaps more heinous.

Though the family efforts were unnecessary they were nevertheless good for the cause. The various individuals were working together to their mutual satisfaction for a common family purpose, and showing one another unsuspected depths of family feeling and not a little tact and resource. Not once was the object of their zealous efforts named aloud, but whatever happened now they could never again be as thoroughly unappreciative of one another as in the old dreary days of their unacquaintance.

V

THE dénouement arrived with dinner. Molly, downstairs before any of her guests —even those who had neither husbands nor wives to discuss important matters with while dressing, met Archie and Julia arriving from the club.

"We came early," they explained, "in order to send off that hat-trunk you loaned us for the children's Christmas presents." They were leaving for town immediately after dinner, and wished to be rid of their impedimenta. Molly remarked that they would find it, already packed, in the studio.

"Then," said Archie, "let's all three of us run down to the station with it." The car was still chugging outside. "John is a good chauffeur, but a stupid courier. Come, we can get back in three minutes."

Molly agreed and ran upstairs for her wraps. But Julia preferred a magazine by the warm library fireplace.

By the time Molly returned Aunt Bella, not being obliged to talk while dressing, was leaving her room.

"Hurry, Archie," called Molly, hearing the approaching footsteps.

But they were too late. As Archie hastened out of the studio, carrying the borrowed hat-trunk, Aunt Bella appeared before them upon the landing of the stair. She heard the automobile outside panting impatiently. She saw Molly dressed in a long fur coat and veil. She saw Archie beside her at the door, his coat collar turned up. In his hand was the hat-box—

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on it she saw Molly's initials gleaming in the hall light. She "saw it all now." She was just in time. Archie's other hand was on the door-knob.

"Where are you going?" she asked wonderfully achieving a light manner.

They turned, not greatly surprised, and looked up at their Aunt. "To the station," answered Archie simply.

"To the station!" echoed Aunt Bella aghast. "And you?" she asked Molly with suppressed emotion.

"I'm going with him." Surely even a Carroll conception of Sabbath observance would permit this.

"Why?" asked Aunt Bella. She descended the few remaining stairs. "Why!"

"Because he asked me to." Molly looked at Archie. They both felt an unaccountable current in the atmosphere.

"I'll take you along, too, Aunt Bella," said Archie lightly, "if you'll get your wraps."

"No," said Aunt Bella. They were not to elude her so easily.

"Then, come on, Molly. There's no time to lose."

"No," repeated Aunt Bella. "Molly will remain with me, I think." She now stepped between them. "Here come the others," she whispered, glancing again at Molly's baggage, hoping that Archie would hide it.

"I still think we can make it," said Archie, looking at his watch. He did not hide the little trunk.

"No," said Aunt Bella, almost inaudibly this time. "No, Archie," and looked from one to the other. There was an awkward pause. They stood looking at one another wondering. Some of the family had come and more were arriving upon the landing of the stairs—an excellent point of view for the tableau: Archie and Molly in furs, looking guilty, Aunt Bella before them with her back against the door looking determined; the automobile outside panting eloquently. They also "saw it all now" including the large initials.

"What did I tell you!" gasped Sophia in her husband's ear. His arm went around her.

"Great Scott! Just in time!" whispered the architect to the younger Bella.

"Where is Herbert!" wondered the frightened fiancée.

"Here comes your father," pleaded Aunt Bella.

At this point Archie's wife, the lazy Julia, strolled out from the library with a book in her hand, saying in her indolent manner, "Oh, Archie, dear, we forgot to put in this *cunning* little fat Bible Aunt Bella gave little Archie." She stopped abruptly, seeing the silent assembled family before her. "Why, what's the matter?" she asked handing Archie the Bible.

"Nothing," said Archie in the true Carroll manner, as opening Molly's hat-trunk he disclosed to the family gaze their various appropriate presents to his beloved children.

"Nothing," said Aunt Bella, sinking into a chair and fanning rapidly.

"Nothing," said Molly, becoming a Carroll at last, but hiding her face all the same to hide her irresistible laughter.

"Nothing," "Nothing," "Nothing," echoed all the Carrolls and Carrolls-in-law.

"Dinner is served," said an entering maid.

"Aunt Bella," said Archie with an odd look on his face as he offered her his arm, "you were quite right, you see. There would not have been time to run to the station and back."

"That's just what we wanted to tell you," said the other Carrolls, and each nodded and cast triumphant glances at all the rest—except their spouses—as if to say, "How dare you suspect anything else!" Then, laughing nervously, they all went out to dinner.

"But what was the joke; what was the joke?" quavered the old gentleman, who had seen but little and heard less. "I've been watching you two with your heads together. What was it?"

Archie and Molly smiled at each other—but it no longer made even Aunt Bella quake.

"Oh, nothing," said Molly. "Archie and I have concluded that this is a pretty well-united family after all."

"Humph," said the venerable head of the house, with the racial wisdom shown only by the very old or the very young, "I could have told you that. But what was he packing up in that box, eh?"

"Oh, that," she whispered, "was the family skeleton."

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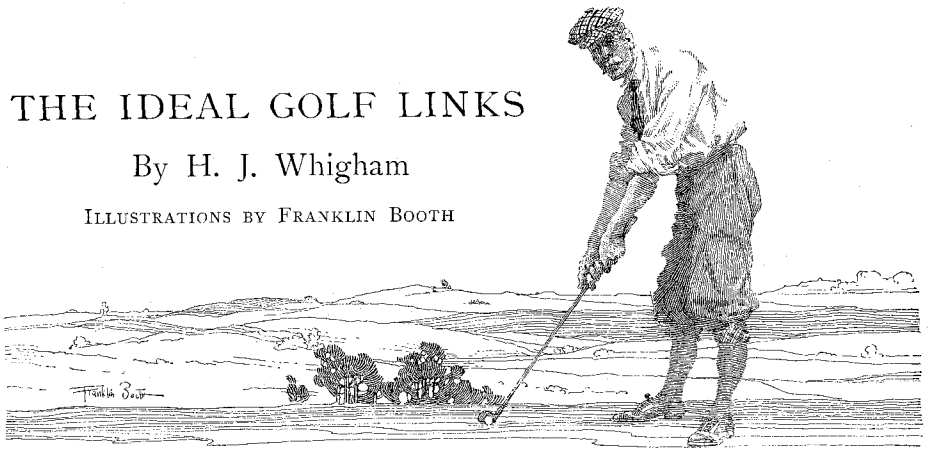
THE IDEAL GOLF LINKS

By H. J. Whigham

Illustrations by Franklin Booth



WHEN President Taft began his campaign last summer by going to Hot Springs and playing golf, some of his managers in the Middle West were horrified. "Your man will have to give up that rich man's game," they said to the Treasurer of the Republican Committee, "if he wants to be elected." The Treasurer, himself a good golfer, told them not to worry. Even Mr. Roosevelt, whose sense of political effect no one can gainsay, thought it was unwise for a presidential candidate to be photographed in golfing costume. Mr. Taft, in spite of all warnings, continued to play golf and to be photographed on the links. On election night his picture in golfing clothes appeared in every restaurant and public place in New York, and he swept the country with a triumphant majority.

Twelve years ago, when the present writer last contributed an article on this subject to Scribner's Magazine, golf was still in its infancy in America and was to some extent a society fad. In those days it was a target for all the journalistic wits, from Mr. Dooley down. To-day no one plays golf in order to be in the fashion. Indeed, there have been years when golf at Newport and elsewhere became almost extinct in the fashionable world. Yet all the time more men were playing, more clubs were being formed, and more courses laid out. And so the Western managers who held their hands up in horror at the mere thought of a golfing president only displayed their ignorance. The professional politician is generally the last man in the world to realize a change of conditions. But Mr. Roosevelt should have known better. It is a fact that golf ranks to-day as one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of amateur sports in America.

Consider for a moment what the games are in this country. First and foremost there is base-ball—a great game and one involving all the best qualities of sportsmanship. But who plays base-ball after he has left college? Millions go every year to see Casey or Murphy or Donlin at the bat, just as the Romans went to see their gladiatorial shows. In other words, base-ball for any one who has left college is either a spectacle or a profession. It cannot be called a sport. The same argument applies to foot-ball. The Yale and Harvard game is, perhaps, the finest exhibition of sportsmanship to be seen in the country. Yet there foot-ball ends. We who write, alas! have long ago left the arena and climbed into the stadium. We can discuss the foreward pass and criticise the new formation—but to what end? What care I if Coy runs the length of the field or Kennard drops a goal from half-way? I would rather have one gallop across country, or hit one square drive from the tee, than watch fifty games of foot-ball.

If we leave base-ball and foot-ball out of the question, therefore, as sports mainly for boys and undergraduates, with what other game can we compare golf? Polo has made great strides in America, and is possibly the best of all games for those who can afford to play it—in other words, for the upper ten thousand. It is out of the

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question for a man of moderate means to play polo unless he has his ponies given him. Racquets and court tennis are games which require special conditions seldom obtainable, and have the disadvantage of not being out-door games in the true sense. Most of us rather despised lawn tennis in our college days as being tame and almost effeminate, though in later life we appreciated it more and more as we learned to prefer skill to brute force. It has the great advantage of requiring few accessories. The smallest communities can support a tennis club at little cost, so that the game is within the reach of nearly every one. Unquestionably, more people in the country play tennis than play golf. But the golfers are on the increase, and will go on increasing, because there is no game which is so well adapted to the conditions of American life and character.

To begin with, it is a great thing in a community where business is all important and leisure hard to come by to have a game which gets you out into the open into fresh surroundings and which you can play only once a week and still keep in fairly good form. Not that a man can ever play absolutely first class golf on two rounds a week; he can, however, play well enough to get all the amusement he wants. In the second place, you can play golf up to any age and play it well. Did not John Ball win the Amateur Championship of Great Britain on two occasions twenty years apart? Was not Charles Hutchings over fifty years of age when he won for the first time? Yet it would be the greatest mistake to suppose that to play well does not require many physical, to say nothing of mental, qualities. A very little experience will soon do away with the idea that golf is a game for weaklings. Indeed, it is almost impossible for a man to win a championship who is not in splendid physical condition. At Baltusrol last year Jerome Travers, who is generally in excellent training, lost in the finals to Charles Seely simply because he was worn out. The ground had been heavy all the week and the play exceptionally tiring, and the stronger man won. I do not believe that there is any test of nerve and stamina more severe in games than a championship tournament at golf where the winner has to play thirty-six holes a day throughout the week. An old and decrepit man can hit a golf ball a surprising distance; but when it comes to playing with first-class players and best results are necessary, not only is every muscle of the body brought into play but accuracy of eye is essential and mental control all important.

I remember very well playing a match not long ago with a certain well-known athlete who does not often appear on the links. He is one of the best polo players in the country and equally good at racquets or in the tennis court. We were playing a foursome and only had time for ten holes before lunch and eighteen after. Our prominent athlete was so tired out that he could not even attempt to play next day. Foot-ball, of course, is far harder exercise while it lasts; but a man will lose far more flesh over a golf tournament than he will over a foot-ball match. It is hardly worth while, however, to labor the point. The game is so widely spread over the country, and has taken so firm a hold on the community, that the man who takes a supercilious view of it as a form of athletics only stultifies himself. Watch Fred Herreshoff drive a golf ball off the tee and observe Mike Donlin hit a fly into the outfield, and it would be difficult to say which requires the greater muscular efficiency. The striker it is true has to hit a ball in rapid motion, allowing for a variety of curves. But he can hit in almost any direction, and he can and does miss about as often as he hits. The driver is hitting a stationary ball, but he must drive in one particular direction and he can't afford a single bad shot.

In its mental aspect golf is undoubtedly the greatest of games. There is no game where it is so easy to lose one's temper, yet none where the loss of temper is more instantly fatal. A complete control of the nerves is essential to success. The least hurrying of the swing caused either by irritation over a previous mistake or by anxiety to get extra distance is sure to result in failure. How many, many matches have we lost simply because we could not forget the short putt we missed through carelessness at the second hole! How often have we topped a drive simply because at the previous hole our opponent's ball jumped the bunker and lay dead just when we thought victory was ours for a certainty. In every close match there is always a decisive turning point which we look back to as

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man who is popularly supposed to give up more time to games than any one else will seldom make any sacrifice for a game. If he does not excel quickly at one game he will drop it and try something else. Also he has perhaps a greater variety to choose from. If the American takes up anything at all he generally makes up his mind to succeed at all events to the top of his capacity. Twelve years ago there was not an American golfer who had learned the game in this country who could compete with a good Scotch or English player. To-day Walter Travis and Jerome Travers could, I believe, beat any pair of amateurs in Great Britain; nor has there ever been a pair of amateurs in Great Britain that could beat them at any time except Ball and Hilton at their best. And both Travers and Travis owe their excellence largely to their concentration of purpose and complete control of nerves. I am not at all sure, moreover, that a picked team of college boys or of young men under twenty-five would not beat any team of their own age that could be picked in Great Britain. There are innumerable golfers of the undergraduate age in Great Britain, but they are apt to employ their energies on a number of different games. The American specializes and attains a greater accuracy.

It is certainly a great proof of the adaptability of the American character that in less than twenty years the youth of the country has taken up golf, learned the game, produced one world-wide champion and a new generation of golfers who could hold their own in Scotland where the game has been played for centuries. And nothing could prevent golf from becoming by far the most popular game among the grown men of the country if it were not for one drawback. Whereas in Scotland and England seaside golf courses existed before the early Britons wore clothes and require little or no preparation, an American course can only be made and kept up at considerable expense. There is no such thing as a natural golf course in America; and if there were very few people would benefit, since the vast majority of the population live so far from the sea. Thirty years ago the number of golf courses abroad which were not on the sandy dunes by the sea was a negligible quantity. I believe that the first really good inland courses were made in America. England learned from America that while you could never make a St. Andrews or a Prestwick away from the sea, you could produce something which was almost as good a test of golf. But it takes money to do it, and consequently golf can never be as inexpensive a game here as it is in Great Britain.

And there is another hindrance to the popularity of the game which is really the subject-matter of this article. We started well enough twelve or fifteen years ago by showing how to make a good golf course inland. Yet there has been practically no improvement in that direction since then, although in every other way the game has made great strides. Ninety per cent. of the courses in this country are not to be compared with the real golf links abroad. And the worst of it is that an entirely erroneous standard has grown up so that it is the most difficult thing in the world to introduce reforms. Everything now is sacrificed to the older players who want the path made easy for them, and for some strange reason the younger players are dumb. There are a few golfers in the country who have steadily set themselves to keep up the real standard, like Mr. Herbert Leeds, who, I believe, was responsible not only for Myopia but for the nine-hole course at Bar Harbor, and the winter course at Aiken. There is an excellent inland course also at Manchester, Vermont, and there is Garden City, which lately has been much improved. When one has mentioned these one has included practically all the links in the country which approach in interest and quality the best courses abroad, and even these fall a long way short of perfection. Is it not strange that with all the vast sums of money expended on golf links in America, so few courses should be nearly good?

The defects in most courses I should attribute to two reasons. First of all, since money is an essential, the affairs of the different clubs are generally in the hands of the older men who supply the funds. The older men not only want things made easy for them, but they lack the imagination of youth. The Wheaton and Onwentsia courses in Chicago were the two best in the country when they were laid out, because they represented the last word in making artificial courses at that time.

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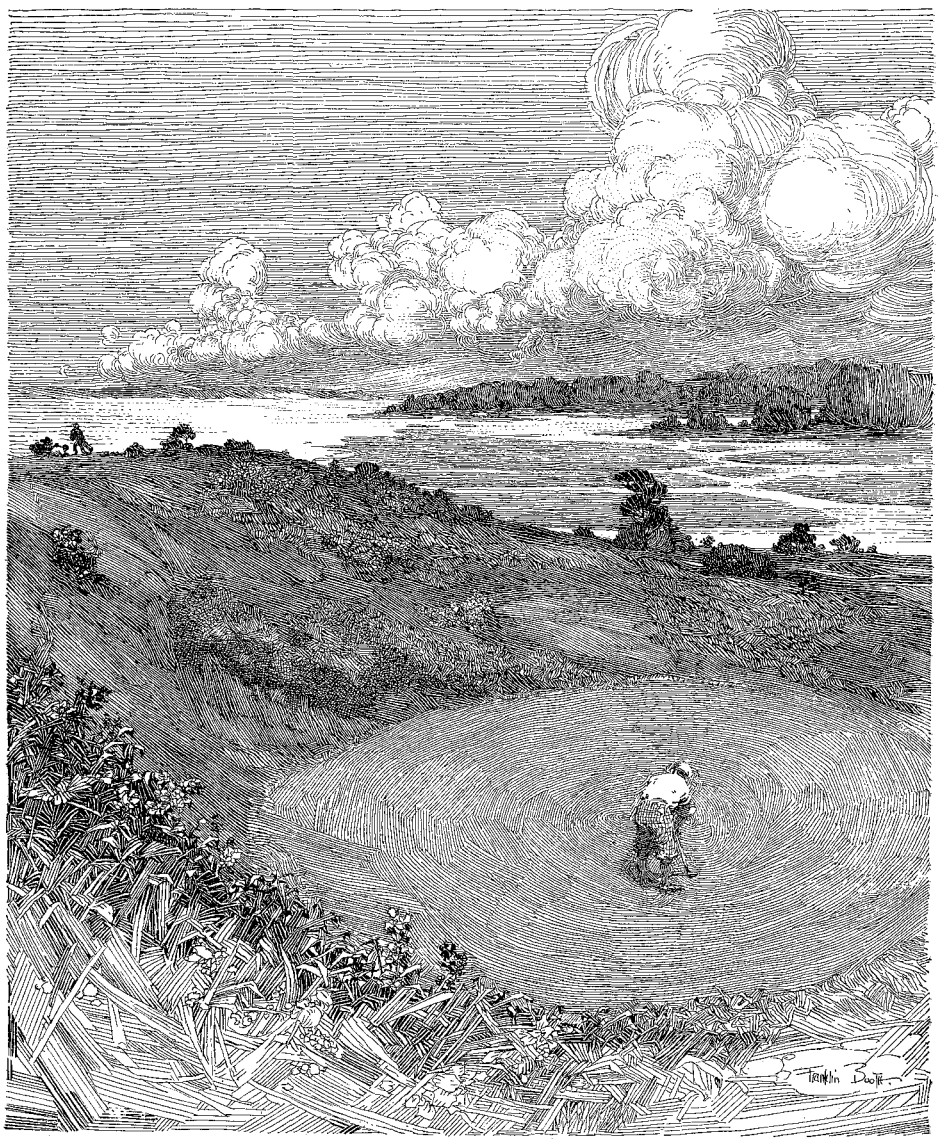
of putting which might never occur again. Sheer nonsense—for Travis always putts marvellously. He won because his ability to play each shot as he intended to play it was greater than that of his opponents—in a word, his mental control over nerves and muscles was more complete. How often do you hear a player apologize for a bad shot by saying, "I had to avoid the bunker on the right, or the long grass on the left." Travis says, "There is a space forty or fifty yards wide. I know if I stand up on the tee and hit the ball in the middle of the club it is bound to fall somewhere within that width. Consequently I obliterate the bunker and the long grass from my mind and confine my attention to hitting the ball in the middle of the club." It sounds so simple; yet how few people can acquire that habit of mind.

Herein, however, lies the peculiar fitness of the game of golf to the American disposition. Concentration of purpose is surely a characteristic of the race. The English-



The Punch Bowl.

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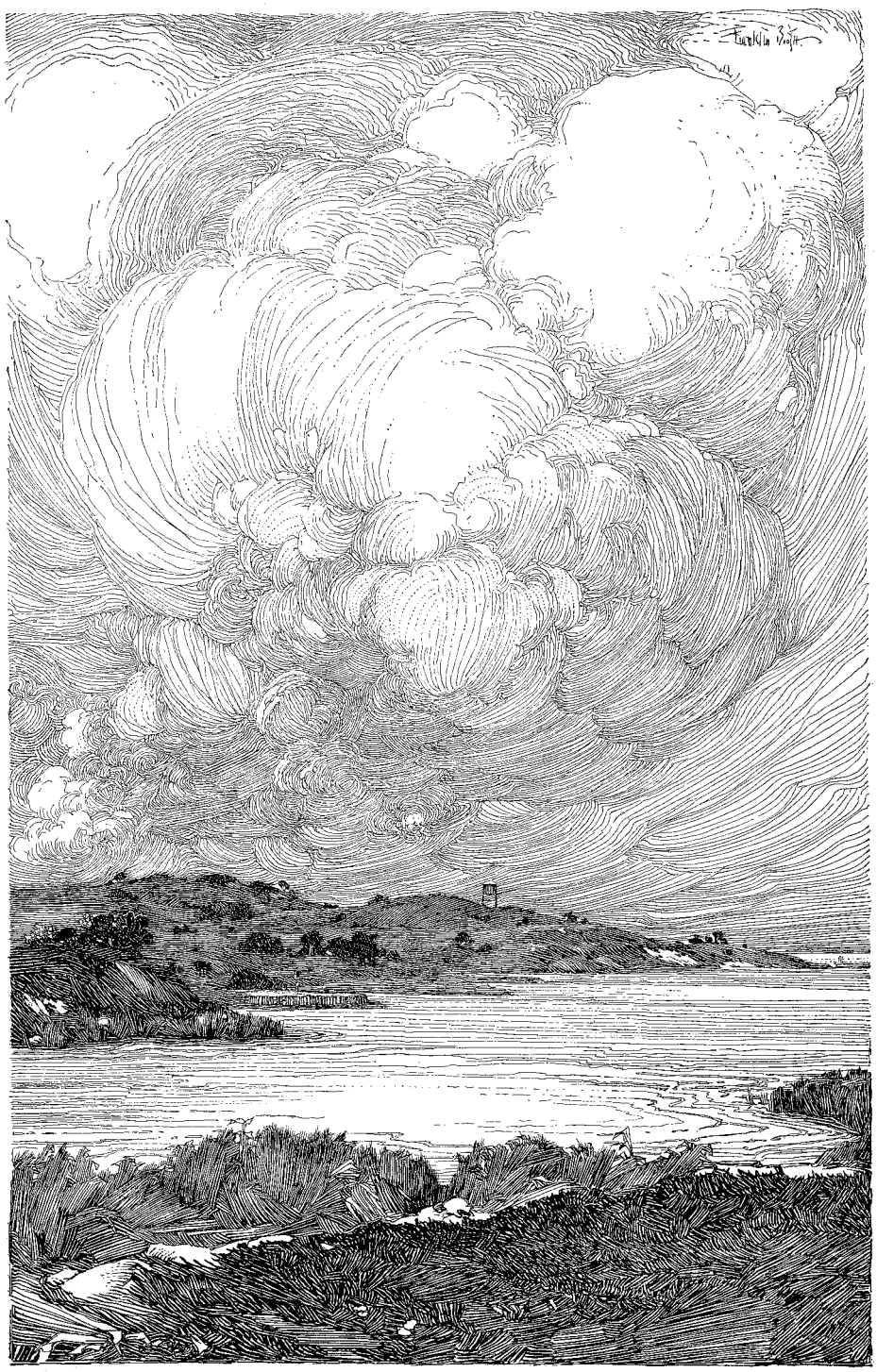

Drawn by Franklin Booth.

Sebonac Creek. View from fourth green.

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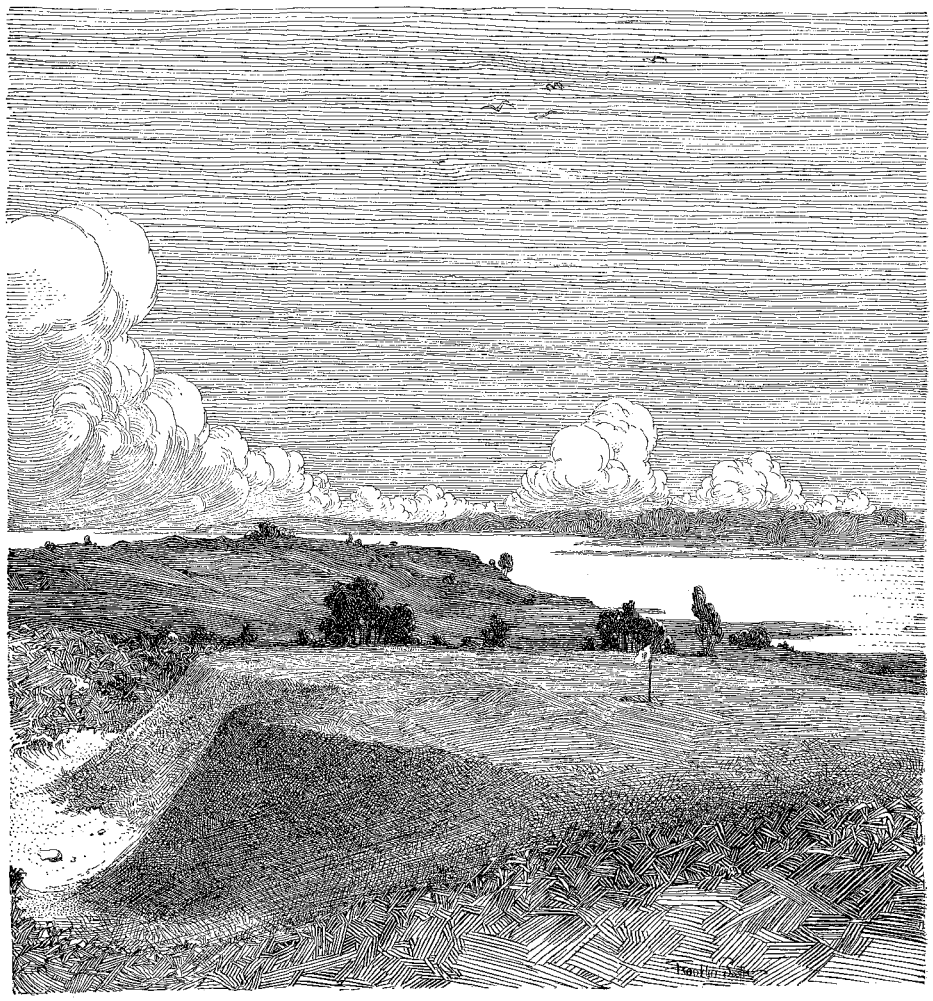

The Redan.

the real crisis, and in nine cases out of ten the cause of defeat has been lack of mental control on one side or the other. Take an example. In the historic match between Travers and Travis last year which decided the championship, Travers was two down with only four holes to go. At the next hole he had a stroke of luck which reduced the lead to one. Going to the sixteenth Walter Travis got into a bunker with his second, thus giving up his lead altogether. Now Travis very rarely makes a mistake of that sort, especially in a hole where there is plenty of room on the course. The fact that he had just lost a hole which but for a stroke of luck he would certainly have halved undoubtedly affected his nervous control. So the match, which he almost had in his pocket, was lost. Yet Walter Travis is the most perfect example we have of the superiority of mind over matter. I do not suppose that in the beginning it was easier for him to keep his temper in all circumstances than it was for any other man. But he realized the value of self-control, and by sheer force of will managed to acquire it. The result was that though he learned the game in middle life, and at a time when there were very few good players in this country, he was able in a very short space to go over to England and beat the whole field in the Amateur Championship. Some astonished critics said that his victory was a fluke; that he had a marvellous streak

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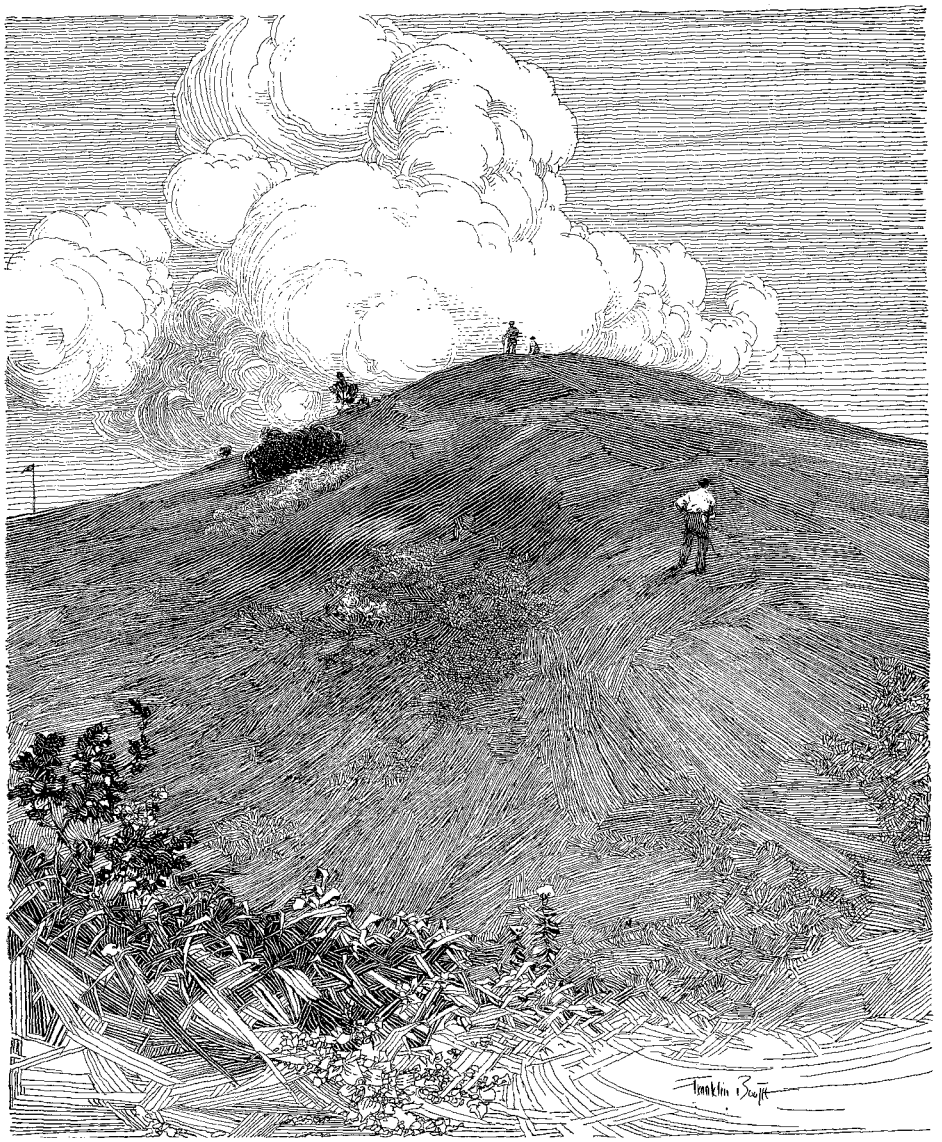

The Alps.

But positively no advance has been made since then; in fact, if anything they have gone backward, because, as the turf has improved, both courses have become far too easy. Their main difficulty in summer is the long grass, which is the worst feature of the game in America. Take Garden City as another example. Here conditions are most favorable and no one can doubt that with the Long Island soil and climate a really interesting course might be constructed. As it is, nearly everything is either wrong about the course or else not quite right where it could so easily be right. Walter Travis did a great deal when he put in about fifty new bunkers and imitated the eleventh hole at St. Andrews on the last green. That one change in itself has been a tremendous improvement. Yet he had to risk any amount of hostile criticism, and even now the course is hardly within measurable distance of what it ought to be if properly laid out.

So now we come to discuss what a good

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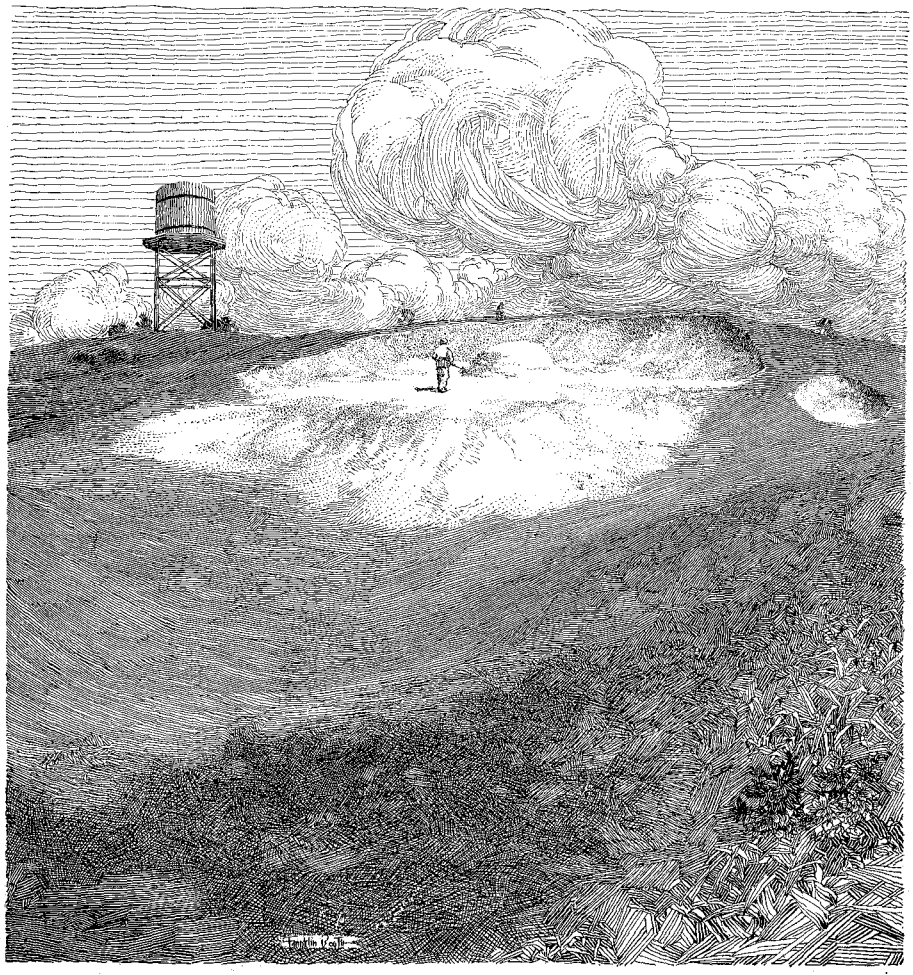

The Sahara

course ought to be, and the easiest way is to illustrate by example. Two years ago, seventy men in this country subscribed one thousand dollars apiece in order to buy land and lay out a course that might not only equal the best courses abroad but combine as far as possible the best features of all. They intrusted Mr. C. B. Macdonald with the task of collecting information and adapting the materials to the actual conditions. In two years the course has been made and will be ready for play this summer. The experiment cannot be entirely successful for a year or two, since it takes time to produce the best quality of turf. But I imagine that the difference in the quality of the golf will become at once apparent.

To begin with, you have the natural advantages of the sea and the rolling sandy hills which have been associated with the game from time immemorial. Surroundings go for a good deal. Who would prefer, let us say, Sunningdale in England to North Berwick in Scotland, even if technically speaking Sunningdale were the better golf course of the two? And the new National course on the Shinnecock Hills will certainly challenge comparison with the links by the Firth of Forth in point of natural beauty. Your true golfer and your true sportsman can never be quite satisfied when he is playing 'round suburban lots, even though the putting greens are true and the club house only thirty-five minutes from town. At the present moment I would

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rather play on the old course at Shinnecock, which has nearly all the faults that ingenuity could invent, than any other course in the country simply for the sake of the wide sweep of ocean and down, and the sunset over Peconic Bay and the gleam of water on a thousand inlets. There is the true links. You may get a fairly good imitation of it further inland, but when you have once seen the real painting you will never be content with a chromo-lithograph.

So much for the surroundings. When we come to particulars it will be observed that most American courses consist of a long strip of turf about sixty yards wide laid out like a race course, with long grass or trees, or bushes, on either side. Hazards are placed at stated intervals, generally about 120 yards and 260 yards from the tee, in the form of ditches and cops stretching at right angles across the course. The only difference between one hole and another is the difference of length. Any shot off the tee suffices as long as it carries 120 yards and keeps within a width of sixty yards, unless it is an exceptionally long and straight shot, when it goes into a bunker intended to catch a second. The putting greens are large and flat expanses with no hazards near them so that the approach shot becomes as simple as possible. The one thing the player has to worry about is the chance of a bad slice or pull. If he goes a yard off the course to left or right he will probably lose his ball and his temper. There is no variety or finesse about the game under such conditions. The advantage of skill is reduced to a minimum and the wonder is that the game has remained so popular as it is. A spirit of trade unionism seems to have invaded the game. Just as it is made impossible nowadays for a good bricklayer to lay bricks as fast as he wants to, it is considered wrong that the golfer who can hit the ball far and straight should have any advantage over the short and inaccurate driver. As for the finer points of the game—putting spin on the ball to stop it, etc.—the idea of developing those points is firmly discouraged. I have already mentioned a few courses which do afford opportunities to the fine player and variety to all classes. It must be confessed, however, that this is not the case with the majority.

The first thing, then, to be aimed at in laying out a course is to attain variety. Every hole should as far as possible be different from all the rest, and each should contain in itself a variety of possibilities. Roughly speaking, there may be only three or four underlying principles, but these three or four suggest a variety of combinations. We might begin, for simplicity's sake, with two categories: Holes that can always be reached in one shot, and holes that generally require two shots or more.

It should be easy enough to make a short hole; yet how few really good short holes are there in existence. The first requisite —and this is very important—is that not only the flag should be visible from the tee, but, if possible, every bit of ground between the tee and the flag. One ought to play always for a two at a short hole, and one can only do that with any degree of accuracy when the flag and the ground round about it are visible. The much boasted Maiden at Sandwich is really a very indifferent hole because a three is very easy and a two is largely a matter of luck, since in playing from the tee the entire putting green is invisible. In the second place, it is well to vary the short holes in length so as to get every kind of shot. On the National links the shortest hole is about 140 yards. The shot is played from high ground across a wide bunker on to a small plateau which is entirely surrounded by bunkers. Where the hole is so short it should be made as difficult as possible; consequently the little plateau is undulating and slopes off on every side toward the bunkers. The nicest accuracy is necessary in order to keep the ball on the green. With the wind behind the shot must be played with a good deal of back spin. The bunker in front of the green is deep and sheer, so that it is quite impossible for a topped ball to run through. The bunkers round about will not be so severe because even a well played shot may just run over the green and a recovery should be possible, though difficult. Lastly, the fact that the tee is a good deal higher than the little plateau green makes the distance deceptive, and calls for the most careful judgment.

The next hole in point of distance is the 4th; about 160 yards in length. Here the green is modelled and bunkered exactly as the 11th hole at St. Andrews is, and more or less like the last hole at Garden City.

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There is such a consensus of opinion among good golfers that it is impossible to believe that the 11th at St. Andrews is not about the best short hole in the world. The green in this case is a good deal larger—the distance being greater—but it is undulating and the bunkers to left and right and beyond are so severe that a mistake is apt to be expensive. A great many American players have criticised the new bunkers at the last hole at Garden City as being far too difficult. That is partly because they have never learned to play out of deep bunkers—the shot really is not difficult if the sand is soft—and partly because they overlook entirely the moral aspect of the game. A shallow patch of sand is the worst kind of hazard for a short hole. It does not affect the nerves of the player on the tee to any extent. If the worst comes to the worst and he goes into the sand he has still a good chance of a three after making a bad tee shot. But with the deep bunkers staring him in the face, he knows that a mistake will be disastrous, if not fatal. The moral effect of the bunker is, therefore, twice or three times as great, and that is exactly what makes the difference between good golf and poor golf. The 4th hole on the National course is better than the 11th at St. Andrews because it has a water hazard right in front of the tee to punish a topped shot. But between the hazard and the plateau edge of the green there is plenty of good ground, so that the player has the option, as at St. Andrews, of pitching right onto the green or of playing a low running shot.

The third short hole is a copy of the Redan at North Berwick and is the 13th hole on the National links. The flag should be about 175 yards from the tee on a calm day. Next to the 11th at St. Andrews the Redan is conceded to be the best one-shot hole in the world. The green is protected by a deep bunker in front and is so narrow that it is necessary to play the shot with a good deal of back spin if it is played straight; but the conformation of the ground is such that the bunker may be avoided by playing to the right and allowing the ball to roll in toward the hole with the slope. Either shot requires considerable skill.

There you have three short holes of three different lengths, each with great individuality and each calling for great accuracy. It would be practically impossible for a bad shot to get near the hole in any case. Notice first, that in each case all the ground between the tee and the flag is visible from the tee, and secondly, that the bunkers are deep and very near the hole. One might almost say that a short hole cannot be a good one unless it has one deep bunker within twenty feet of the flag.

Now we come to the two-shot holes. These are of great variety and of all lengths, from 250 yards up to 500. It used to be considered that anything between 200 yards and 350 was bad because it meant a drive and a mashie shot. Now a hole of that length is bad on the ordinary stereotyped course in America because it means that you can miss your drive and go about 120 yards and still be about as well off as a man who hits his drive but cannot get home in less than two. But there is no reason in the world why a hole of any distance should not be made a good one provided it is not over 500 yards. Who does not know those courses supposed to be first-class simply because they are long, and nearly every hole is marked 400 yards, and is described as a fine two-shot hole? As far as may be, every hole on the course should have a distinct length of its own. On the National Links you will find the following approximate distances: 140, 160, 180, 240, 290, 310, 330, 360, 380, 400, 410, 440, 460, 480, 500; that is to say, only three duplicates out of eighteen.

The shortest of the two-shot holes is the 11th, or Sahara, copied from the 3d at Sandwich. The principle of this hole is one which may be used very frequently in different forms and disguises. A rough plan will explain better than words. The driver can risk as much of the bunker as he likes. If he goes straight on the hole he must carry 180 yards, and then he can reach the green or the edge of the green and has a good chance of a three. By playing more to the right he gets a carry of 160 yards only but cannot reach the green. Still, his approach is a short one and he has an easy four with a possible three. If he can only carry 130 yards or 120, he has to go still further to the right and has a long and difficult approach, so that the hole may cost him five strokes. In other words, courage and clean hitting are rewarded, while for the poorer player there is still a way around.

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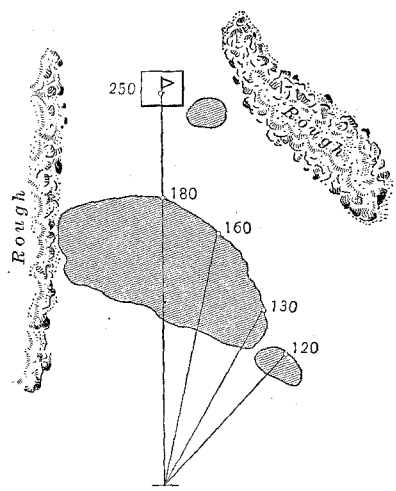
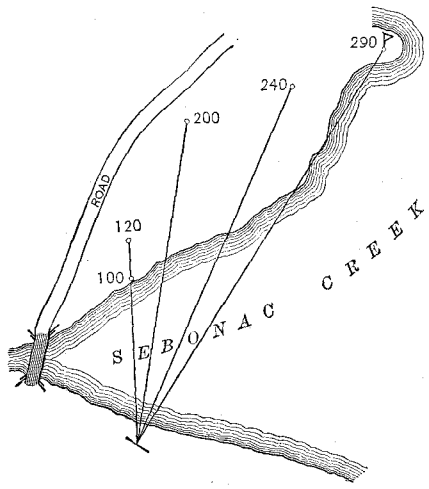
The same principle is applied at the 5th hole, which will be perhaps the most celebrated in the country. The actual distance from tee to flag is about 290 yards—one would have said the worst possible distance for a hole—but it works out beautifully. The hazard in this case is water. Here it is impossible quite to reach the green, but the fine driver if he likes to take a risk and go almost straight for the hole, may get within putting distance and so have a good chance for a three. But the least slice will carry his ball into Sebonac Creek; or if he fails to get 240 yards he will have a difficult little pitch shot onto the promontory. The man who can drive 200 yards may prefer to play fairly well to the left so as to be sure of



Eleventh. Sahara hole.

opening the hole; but then he has a long approach onto the promontory. Finally, the short driver can get across the water by playing well to the left and carrying less than 100 yards; but he has a long second to play and may easily take a five. In fact, the hole is either a three or a four or a five, according to the way the tee shot is played.

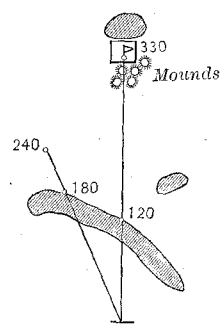
The principle of the "Dog's Hind Leg," as Old Tom Morris used to call it, is the underlying feature of most of the best holes. The 8th is another good example. Here the hole is about 330 yards long and the application is a little different. The long driver does not play straight on the hole but out to the left. If he can carry 180 yards, his second shot is an easy run-up to the flag, and he has a possible three and easy four. Or, if he cannot, owing to wind, carry that distance, he can carry, say, 150 yards and pull his ball so as to end up well to the left. Otherwise he has to play straight on the hole which is protected in



Fifth. Cape hole.

front by mounds and beyond by a bunker, so that his approach is extremely difficult. There is a bunker to the right about 180 yards from the tee to catch a sliced drive.

Another splendid example is the 9th hole; 480 yards with a gradual slope uphill all the way. The big driver can carry the bunker in a direct line and by so doing can practically get home in two, or so near



Eighth. Leven hole.

home as to have a good chance of a four. The poorer driver has to play more to the right, and then he is confronted with a big carry for his second if he wants to play straight on the hole. If he is afraid of it,

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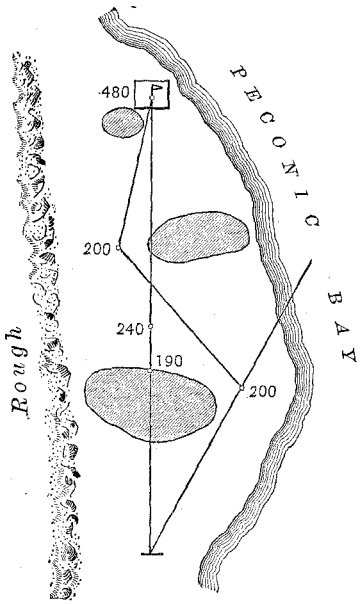
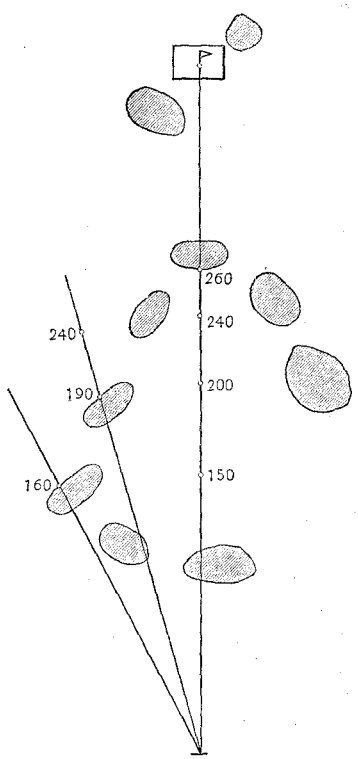
he must play his second ball to the left, making his third a long and very difficult approach. The green itself, by the way, standing on a bluff 60 feet above Peconic



Ninth hole.

Bay, rivals Point Garry at North Berwick for picturesqueness.

Then there is the two-shot hole where the big carry is on the second shot, like the 12th hole, which is taken from the Alps at Prestwick, and the 7th where the Punch Bowl green is protected by a very severe bunker across the front. In both cases the tee shot must be a long one in order to make it possible to carry the bunker with the second. Notice here that in each case there is a cross bunker which has to be carried. As a rule, bunkers going at right angles across the course are to be avoided, and the modern tendency is to leave them out altogether; in fact, the modern tendency is rather to omit all bunkers. It is always a mistake to go to extremes. Much depends on where the cross bunker is placed. Garden City is spoiled by the number of cross hazards which occur about 250 yards from the tee, just in the place to catch a very fine drive on a calm day. They really are bad hazards in every way, for they only catch very good drives or seconds which are so bad as to be hardly worth punishing. But put your cross bunker 320 yards, or 330 yards, from the tee, so that the actual distance of the carry is about 350, then matters are different. The best drive cannot reach the bunker, and you must hit a really fine second in order to carry it. There is no prettier shot in golf than a second played with a brassie over a bunker onto the green where the carry is considerable. Always remember that it is far more important to punish the indifferent or sloppy shots than the very bad ones. The very bad ones punish themselves through loss of distance. Neither of these fine two-shot holes is spoiled when the wind is against the player. The great beauty of the Alps Hole at Prestwick is that the middle part of the hole is so well bunkered that the second shot is always a diffi-



Seventeenth. Bottle-neck hole.

cult one, even when you have to play short of the final hazard. It is quite easy to leave yourself in such a position as to make it impossible to reach the green with the third. The Alps is never a bad hole in any wind.

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Home hole.

Lastly, there is the Bottle-neck hole. Here the principle is of a different nature and should not be used often. One Bottle-neck hole, however, is an excellent feature of a good course. In this hole the drive is up into a narrow space like the neck of a bottle—the further you go the more confined the space is. There are at least three ways of playing the hole. If you are a long driver and also very straight, you can drive right into the neck and then you have an approach of only 140 yards with the flag in view and an open course. If you are afraid of taking that chance, you can play short with an iron about 150 yards where the course is wide and still get home, but you have a very long second, with a good chance of being bunkered at the finish. Or again, if you are sure of a long carry, you can play to the left, carrying the bunkers at a distance of somewhere between 150 and 190 yards; but then you have to approach over a bunker.

Notice that the great charm about all these holes lies in the variety of play. There is nearly always an option to be exercised. The player must place his ball off the tee with reference to the second shot, and as a rule he can only get in the very best position if he is a long and accurate driver. But the player with less distance can still equalize matters on the second shot if he is capable of negotiating difficulties. And there should always be a way of safety even for the very short driver. A man should be punished badly, not for being a poor player, but for not playing up to his game. The National links will have no terrors for those who obey the first law of golf, which is to hit the ball in the middle of the club.

In placing your hazard remember that you cannot have too many bunkers around the putting greens. Indeed, it is difficult to have too many bunkers on any course where bunkers have to be made artificially. The abomination of most courses in this country is long grass. I believe that golf would be twice as popular in America today if long grass and bushes were absolutely abolished and the possibility of a lost ball practically eliminated. To prevent a topped ball running a great distance from the tee it is well to leave the grass two or three inches long for a distance of 100 yards or so from the tee. It should be just long enough to make the lie of the ball difficult, but not long enough to conceal it. In the same way, at the side of the fair green, the grass should be left rough but short. Side bunkers are better than long grass in any case, and if variety is needed

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a few patches of long grass may be left about the size of pot bunkers.

There are many other features about the National Links which will make the course famous; for example, the undulating putting greens, the absence of blind holes—nearly every tee commands a view of the entire length of the hole—and the size of the bunkers. But the main achievement is that a course has been produced where every hole is a good one and presents a new problem. That is something which has never yet been accomplished, even in Scotland; and in accomplishing it here, Mr. Macdonald has inaugurated a new era in golf. In future every golf club will have to conform to the new idea by making its course as good as nature will allow, and the benefit to the game will be incalculable.

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XVI

MY NEW LODGINGS

THE room I took when I left Mrs. Kale's was only a cupboard some nine feet by six in the little house I have mentioned; but it was spotlessly clean, like the kind-looking, stout, blue-eyed Teuton woman who, with skirt tucked up, came to the door when I applied for lodging, and, as the price was nearer my figure than any other I had seen, I closed with Mrs. Loewen and the afternoon I left Mrs. Kale's sent my trunk over in advance. It held the entire accumulation of my life. There was something about the place and the woman that attracted me. As poor as the house was, it was beyond the squalid quarter and well out in the edge of the city, with a bit of grass before it, and there were not only plants in the windows well cared for; but there was even a rose-bush beside the door making a feeble attempt to clamber over it with the aid of strings and straps carefully adjusted.

The only question my landlady asked me was whether I was a musician, and when I told her no, but that I was very fond of music, she appeared satisfied. Her husband, she said, was a drummer.

I asked if I might bring my dog, and she assented even to this.

When I bade good-bye to Mrs. Kale and my friends at the boarding-house, I was pleased at the real regret they showed at my leaving. Miss Pansy and Miss Pinky came down to the drawing-room in their "best" to say good-bye; Miss Pinky with her "scratch" quite straight. And Miss Pansy said if they ever went back home she hoped very much I would honor them by coming to see them, while Miss Pinky, with a more practical turn, hoped I would come and see them "there—and you may even bring your dog with you," she added, with what I knew was a proof of real friendship. I promised faithfully to come, for I was touched by the kindness of the two old ladies who, like myself, had slipped from the sphere in which they had belonged, and I was rather grim at the reflection that they had been brought there by others, while I had no one to blame but myself—a solemn fact I was just beginning to face.

When I walked out of the house I was in a rather low state of mind. I felt that it was the last day when I could make any pretension to being a gentleman. I had been slipping down, down, and now I was very near the bottom. So I wandered on in the street with Dix at my heels and my pistol in my pocket.

Just then a notice of a concert, placarded on a wall, caught my eye, and I gave myself a shake together as an unmitigated ass, and determined suddenly that I needed some amusement and that a better use for

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"To ply your old trade?" I asked.—Page 601.

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the pistol would be to sell it and go to the concert. I would, at least, be a gentleman once more, and then to-morrow I could start afresh. So I hunted up a pawnshop and raising from the villain who kept it a few dollars on my pistol, had a good supper and then went to the symphony. As it happened, I got one of the best seats in the house. It was a revelation to me—a revolution in my thoughts and feelings: the great audience, gay with silks and flowers and jewels, filling up all the space about and above me rising up to the very top of the vast auditorium. I did not have time at first to observe them, I only felt them; for just as I entered the Director came out and the audience applauded. It exhilarated me like wine; I felt as if it had been myself they were applauding. Then the music began: The "Tannhauser Overture." It caught me up and bore me away: knighthood, and glory, and love were all about me; the splendor of the contest; the struggle in which a false step, a cowardly weakness might fling away the world; the reward that awaited the victor, and the curse if he gave way, till I found myself dazzled, amazed, and borne down by the deluge of harmonious sound—and could do nothing but lie drifting at the mercy of the whelming tide, and watch, half-drowned, whatever object caught my eye. The first thing I took in was the tall old Drummer who towered above the great bank of dark bodies with swaying arms. Still and solemn he appeared out of the mist, and seemed like some landmark which I must hold on to if I would not be swept away. I held on to him and felt somehow as if he were the one to whom the Director looked—the centre of all the music and pomp and mystery, and I must keep him in sight.

I don't know much of what came on the programme after that; for I was waked by the storm of applause which followed and during the intermission I looked about at the audience around me. They filled the house from floor to roof; every seat was occupied, and the boxes looked like banks of flowers. All the faces were strange to me, though, and I was beginning to feel lonely again, and was turning to my old Drummer, when, sweeping the boxes, my eye fell on a girl who caught me at once. She was sitting a little forward looking across toward the orchestra with so serious an expression on her lovely face that I felt drawn to her even before I took in that she was the girl I had seen on the train and whom I had handed into her carriage. As I gazed at her this came to me—and with it such a warm feeling about my heart as I had not had in a long time. I looked at the men about her, one of whom was the clergyman, Dr. Capon, and the next instant all my blood was boiling; there, bending down over her, talking into her ear, so close to her that she had to sit forward to escape his polluting touch, was the gambler whom I had heard say not three weeks before that every American girl was open to a proposal from him. I don't know really what happened after that. I only remember wishing I had my pistol back—and being glad that I had pawned it, not sold it; for I made up my mind anew in that theatre that night to live and succeed, and preserve that girl from that adventurer. When the concert was over I watched the direction they took, and made my way through the crowd to the exit by which they would go into the foyer. There I waited and presently they came along. She was surrounded by a little party and was laughing heartily over something one of them had just said, and was looking, in the rich pink wrap which enveloped her, like a rich pink rosebud. I was gazing at her intently, and caught her eye, and no doubt struck by my look of recognition, she bowed. She had not really thought of me, she was still thinking of what had been said, and it was only a casual bow to some one in a crowd who knows you and catches your eye; but it was a bow, and it was a smiling one, but again that warm feeling surged about my heart which had come when I met her on the street. The next second that fellow came along. He was taller than most of the crowd, and well dressed, was really a handsome enough fellow but for his cold eyes and hard look. The eyes were too bold and the chin not bold enough. He was walking beside a large, blondish girl with shallow blue eyes, who appeared much pleased with herself or with him, but at the moment he was bowing his adieux to her while she was manifestly trying to hold on to him.

"I don't think you are nice a bit," I heard her say, petulantly, as they came

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up to me. "You have not taken the least notice of me to-night."

This he evidently repudiated, for she pouted and smiled up at him. "Well, then, I'll excuse you this time, but you needn't be running after her. She wont——"

I did not hear the rest. I was thinking of the girl before me.

He was looking over the heads of the people before him, and the next moment was elbowing his way to overtake my young lady. Close to him in the crowd, as he came on, stood Mrs. Starling's daughter, painted, and in her best finery, and I saw her imploring eyes fastened on him eagerly. He glanced at her and she bowed with a gratified light dawning in her face. I saw his face harden. He cut her dead. Poor girl! I saw her pain and the look of disappointment as she furtively followed him with her eyes. He pushed on after my young lady. But I was ahead of him. Just before he reached her, I slipped in and when he attempted to push by I stood firm before him.

"Beg pardon," he said, trying to put me aside to step ahead of me. I turned my head and looked him in the face.

"I beg *your* pardon."

"Oh!" he said. "How do? Let me by."

"To ply your old trade?" I asked, looking into his eyes, over my shoulder.

"Ah!" I saw the rage come into his face and he swore some foreign oath. He put his hand on my shoulder to push me aside; but I half turned and looked him straight in the eyes and his grasp relaxed. He had felt my grip once—and he knew I was not afraid of him, and thought I was a fool. And his hand fell.

I walked in front of him and kept him back until the party with my young lady in it had passed quite out of the door, and then I let him by. For that evening, at least, I had protected her.

I walked to my lodging with a feeling of more content than I had had in a long time. My heart had a home though I had none. It was as if the shell in which I had been cramped so long were broken and I should at last step out into a new world. I had a definite aim, and one higher than I ever had had before. I was in love with that girl and I made up my mind to win her. As I walked along through the gradually emptying streets my old professor's words came to me. They had been verified. I reviewed my past life and saw as clearly as if in a mirror my failures and false steps. I had moped and sulked with the world; I had sat in my cubby hole of an office with all my talents as deeply buried as if I had been under the mounds of Troy, and had expected men to unearth me as though I had been treasure.

It may appear to some that I exaggerated my feeling for a girl whom I scarcely knew at all. But love is the least conventional of passions; his victory the most unexpected and unaccountable. He may steal into the heart like a thief or burst in like a robber. The zephyr is not so wooing, the hurricane not so furious. Samson and Hercules lose their strength in his presence and, shorn of their power, surrender at discretion. Mightier than Achilles, wilier than Ulysses, he leads them both captive, and, behind them in his train, the long line of captains whom Petrarch has catalogued as his helpless slaves. Why should it then be thought strange that a poor, weak, foolish, lonely young man should fall before him at his first onset! I confess, I thought it foolish, and yet so weak was I that I welcomed the arrow that pierced my heart, and as I sauntered homeward through the emptying streets, I hugged to my breast the joy that I loved once more.

As I was on the point of ringing the door-bell there was a heavy step behind me, and there was my old Drummer coming along. He turned in at the little gate. And I explained that I was his new lodger and had been to hear him play.

"Ah! You mean to hear the orchestra?"

"No, I don't. I meant, to hear you—I went to the concert, but I enjoyed you most."

"Ah!" he chuckled at the flattery, and let me in, and taking a survey of me, invited me to come and have a bit of supper with him, which I accepted. His wife came in and waited on us, and he told her what I had said, with pleasure, and she laughed over it and rallied him and accepted it, and accepted me instantly as an old friend. It gave me a new feeling.

A few minutes later there was another arrival. A knock on the street door, and the mother smiling and winking at her husband, went and let in the new comers:

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a plump, round-cheeked girl, the mingled likeness of her two parents, with red cheeks, blue eyes, smooth flaxen hair and that heifer-like look of shyness and content which Teuton maidens have, and behind her a strapping looking young fellow with powerful shoulders, and a neck cased in a net of muscles, a clear pink skin and blue eyes, and with a roll in his gait partly the effect of his iron muscles and partly of mere bashfulness. I was introduced and the first thing the mother did was to repeat delightedly the compliment I had paid the father. It had gone home, and the simple way the white teeth shone around that little circle and the pride the whole family took in this poor bit of praise, told their simplicity and warmed my heart. The father and mother were evidently pleased with their daughter's young man—for the mother constantly rallied the daughter about Otto and Otto about her, drawing the father in with sly looks and knowing tosses of her head, and occasionally glancing at me to see if I too took in the situation. Although I did not yet know a word of their language, I could understand perfectly what she was saying, and I never passed an evening that gave me a better idea of family happiness, or greater satisfaction. When I went up to my little room I seemed, somehow, to have gotten into a world of reality and content: a new world.

I awaked in a new world—the one I had reached the night before: the land of hope and content—and when I came down stairs I was as fresh as a shriven soul, and I walked out into the street with Dix at my heel, as though I owned the earth.

The morning was as perfect as though God had just created light. The sky was as blue and the atmosphere as clear as though the rain that had fallen had washed away with the smoke all impurity whatsoever, and scoured the floor of Heaven afresh.

Elsa, with her chequered skirt turned back and a white apron about her comely figure, was singing as she polished the outer steps, before going to her work in a box factory, and the sun was shining upon her bare head with its smooth hair, and upon the little rose-bush by the door, turning the rain-drops that still hung on it into jewels. She stopped and petted Dix, who had followed me down stairs, and Dix, who, like his master, loved to be petted by a pretty woman, laid back his ears and rubbed his head against her. And, an hour later, a group of little muddy boys with their books in their hands had been beguiled by a broad puddle on their way to school and were wading in the mud and laughing over the spatters and splotches they were getting on their clothes and ruddy faces. As I watched them, one who had been squeezed out of the fun and stood on the sidewalk looking on and laughing, suddenly seized with fear or envy, shouted that if they did "not come on, Mith Thelly would keep them in"; and, stricken with a sudden panic, the whole little flock of sand-pipers started off and ran as hard as their dumpy legs would carry them around the corner. I seemed to be emancipated.

I made my breakfast on a one-cent loaf of bread, taking a little street which, even in that section, was a back street, to eat it in, and for butter amused myself watching a lot of little children (among the last of whom I recognized my muddy boys, who must have found another puddle) lagging in at the door of a small old frame building, which I knew must be their school, though I could not understand why it should be in such a shanty when all the public schools I had seen were the most palatial structures.

I took the trouble to go by that day and look at the house on the corner. It was as sunny as ever.

XVII

ENTER PECK

It happened that the building in which I had taken an office bore a somewhat questionable reputation. I had selected it because it was cheap, and it was too late when I discovered its character. I had no money to move. The lawyers in it were a nondescript lot—criminal practitioners, straw-bail givers, haunters of police courts, etc.; and the other occupants were as bad—adventurers with wild-cat schemes, cranks, visionaries with fads, frauds, gamblers, and thieves in one field or another, with doubtless a good sprinkling of honest men among them.

It was an old building and rather out of

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the line of the best growth of the city, but in a convenient and crowded section. The lower floor was occupied with pawn shops and ticket-scalpers' offices, on the street; and at the back, in a sort of annex on an alley, was a saloon known as Mick Raffity's; the owner being a solid, double-jointed son of Erin, with blue eyes as keen as tacks; and over this saloon was the gambling house where I had been saved by finding Pushkin.

On the second floor, the best offices were a suite occupied by a lawyer named McSheen, whom I had also seen in the gambling house, and whom I was to come to know very well.

Coll McSheen was a person of considerable distinction, after its own kind, as was the shark created with other fish of the sea after its kind: a lawyer of unusual shrewdness, a keen political boss, and a successful business man. He occupied a large suite of offices in the building in which I had rented a cubby-hole looking out on a narrow well opposite the rear room of his suite.

McSheen was a large, brawny man, with a broad face, a big nose, blue eyes, grizzled black hair, a tight mouth and a coarse fist. He would have turned the scales at two hundred, and he walked with a step as light as a sick-nurse's. The first time I ever saw him was when I ran into him suddenly in a winding, unswept back stairway that came down on an alley from the floor below mine and was used mainly by those in a hurry, and I was conscious even in the dim light that he gave me a look of great keenness. As he appeared in a hurry I gave way to him, with a "Beg pardon" for my unintentional jostle, to which he made no reply except a grunt. I, however, took a good look at him as he passed along under a street lamp, with his firm yet noiseless step—as noiseless as a cat's—and the heavy neck and bulk gave me a sense of his brute strength, which I never lost afterward. I soon came to know that he was a successful jury-lawyer with a gift of eloquence, and a knack of insinuation, and that he was among the most potent of the political bosses of the city, with a power of manipulation unequalled by any politician in the community. He had good manners and a ready smile. He was the attorney or legal agent for a number of wealthy concerns, among them the Argand estate, and had amassed a fortune. He was also "the legal adviser" of one of the afternoon papers, the *Courier*, in which, as I learned later, he held, though it was not generally known, a large and potent interest. He was now looming up as the chief candidate of the popular party for Mayor, an office which he expected to secure a few months later. He was interested in a part of the street-car system of the city, that part in which "the Argand estate" held the controlling interest, and which was, to some extent, the rival system of that known as the "West Line," in which Mr. Leigh held a large interest. I mention these facts because detached as they appear, they have a strong bearing on my subsequent relation to McSheen, and a certain bearing on my whole future.

My first real meeting with him gave me an impression of him which I was never able to divest myself of. I was in my little dark cupboard of an office very lonely and reading hard to keep my mind occupied with some other subject than myself, when the door half opened quietly, with or without a preliminary knock I never could tell which, and a large man insinuated himself in at it and, after one keen look, smiled at me. I recalled afterward how catlike his entrance was. But at the moment I was occupied in gauging him. Still smiling he moved noiselessly around and took his stand with his back to the one window.

"You are Mr. Glave?" he smiled. "Glad to see you." He had not quite gotten rid of the interrogation.

I expressed my appreciation of his good will and with, I felt, even more sincerity than his; for I was glad to see any one.

"Always glad to see young lawyers—specially bright ones." Here I smiled with pleasure that he should so admirably have "sized me up," as the saying goes.

"You are a lawyer also?" I hazarded.

"Yes. Yes. I see you are studious. I always like that in a young man—gives him breadth—scope."

I assented and explained that I had been in politics a little also, all of which he appeared to think in my favor. And so it went on till he knew nearly all about me. In fact, I became quite communicative. It had been so long since I had had a lawyer to talk with. I found him to be a remarkably well-informed man, and with

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agreeable rather insinuating manners. He knew something of books too, and he made, I could not tell whether consciously or unconsciously, a number of literary allusions. One of them I recall. It was a Spanish proverb, he said—"The judge is a a big man, but give your presents to the clerk."

"Well, you'll do well here if you start right. The tortoise beats the hare, you know—every time—ev-ery time."

I started, so apt was the allusion. I wondered if he could ever have known Peck.

"Yes, I know that. That's what I mean to do," I said.

"Get in with the right sort of folks, then when there's any sweeping done you'll be on the side of the handle," he was moving around toward the door and was looking out of the window reflecting.

"I have a letter to a gentleman named Leigh," I said.

"Ah!"

I turned and glanced at him casually and was struck with the singular change that had come over his face. It was as if he had suddenly drawn a fine mask over it. His eyes were calmly fixed on me, yet I could hardly have said that they saw me. His countenance was absolutely expressionless. I have seen the same detached look in a big cat's eyes as he gazed through his bars and through the crowd before him to the far jungle, ocean spaces away. It gave me a sudden shiver and I may have shown that I was startled, but as I looked, the mask disappeared before my eyes and he was smiling as before.

"Got a pretty daughter?" he said with a manner which offended me, I could hardly tell why.

"I believe so; but I do not know her." I was angry with myself for blushing, and it was plain that he saw it and did not believe me.

"You know a man 't calls himself Count Pushkin?"

"Yes, I know him."

"He knows her and she knows him."

"Does she? I know nothing about that."

"Kind o' makin' a set for him, they say?"

"Is she? I hardly think it likely, if she knows him," I said coldly. I wondered with what malignant intuition he had read my thoughts.

"Oh! A good many people do that. They like the sound. It gives 'em power."

"Power!"

"Yes. Power's a pretty good thing to have. You can—" He looked out of the window and licked his lips in a sort of reverie. He suddenly opened and closed his hand with a gesture of crushing. And still smiling, with a farewell nod, he noiselessly withdrew and closed the door.

When he was gone I was conscious of a feeling of intense relief, and also of intense antagonism—a feeling I had never had for but one man before—Peck: a feeling which I never got rid of.

One evening a little later I missed Dix. He usually came home even when he strayed off, which was not often, unless as happened he went with Elsa, for whom he had conceived a great fondness, and who loved and petted him in return. It had come to be a great bond between the girl and me, and I think the whole family liked me the better for the dog's love of the daughter. But this evening he did not appear; he was not with Elsa, and in consequence I spent an unhappy night. All sorts of visions floated before my mind, from the prize-ring to the vivisection table. I rather inclined to the former; for I knew his powerful chest and loins and his scarred shoulders would commend him to the fancy. I thought I remembered that he had gone out of my office just before I left and had gone down the steps from my office which led to the alley I have mentioned. This he sometimes did. I recalled that I was thinking of Miss Eleanor Leigh and had not seen or thought of him between the office and my home.

I was so disturbed about him by bedtime that I went out to hunt for him and returned to my office by the same street I had walked through in the afternoon. When I reached the building in which my office was, I turned into the alley I have mentioned and went up the back stairway. It was now after midnight and it was as black as pitch. When I reached my office, thinking that I might by a bare possibility have locked him in, I opened the door and walked in, closing it softly behind me. The window looked out on the well left for light and air, and was open, and as I opened the door a light was reflected through the window on my wall. I stepped up to close the

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window and, accidentally looking across the narrow well to see where the light came from, discovered that it was in the back office of Coll McSheen, in which were seated Mr. McSheen and the sour-looking man I had seen on the train with the silk hat and the paste diamond studs, and of all persons in the world, Peck! The name Leigh caught my ear and I involuntarily stopped without being aware that I was listening. As I looked the door opened and a man I recognized as the janitor of the building entered and with him a negro waiter, bearing two bottles of champagne and three glasses. For a moment I felt as though I had been dreaming. For the negro was Jeams. I saw the recognition between him and Peck and Jeams's white teeth shone as Peck talked about him. I heard him say:

"No, suh, I don' know nuthin' 't all about him. Ise got to look out for myself. Yes, suh, got a good place an' I'm gwine to keep it!"

He had opened the bottles and poured out the wine, and McSheen gave him a note big enough to make him bow very low and thank him volubly. When he had withdrawn Peck said:

"You've got to look out for that rascal. He's an awfully smart scoundrel."

"Oh! I'll own him, body and soul," said McSheen.

"I wouldn't have him around me."

"Don't worry—he won't fool me. If he does—" He opened and closed his fist with the gesture I had seen him use the first day he paid me a visit.

"Well, let's to business," he said when they had drained their glasses. He looked at the other men. "What do you say Wringman?"

"You pay me the money and I'll bring the strike all right," said the Labor-leader, "and I'll deliver the vote, too. In ten days there won't be a wheel turning on his road. I'll order every man out that wears a West Line cap or handles a West Line tool."

The "West Line"! This was what the street-car line was called which ran out into the poor section of the city where I lived, which Mr. Leigh controlled.

"That's all right. I'll keep my part. D——n him! I want to break him. I'll show him who runs this town."

"That's it," said Peck, leaning forward. "It's your road or his. That's the way I figure it." He rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "I am with you, my friends. You can count on the Poole interest backing you."

"You'll keep the police off?" said the Labor-leader.

"Will I? Watch 'em!" McSheen poured out another glass, and offered the bottle to Peck, who declined it.

"Then it's all right. Well, you'd better make a cash payment down at the start," said the Labor-leader.

McSheen swore. "Do you think I have a bank in my office, or am a faro dealer, that I can put up a pile like that at midnight? Besides, I've always heard there're two bad paymasters—the one that don't pay at all and the one 't pays in advance. You deliver the goods."

"Oh! Come off," said the other. "If you ain't a faro dealer, you know 'em d——d well—you own a bank—and you've a barkeeper. Mick's got it down-stairs, if you ain't. So shut up, or you'll want money sure enough."

McSheen rose and at that moment I became aware of the impropriety of what I was doing, for I had been absolutely absorbed watching Peck, and I moved back. At the sound the light was instantly extinguished and I left my office and hurried down the stairs, wondering when the blow was to fall.

The afternoon following my surprise of the conference in McSheen's back room, there was a knock at my door and Peck walked into my office. He appeared really glad to see me and was so cordial that I almost forgot my first feeling of shame that he should find me in such manifestly straitened circumstances, especially as he began to talk vaguely of a large case he had come out to look after, and I thought he was on the verge of asking me to represent his client.

"You know we own considerable interests out here both in the surface lines and in the P. D. & B. D.," he said airily.

"No, I did not know you did. I remember that Mr. Poole once talked to me about some outstanding interests in the P. D. & B. D., and I made some little investigation at the time; but he never employed me."

"Yes, that's a part of the interests I speak of. Mr. Poole is a very careful man."

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"Very. Well, you see I have learned my lesson. I have learned economy at least," I laughed in reply to his question of how I was getting along in my new home.

"A very important lesson to learn," he said sententiously. "I am glad I learned it early." He was so smug that I could not help saying,

"You were always economical?"

"Yes, I hope so. I always mean to be. You get much work?"

"No, not much—yet; still, you know, I always had a knack of getting business," I said. "My trouble was I used to disdain small things and I let others attend to them. I know better than that now. I don't think I have any right to complain."

"Oh—I suppose you have to put in night work, too, then?" he added, after a pause.

This then was the meaning of his call. He wished to know whether I had seen him in Coll McSheen's office the night before. He had delivered himself into my hands. So, I answered lightly.

"Oh! yes, sometimes."

I had led him up to the point and I knew now he was afraid to take a step further. He sheered off.

"Well, tell me something," he said, "if you don't mind. Do you know Mr. Leigh?"

"What Mr. Leigh?"

"Mr. Walter Leigh, the banker?"

"I don't mind telling you at all that I do not."

"Oh!"

I thought he was going to offer me a case; but Peck was economical. He already had one lawyer.

"I had a letter of introduction to him from Mr. Poole," I said. "But you can say to Mr. Poole that I never presented it."

"Oh! Ah! Well—I'll tell him."

"Do."

"Do you know Mr. McSheen?"

I nodded "Yes."

"Do you know him well?"

"Does any one know him well?" I parried.

"He has an office in this building?"

I could not, for the life of me, tell whether this was an affirmation or a question. So, I merely nodded, which answered in either case. But, I was pining to say to him, "Peck, why don't you come out with it and ask me plainly what I know of your conference the other night?" However, I did not. I had learned to play a close game.

"Oh! I saw your nigger, Jeams—ah—the other day."

"Did you? Where is he?" I wanted to find him and asked innocently enough.

"Back at home."

"How is he getting on?"

"Pretty well, I believe. He's a big rascal."

"Yes, but a pleasant one."

Peck suddenly rose, "Well, I must be going. I have an engagement which I must keep." At the door he paused. "By the way, Mrs. Peck begged to be remembered to you."

He had a way of blinking, like a terrapin—slowly. He did so now.

He did not mean his tone to be insolent—only to be insolent himself—but it was.

"I'm very much obliged to her. Remember me kindly to her."

That afternoon I strolled out, hoping to get a glimpse of Miss Leigh. I did so, but Peck was riding in a carriage with her and her father. So he won the last trick, after all. But the rubber was not over. I was glad that they did not see me, and I returned to my office filled with rage and determined to insult Peck the first chance I should have.

That night the weather changed and it turned off cold. I remember it from a small circumstance. The wind appeared to me to have shifted when Miss Leigh's carriage drove out of sight with Peck in it. I went home and had bad dreams. What was Peck doing with the Leighs? Could I have been mistaken in thinking he and McSheen had been talking of Mr. Leigh in their conference? For some time there had been trouble on the street-car lines of the city and a number of small strikes had taken place on a system of lines running across the city and to some extent in competition with the West Line, which Mr. Leigh had an interest in. According to the press the West Line, which ran out into a new section, was growing while the other line was falling back. Could it be that McSheen was endeavoring to secure possession of the West Line? What should I do under the circumstances? Would Peck tell Miss Leigh any lies about me? All these things pestered me and with the loss of Dix kept me awake.

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In my walk through the poorer quarter on my way to my office I used to see a great deal of the children and it struck me that one of the saddest effects of poverty—the dire poverty of the slum—was the debasement of the children. Cruelty appears to be the natural instinct of the young as they begin to gain strength. But among the well-to-do and the well-brought-up of all classes it is kept in abeyance and is trained out. But in the class I speak of at a certain age it appears to flower out into absolute brutality. It was the chief drawback to my sojourn in this quarter, for I am very fond of children. To avoid the ruder element, I used to walk of a morning through the little back street where I had discovered that morning the little school for very small children, and I made the acquaintance of a number of the children who attended the school. One little girl in particular interested me. She was the poorest clad of any, but her cheeks were like apples and her chubby little wrists were the worst chapped of all; and with her sometimes was a little crippled girl, who walked with a crutch, whom she generally led by the hand in the most motherly way, so small that it was a wonder how she could walk, much more study.

My little girls and I got to that point of intimacy where they would talk to me, and Dix made friends with them and used to walk beside them as we went along.

The older girl's first name was Janet, but she spoke with a lisp and I could not make out her name with certainty. Her father had been in a shop, she said, but now was a driver, and her teacher was "Mith Thellen." The little cripple's name was Sissy—Sissy Talman. This was all the information I could get out of her. "Mith Thellen" was evidently her goddess.

On the cool, crisp morning after the turn in the weather, I started out rather earlier than usual, intending to hunt for Dix and also to hunt up Jeams. I bought a copy of the *Courier* and was astonished to read an account of trouble among the employes of the West Line, for I had not seen the least sign of it. The piece went on further to intimate that Mr. Leigh had been much embarrassed by his extension of his line out into a thinly populated district and that a strike, which was quite sure to come, might prove very disastrous to him. I somehow felt very angry at the reference to Mr. Leigh and was furious with myself for having written for the *Courier*. I walked around through the street where the school was, though without any definite idea whatever as it was too early for the children. As I passed by the school, the door was wide open and I stopped and looked in. The fire was not yet made. The stove was open; the door of the cellar, opening outside, was also open and at the moment a young woman—the teacher or some one else—was backing up the steps out of the cellar lugging a heavy coal-scuttle. One hand, and a very small one was supporting her against the side of the wall helping her push herself up. I stepped forward with a vague pity for any woman having to lift such a weight.

"Won't you let me help you?" I asked.

"Thank you, I believe I can manage it." And she pulled the scuttle to the top, where she planted it, and turned with quite an air of triumph. It was she! my young lady of the sunny house: Miss Leigh! I had not recognized her at all. Her face was all aglow and her eyes were filled with light at a difficulty overcome. I do not know what my face showed; but unless it expressed conflicting emotions, it belied my feelings. I was equally astonished, delighted and embarrassed. I hastened to say something which might put her at her ease and at the same time prove a plea for myself, and open the way to further conversation.

"I was on my way to my law-office, and seeing a lady struggling with so heavy a burden, I had hoped I might have the privilege of assisting her as I should want any other gentleman to do to my sister in a similar case." I meant if I had had a sister.

She thanked me calmly; in fact, very calmly.

"I do it every morning; but this morning, as it is the first cold weather, I piled it a little too high; that is all." She looked toward the door and made a movement.

I wanted to say I would gladly come and lift it for her every morning; that I could carry all her burdens for her. But I was almost afraid even to ask permission again to carry it that morning. As, however, she had given me a peg, I seized it.

"Well, at least, let me carry it this morning," I said, and without waiting for

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an answer or even venturing to look at her, I caught up the bucket and swung it into the house, when seeing the sticks all laid in the stove, and wishing to do her further service, without asking her anything more I poured half the scuttleful into the stove.

"I used to be able to make a fire, when I lived in my old home," I said tentatively; then as I saw a smile coming into her face, I added: "But I'm afraid to try an exhibition of my skill after such boasting," and without waiting further, I backed out, bringing with me only a confused apparition of an angel lifting a coal-scuttle.

I do not remember how I reached my office that day, whether I walked the stone pavements through the prosaic streets or trod on rosy clouds. There were no prosaic streets for me that day. I wondered if the article I had seen in the paper had any foundation. Could Mr. Leigh have lost his fortune? Was this the reason she taught school? I had observed how simply she was dressed, and I thrilled to think that I might be able to rescue her from this drudgery.

The beggars who crossed my path that morning were fortunate. I gave them all my change, even relieving the necessities of several thirsty imposters who beset my way, declaring with unblushing faces that they had not had a mouthful for days.

I walked past the little school-house that night and lingered at the closed gate, finding a charm in the spot. The little plain house had suddenly become a shrine. It seemed as if she might be hovering near.

The next morning I passed through the same street, and peeped in at the open door. There she was, bending over the open stove in which she had already lighted her fire, little knowing of the flame she had kindled in my heart. How I cursed myself for being too late to meet her. And yet, perhaps, I should have been afraid to speak to her; for as she turned toward the door, I started on with pumping heart in quite a fright lest she should detect me looking in.

I walked by her old home Sunday afternoon. Flowers bloomed at the windows. As I was turning away, Count Pushkin came out of the door and down the steps. As he turned away from the step his habitual simper changed into a scowl; and a furious joy came into my heart. Something had gone wrong with him within there. I wished I had been near enough to have crossed his path and to have smiled in his face; but I was too distant, and he passed with clenched fist and black brow.

After this my regular walk was through the street of the baby-school, and when I was so fortunate as to meet Miss Leigh she bowed and smiled to me though only as a passing acquaintance, whilst I on my part began to plan how I should secure an introduction to her. Her smile was sunshine enough for a day, but I wanted the right to bask in it and I meant to devise a plan. It came in an unexpected way, and through the last person I should have imagined as my sponsor.

XVIII

MY FIRST CLIENT

I HUNTED for Dix all day, but without success, and was so busy about it that I did not have time to begin my search for Jeams. That evening, as it was raining hard, I treated myself to the unwonted luxury of a ride home on a street-car. The streets were greasy with a thick, black paste of mud, and the smoke was down on our heads in a dark slop. Like Petrarch, my thoughts were on Laura, and I was repining at the rain mainly because it prevented the possibility of a glimpse of her on the street: a chance I was ever on the watch for.

I boarded an open car just after it started and just before it ran through a short subway. The next moment a man who had run after the car sprang on the step beside me, and, losing his footing, he would probably have fallen and been crushed between the car and the edge of the tunnel, which we at that moment were entering, had I not had the good fortune, being on the outer seat, to catch him and hold him up. Even as it was, his coat was torn and my elbow was badly bruised against the pillar at the entrance. I, however, pulled him over across my knees and held him until we had gone through the subway, when I made room for him on the seat beside me.

"That was a close call, my friend," I said. "Don't try that sort of thing too often."

"It was, indeed—the closest I ever had, and I have had some pretty close ones

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before. If you had not caught me," he said, "I would have been in the morgue to-morrow morning."

This I rather repudiated, but as the sequel showed, the idea appeared to have become fixed in his mind. We had some little talk together and I discovered that, like myself, he had come out West to better his fortune, and as he was dressed very plainly, I assumed that, like myself, he had fallen on rather hard times, and I expressed sympathy.

"You know Mr. McSheen?" he asked irrelevantly.

"Yes—slightly. I have an office in the same building."

I wondered how he knew that I knew him.

"Yes. Well, you want to look out for him. Don't let him fool you. He's deep. What's that running down your sleeve? Why, it's blood! Where did it come from?" He looked much concerned.

"From my arm, I reckon. I hurt it a little back there, but it is nothing."

He refused to be satisfied with my explanation and insisted strongly on my getting off and going with him to see a doctor. I laughed at the idea.

"Why, I haven't any money to pay a doctor," I said.

"It won't cost you a cent. He is a friend of mine and as good a surgeon as any in the city. He's straight—knows his business. You come along."

So, finding that my sleeve was quite soaked with blood, I yielded and went with him to the office of his friend, a young doctor named Traumer, who lived in a part of the town bordering on the working people's section, which, fortunately, was not far from where we got off the car. Also, fortunately, we found him at home. He was a slim young fellow with a quiet, self-assured manner and a clean-cut face, lighted by a pair of frank blue eyes.

"Doc," said my conductor, "here's a friend of mine who wants a little patching up."

"That's the way with most friends of yours, Bill," said the doctor, who had given me a single keen look. "What's the matter with him? Shot? Or have the pickets been after him?"

"No, he's got his arm smashed saving a man's life."

"What! Well, let's have a look at it. He doesn't look very bad." He helped me off with my coat and as he glanced at the sleeve, gave a little exclamation.

"Hello!"

"Whose life did he save?" he asked, as he was binding up the arm. "That's partly a mash."

"Mine."

"Oh! I see." He went to work and soon had me bandaged up. "Well, he's all right now. What were you doing?" he asked as he put on the last touches.

"Jumping on a car."

"Ah!" The doctor was manifestly amused. "You observe that our friend is laconic," he said to me.

"What's that?" asked the other. "Don't prejudice him against me. He don't know anything against me yet—and that's more than some folks can say."

"Who was on that car that you were following?" asked the doctor, with a side glance at my friend. The latter did not change his expression a particle.

"Doc, did you ever hear what the parrot said to herself after she had sicked the dog on and the dog not seeing anything but her, jumped on her?"

"No—what?"

"'Polly, you talk too d——d much.'"

The doctor chuckled and changed the subject. "What's your labor-friend, Wringman, doing now?"

"Same old thing—dodging work."

"He seems to me to work other people pretty well."

The other nodded acquiescingly.

"He's on a new line now. McSheen's got him. Yes, he has," as the doctor looked incredulous.

"What's he after? Who's he working for?"

"Same person—Coll McSheen. Pretty busy, too. Mr. Glave there knows him already."

"Glave!—Glave!" repeated the doctor. "Where did I hear your name? Oh, yes! Do you know a preacher named John Marvel!"

"John Marvel! Why, yes. I went to college with him. I knew him well."

"You knew a good man then."

"He is that," said the other promptly. "If there were more like him I'd be out of a job."

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"You know Miss Leigh, too?"

"What Miss Leigh?" My heart warmed at the name and I forgot all about Marvel. How did he know that I knew her?

"Miss Eleanor Leigh, 'the Angel of the Lost Children.'"

"'The Angel—'? Slightly." My heart was now quite warm. "Who called her so?"

"She said she knew you. I look after some of her friends for her."

"Who called her the 'Angel of the Lost Children'?"

"A friend of mine—Leo Wolffert, who works in the slums—a writer."

"Leo Wolffert! Do you know him?"

"I guess we all know him, don't we, Doc?" put in the other man.

"Rather."

"And the Angel, too—she's a good one, too," he added.

I was so much interested in this part of the conversation that I forgot at the moment to ask the doctor where he had known John Marvel and Wolffert.

I, however, asked him what I owed him, and he replied,

"Not a cent. Any of Langton's friends here or John Marvel's friends, or (after a pause) Miss Leigh's friends may command me. I am only too glad to be able to serve them. It's the only way I can help."

"That's what I told him," said my friend, whose name I heard for the first time. "I told him you weren't one of these Jew doctors that appraise a man as soon as he puts his nose in the door and skin him clean."

"I am a Jew, but I hope I am not one of that kind."

"No; but there are plenty of 'em."

I came away feeling that I had made two friends well worth making.

When I parted from my friend he took out of his pocket-book a card. "For my friends," he said, as he handed it to me. When I got to the light I read this name:

"Wm. Langton, Private Detective."

It was not until long afterwards that I knew that the man he was following when he sprang on the car and I saved him was myself, and that I owed the attention first to my kinsman, and secondly to Mr. Leigh, to whom Peck had given a rather sad account of me.

I called on my new friend, Langton, earlier than he had expected. In my distress about Dix I consulted my friend the very next day and he undertook to get him back. I told him I had not a cent to pay him with at present, but some day I should have it and then——

"You'll never owe me a cent as long as you live," he said. "Besides, I'd like to find that dog. I remember him. He's a good one. You say you used the back stairway at times, opening on the alley near Mick Raffity's?"

"Yes."

He looked away out of the window with a placid expression.

"I wouldn't go down that way too often at night," he said promptly.

"Why?"

"Oh! I don't know. You might stumble and break your neck. One or two men have done it."

"Oh! I'll be careful," I laughed. "I'm pretty sure-footed."

"You need to be—there. You say your dog's a good fighter?"

"He's a paladin. Can whip any dog I ever saw. I never fought him, but I had a negro boy who used to take him off till I stopped him."

"Well, I'll find him—that is, I'll find where he went."

I thanked him and strolled over across town to try to get a glimpse of the "Angel of the Lost Children." I saw her in a carriage with another young girl, and as I gazed at her she suddenly turned her eyes and looked straight at me, quite as if she had expected to see me, and the smile she gave me, though only that which a pleasant thought wings, lighted my heart for a week.

A day or two later my detective friend dropped into my office.

"Well, I have found him." His face showed that placid expression which, with him, meant deep satisfaction. "The police have him—are holding him in a case, but you can identify and get him. He was in the hands of a negro dog-stealer and they got him in a raid. They pulled one of the toughest joints in town when there was a fight going on and pinched a full load. The nigger was among them. He put up a pretty stiff fight and they had to hammer him good before they quieted him. He'll go down for ninety days sure. He was a fighter, they said."

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"I'm glad they hammered him—you're sure it's Dix?"

"Sure; he claimed the dog; said he'd raised him. But it didn't go. I knew he'd stolen him because he said he knew you."

"Knew me—a negro? What did he say his name was?"

"They told me—let me see—Professor Jeams—something."

"Not Woodson?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Well, for once in his life he told the truth. He sold me the dog. You say he's in jail? I must go and get him out."

"You'll find it hard work. Fighting the police is a serious crime in this city. A man had better steal, rob, or kill anybody else than fight an officer."

"Who has most pull down there?"

"Well, Coll McSheen has considerable. He runs the police. He may be next Mayor."

I determined, of course, to go at once and see what I could do to get Jeams out of his trouble. I found him in the common ward among the toughest criminals in the jail—a massive and forbidding looking structure—to get into which appeared for a time almost as difficult as to get out. But on expressing my wish to be accorded an interview with him, I was referred from one official to another, until, with my back to the wall, I came to a heavy, bloated, ill-looking creature who went by the name of Sergeant Byle. I preferred my request to him. I might as well have undertaken to argue with the stone images which were rudely carved as Caryatides beside the entrance. He simply puffed his big black cigar in silence, shook his head and looked away from me; and my urging had no other effect than to bring a snicker of amusement from a couple of dog-faced shysters who had entered and with a nod to him had sunk into greasy chairs.

"Who do you know here?"

A name suddenly occurred to me, and I used it.

"Among others, I know Mr. McSheen," and as I saw his countenance fall, I added, "and he is enough for the present." I looked him sternly in the eye.

He got up out of his seat and actually walked across the room, opened a cupboard and took out a key, then rang a bell.

"Why didn't you say you were a friend of his?" he asked surlily. "A friend of Mr. McSheen can see any one he wants here."

I have discovered that civility will answer with nine-tenths or even nineteen-twentieths of the world, but there is a class of intractable brutes who yield only to force and who are influenced only by fear, and of them was this drunken ruffian. He led the way now subserviently enough, growling from time to time some explanation, which I took to be his method of apologizing. When, after going through a number of corridors, which were fairly clean and well ventilated, we came at length to the ward where my unfortunate client was confined, the atmosphere was wholly different: hot and fetid and intolerable. The air struck me like a blast from some infernal region, and behind the grating which shut off the miscreants within from even the modified freedom of the outer court, was a mass of humanity, foul enough in appearance to have come from hell.

At the call of the turnkey, there was some interest manifested in their evil faces and some of them shouted back, repeating the name of Jim Woodson; some half derisively, others with more kindliness. At length, out of the mob emerged poor Jeams, but, like Lucifer, Oh, how changed! His head was bandaged with an old cloth, soiled and stained; his mien was dejected, and his face was swollen and bruised. At sight of me, however, he suddenly gave a cry, and springing forward tried to thrust his hands through the bars of the grating to grasp mine. "Lord, God!" he exclaimed. "If it ain't de Captain. Glory be to God! Marse Hen, I knowed you'd come, if you jes' heard 'bout me. Git me out of dis, fur de Lord's sake. Dis is de wuss place I ever has been in in my life. Dey done beat me up and put hand-cuffs on me, and chain me, and fling me in de patrol-wagon, and lock me up and sweat me and put me through the third degree, till I thought if de Lord didn't take mercy 'pon me, I would be gone for sho. Can't you git me out o' dis right away?"

I explained the impossibility of doing this immediately, but assured him that he would soon be gotten out and that I would look after his case and see that he got justice.

"Yes, sir, that is what I want—jestice—I don't ax nothin' but jestice."

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"How did you get here?" I demanded. And even in his misery, I could not help being amused to see his countenance fall.

"Dey fetched me here in de patrol-wagon," he said evasively.

"I know that. I mean, for what?"

"Well, dey say, Captain, dat I wus desorderly an' drunk, but you know I don' drink nothin'."

"I know you do, you fool," I said, with some exasperation. "I have no doubt you were what they say, but what I mean is, where is Dix and how did you get hold of him?"

"Well, you see, Marse Hen, it's dthis way," said Jeams, falteringly. "I come here huntin' fur you and I couldn' fin' you anywhere, so then I got a place, and while I wus lookin' 'roun' fur you one day, I come 'pon Dix, an' as he wus lost, jes' like you wus, an' he didn't know where you wus, an' you didn't know where he wus, I tuk him along to tek care of him till I could fin' you."

"And incidentally to fight him?" I said.

Again Jeams's countenance fell. "No, sir, that I didn't," he declared stoutly. "Does you think I'd fight dthat dog after what you tol' me?"

"Yes, I do. I know you did, so stop lying about it and tell me where he is, or I will leave you in here to rot till they send you down to the rockpile or the penitentiary."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir, I will. Fur God's sake, don' do dat, Marse Hen. Jes' git me out o' here an' I will tell you everything; but I'll swear I didn't fight him; he jes' got into a fight so, and then jist as he hed licked de stuffin out of dat Barkeep Gallagin's dog, them d—d policemen come in an' hammered me over the head because I didn't want them to rake in de skads and tek Dix 'way from me."

I could not help laughing at his contradictions.

"Well, where is he now?"

"I'll swear, Marse Hen, I don' know. You ax the police. I jes' know he ain't in here, but dey knows where he is. I prays night and day no harm won't happen to him, because dat dog can beat ary dog in this sinful town. I jes' wish you had seen him."

As the turnkey was now showing signs of impatience, I cut Jeams short, thereby saving him the sin of more lies, and with a promise that I would get him bailed out if I could, I came away.

The turnkey had assured me on the way that he would find and return me my dog and was so sincere in his declaration that nothing would give him more pleasure than to do this for any friend of Mr. McSheen's that I made the concession of allowing him to use his efforts in this direction. But I heard nothing more of him.

With the aid of my friend, the detective, I soon learned the names of the police officers who had arrested Jeams, and was enabled to get from them the particulars of the trouble which caused his arrest.

It seemed that, by one of the strange and fortuitous circumstances which so often occur in life, Jeams had come across Dix just outside of the building in which was my law office, and being then in his glory, he had taken the dog into the bar-room of Mick Raffity, where he had on arrival in town secured a place, to see what chance there might be of making a match with Dix. The match was duly arranged and came off the following night in a resort not far from Raffity's saloon, and Dix won the fight. Just at this moment, however, the police made a raid, pulled the place and arrested as many of the crowd as could not escape, and held on to as many of those as were without requisite influence to secure their prompt discharge. In the course of the operation, Jeams got soundly hammered, though I could not tell whether it was for being drunk or for engaging in a scrimmage with the police. Jeams declared privately that it was to prevent his taking down the money.

When the trial came off, I had prepared myself fully, but I feel confident that nothing would have availed to secure Jeams's acquittal except for two circumstances: One was that I succeeded in enlisting the interest of Mr. McSheen, who for some reason of his own showed a disposition to be particularly civil and complacent toward me at that time—so civil indeed that I quite reproached myself for having conceived a dislike of him. Through his intervention, as I learned later, the most damaging witness against my client, suddenly became exceedingly friendly to him and on the witness-stand failed to remember any circumstance of importance which could

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injure him, and finally declared his inability to identify him.

The result was that Jeams was acquitted, and when he was so informed, he arose and made a speech to the Court and the Jury which would certainly fix him in their memory forever. In the course of it, he declared that I was the greatest lawyer that had ever lived in the world and I had to stop him for fear, in his ebullient enthusiasm he might add also that Dix was the greatest dog that ever lived.

(To be continued.)

SOCIALISM A PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I

IT is impossible not to sympathize with many of the purposes of socialism. Looked at sympathetically, its objective propositions are the result of a state of mind rather than of a logical system of thought; and one cannot be indifferent to this state of mind. To be sure, it is a matter of temperament rather than of reason; but one has an honoring sense of respect for those who, having listened to the songs of the sirens, have no desire ever to return to the land of humdrum. By this one means to express the idea that socialists are primarily idealists, and that they have arrived at their land of dreams by the highway of idealism; and that it is precisely because they are idealists that they are ever wishing to escape the sordid requirements of a world largely built upon *bourgeois* virtues. Thus it results that, as an idealistic expression of what life might be, it appeals strongly to the latent idealism in all of us—especially to those who for one reason or another find ourselves little endowed with material wealth, and who wish the opportunity for leisure, and for enjoyment according to our tastes. Whatever our level of education or intelligence, we are all of us striving to get the means of enjoying that which seems to each of us the most attractive way of spending our time. To the most of the workingmen it is a desire for freedom from constant grinding manual labor; and to mental laborers, it is a desire to escape from nervous strain and anxiety, and to have leisure for enjoyment.

Thus, while socialism appeals to an almost universal longing in human nature, it has, on the other hand, the obvious and inevitable inconsistencies of a theory detached from the tyrannical rule of fact. While idealizing the possibilities of human nature to suit an *a priori* conception of life, until this poor human nature is fairly unrecognizable, socialism proposes, as one means to its end, to obliterate the effects of existing conditions by the removal of competition in the struggle for material existence. That is, it suggests material means to bring about ideal conditions. It does not primarily put its emphasis on the improvement of human nature, but upon a change in the distribution of material wealth. The socialists are seemingly not concerned in building up an Altruria where the only end is goodness and where satisfactions are only spiritual. It is what seems to them the unequal distribution of material possessions which causes them to criticise existing society. Throughout socialistic literature there is the well-known insistence upon the materialistic interpretation of history—a conception based upon a hunger for things of material enjoyment, and for more and more of them. Fundamentally, they have as much centred their aim on an increase in material possessions as the veriest Napoleon of finance in Wall Street. An existence in which the acquisition of more material wealth is of very large —if not of chief—importance is in the thoughts of both. The ends sought for by the socialists are not, in effect, different from those of the mass of non-socialists who are striving to acquire wealth in order to have ease and leisure for enjoyment.

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Agreeing in their aims, their differences—which seem to most persons to place them as wide apart as the poles—really consist in choosing different means of accomplishing their ends. The ordinary hustler for wealth, without or within the stock market, may have no definite moral restraint except the fear of the law (in fact, he may even contrive to escape the law), and he accepts existing institutions; but he plans to gain his end, if honest, by productive processes and trade; or, if dishonest, by a thousand ingenious ways of transferring to himself the wealth created by others. On the other hand, the socialist proposes to overturn industrial competition and the institution of private property in the hope—vaguely outlined and not economically analyzed—of transferring the use of wealth from those who have to those who have not. If he does not now have wealth, from whom is he expecting to get it, when socialism has come to its own? Possibly he has a dreamy belief that wealth can be created and maintained in existence by the public will, and should be equally distributed like water from a municipal reservoir. Clearly enough, while planning for a more even distribution of wealth, the essence of socialism is to be found in the means which it proposes for accomplishing an end desired by most of us. In brief, the means are the abolition of competition and of private property. By these tools the fabric of idealism is to be builded in the future land of dreams.

II

Some evidence as to the truth of the observation that socialism is the outcome of a state of mind, rather than of a logical system of thought, is, to my mind, to be found in the failure of the socialists to recognize the actual conditions under which we are forced to live on this globe. It is characteristic of devotees of any system based more or less on feeling to be so absorbed in *a priori* and agreeable theorizing as to be utterly oblivious to the actual and disagreeable facts of our daily existence. Grant that we all wish the comforts and satisfactions which material wealth gives, we are obliged to face the real question, no matter how bald and disagreeable it may be: How can we get possession of this wealth? Leaving fraud, robbery and force aside, by what methods can men produce and possess material wealth in a free country like ours, which is unburdened by a feudal system and in which life and property are protected? Is it not possible that, at this point, the socialists have omitted to consider some matters of fact which can be observed by any one? Indeed, have they been quite fair with themselves, in passing by considerations—which we may here proceed to point out?

In the first place, we can get our material satisfactions only by producing them in the ways set by the conditions of life on this globe. These are of a kind not to be lightly brushed aside. We are not living on Mars. On this planet, the earth yields its products only on terms which require ability to overcome and use the forces of nature; to foresee and discount the future, and to collect present goods in order to gain a larger future product in operations requiring a considerable period of time; to use human effort both manual and mental; and to devise means by which the coöperation of all these powers may be united for the most efficient conduct of industry. No matter whether we like it or not, the actual wealth in existence to-day—whether distributed unjustly or not—has come into being only by the operation of these forces. Destroy, or minimize, any one of them, and the total sum of material well-being will be reduced. As to this point there will be little difference of opinion between socialists and non-socialists. But it will be retorted that, although wealth is produced only by the above painful processes, the acquisition of wealth—or its distribution after it is produced—is mainly unjust; that it is the illegitimate acquisition of the world's great output of wealth which is the true cause of the belief that the existing system of society is out of joint. If, however, we admit the general conditions only under which wealth can be produced, we must also be ready to assign distributive shares to those who have contributed the forces, or means, necessary to bringing the wealth into existence. We may grant that not all wealth is to-day the property of those who have gone through the efforts and sacrifices of production; but it still remains true that wealth—no matter who owns it—is turned out only by the exercise of what are sometimes slightingly dubbed the *bourgeois* virtues. It still re-

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mains true that the existing income of society depends upon the exercise of the qualities of effort, sacrifice, patience, persistence, courage, honesty, integrity, truthfulness, skill, thrift, application, foresight, judgment, common-sense, business honor, long experience, observation of men's wants, precise information, knowledge of human nature, capacity for managing men, executive ability and organizing power. Any man who has had business experience knows this to be true. Yet, the socialist may grant all this; he may admit that wealth can be produced only under the severe conditions just described; but he may rest his whole case on the claim that this wealth is unjustly distributed. No doubt, the state of mind which in these days is called socialistic arises from a belief that the present competitive system of industry inevitably results in inequality of possessions and in injustice in the distribution of what is produced. Hence the central point in the socialist philosophy is a demand for the abolition of competition and a recourse to state control.

III

In all fairness, we must recognize that things economic are not perfect; that human beings do not always do what is right and just; and that we must accomplish our industrial work on this globe with faulty men. Looking at the matter thus, we find much to sympathize with in the fundamental causes which stir the socialists to action. They find things wrong, and they have set to work with burning zeal to make them right. In this desire of theirs to improve the world every one must sympathize. Without radicals to break up wrongs to which we have grown accustomed we shall have little progress. Conservatism is too often the refuge of unjust privilege. The only question, therefore, in regard to socialism is: Is it a means appropriate to the end? Let us face the matter calmly, as practical men. Many schemes, from the times of the crusades to the present day, have been devised for making the world better. We have had many Utopias pressed upon us. In the one particular scheme known as socialism, the remedy proposed is the abolition of competition and private property. Will this remedy remove the ills of which society is sick?

At the outset we must face the fact of the imperfection of human nature. With or without socialism this fact remains; it cannot be dodged. Is socialism, like Christianity, a proposed means of changing the ethics of the human race? On the contrary, it is based on a materialistic conception of life. It proposes a change in externals, in the forms of society, as a means of eliminating evils which have their roots in faulty human nature. It is, so to speak, an insistence on only partial—not complete—changes in environment as the sole power to cause a recrystallization of human mind in a new ethical form. Socialism obviously proposes no practical process for changing the elements of human nature; invariably the reforming spirit of socialism is taken up with the detailed schemes which for the time seem to need a cure. One does not need to be a socialist to help reform any particular existing abuse. Consequently, unless socialism can modify the essential elements of imperfect human nature—and modify it not in a few instances, but in the whole mass of men—it cannot in itself expect to relieve the world of any injustice in the distribution of property due either to the inequality or iniquity of men. Unless socialism can convince us that merely by the abolition of competition and private property there would be created a new and fundamental virtue in human nature, there would be no reason to look upon it as anything more than another of the well-meant but useless panaceas proposed by emotional reformers.

Since imperfect human nature, the bad mixed with the good, is absolutely certain to remain much the same under socialism as under existing society, what can the socialist expect to gain by the removal of competition? Will inequalities in ability and power be unknown? Of course not. Then, will inequalities of reward be unknown? Of course not. Under any legitimate system of production men will show unequal industrial powers. Some are energetic, others lazy; some are quick, others are dull; some are thrifty, others are wasteful; some are born organizers, others are born to follow; only a few are leaders of men, while the masses are inevitably managed by the few. Consequently, under any form of society, we are certain to have as many different results from industrial

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effort as there are kinds of men. Inequalities of wealth are logical, not abnormal. While some men—no doubt high-minded, artistic or creative—are failures in accumulating wealth, others—possibly of less value for the improvement of society—are successful in gaining large fortunes. It depends on the aim in life. If wealth is the only test of success, then the world is indeed out of joint.

As a cure for the ills of this world, however, socialism proposes a scheme—whether practical or not is not here the question—based on a change in the possession of material wealth. That is, will the spending of more money directly lead to the improvement of character? All history, and the present conduct of our richer classes, seem to show that greater self-indulgence followed by a weakening of fibre, with a lowered moral purpose, are the inevitable results of unrestrained expenditure. This holds true, in spite of the theory that, by equalizing the expenditure of all classes, the poor would be elevated in the moral scale by having more to expend, and that the wrong-doing of the rich would be reduced by taking away the power of self-indulgence. It cannot be overlooked that human nature is much the same in all classes. Increased expenditure in itself will not provide the character to govern the spending; so that self-indulgence will be only transferred. Clearly, an increase of material rewards—while a gain to those already having a moral sense—would give only wider play to the existing defects of human nature. If spending is made possible to those who have not earned it, deterioration is inevitable. What we should hope to see instituted is a proper means of increasing the productive efficiency of those who have little, so that their opportunity for enlightenment may be larger without the destruction of fibre.

The radical weakness of socialism is in its attempt to coin idealism out of materialism. In the proposed abolition of competition and private property, socialism would take away most of the present incentives to energy and productivity. More than that, it stakes everything on the assumption that a partial change in external environment—such as would be produced only by the disappearance of competition and private property—would overcome all the faults of human nature which now disturb our social content. To take a child away from its surroundings in infancy, although it may not remove its hereditary nature, may establish new habits which will influence its conduct; but socialism does not provide for any such extended removals. People are to be left in the same general environment, while, of all the varied conditions of life, only competition and private property are to be removed. Is there any such virtue in the abolition of these two as will reform all human nature? That it will, we have no evidence but the glorious hopes of the enthusiasts.

Since the socialist grieves at the unequal distribution of material wealth, and regards a better distribution as essential to the reformation of society, one is obliged to ask at once why the socialist does not himself set to work and accumulate wealth as well as others? In our country there are hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of cases where men have begun with nothing and accumulated a competence. Why do not the socialists do the same? If material wealth is the cure-all, why not go in at once and get it? The answer is not far to seek. They claim that they have no chance of success in the competitive struggle with others. They wish wealth, but they do not possess the *bourgeois* virtues necessary for its acquisition under existing conditions. Therefore, they wish to rearrange society so that those who do not now have the industrial qualities may obtain wealth as well as those who do have them. Of course, they do not explain who is to produce the wealth they are to share, and which they are incompetent to produce. That is supposedly an insignificant detail. However this may be, the central point in the question is this: having admitted their failure to achieve success in accumulating material wealth in a competitive struggle open freely to all, they propose the abolition of free competition. State control is to take its place. Here we have socialism confessedly as a philosophy of failure. Just to the extent that the socialists insist on their inability to accumulate as much wealth as others, under existing conditions, they are unconsciously advertising their own industrial inefficiency. They clamor for a philosophy of failure—for a system in which they shall be relieved from the inevitable results of their relative

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inferiority in obtaining the material means which they regard as essential to their idealistic ends. Those resort to it who are unequal to the competitive struggle and to the survival of the fittest in gaining material wealth. For instance, if Harvard were always victorious over Yale in foot-ball, and, if, then, Yale should propose an existence in which there should be no foot-ball, Yale would be generally regarded as having failed, in that particular sport, in holding her own on equal terms. She would be regarded as having fallen back on a philosophy of failure. But it would still not prevent Yale men from gaining success in other things than foot-ball. Likewise, it should be observed that gaining other things than wealth, such as character and lofty conduct, has little or no emphasis in the philosophy of socialism. In short, the appeal to socialism is an appeal against the inequality and imperfection inherent in human beings; and the ineradicable weakness of socialism is that it charges upon the external forms of society what should be charged upon poor human nature. Only too often, socialists seem to be incapable of seeing this gap in their logic.

In spite of all this elementary truth, every one is aware that a stimulus to the socialist propaganda is found in the constant iteration upon special privileges obtained under present conditions. Vehement assault is made upon the grant of legislative favors and monopolies by which some persons are believed to have accumulated great wealth at the public expense. Therefore, say the socialists, abolish competition and private property. Any system is wrong, they say, which permits any one man to accumulate a colossal fortune. Yet here is an obvious *non sequitur*. Grant that these wrongs are as they are represented; yet it does not follow that we need to change the forms of society to rid ourselves of the evils. On calm examination, this criticism of society, as it now goes on, seems to be directed not against the intention and purpose of modern society, but against the failure to carry out the intention and purpose of society as now expressed in existing institutions. If it is the general intention not to allow injustice, there is nothing, as things are now, to prevent the public from carrying out its intention. The remedy for these wrongs, granting their existence, is to be found, therefore, not in the destruction and reconstruction of society, but in the active cooperation of all well-meaning men in enforcing the admitted purposes and capabilities of the existing forms of society. That is, equality of treatment before the law and equal justice in the courts are entirely the outcome of public opinion. If public opinion does not demand them, socialism may pass resolves until the crack of doom without accomplishing anything. The only real remedy for such ills is always in the hands of society as it now exists. If they are allowed to go on, it is because men are indifferent; not because the forms of society through which they act are necessarily inadequate.

Moreover, the touch-and-go way of proposing to topple over the long-established institutions of society because some things are not done as we like is another evidence of the emotional and unpenetrating methods of some modern reformers. These institutions are the growth and outcome of the very inner nature of mankind; and this has been confirmed by the instincts which have been created by the long-continued existence of these institutions. For ages men have been working out representative and local self-government solely by dint of the experience of the race, and not by the light of any *a priori* theory of the dreamers. This is the teaching of the whole history of free and constitutional government. We have come where we are to-day solely because, in free countries like ours, we have succeeded in repressing inequality due to injustice, tyranny and force. In truth, great accumulations of capital were never possible until equality and justice of treatment were secured to all. The socialist side-steps the essential lesson drawn from the political development of the race—chiefly because he finds that men are not yet perfect. It is no argument against the existing forms of society that absolutely perfect justice and equality are not always obtained. Present institutions reflect fairly well the qualities of erring human nature. Only as a race grows in ethical standards will its institutions respond. The cause of change must be in the qualities of man and not in the institutions which grow out of those qualities. Frail human nature cannot be made perfect by the limited programme of socialism, any more than a frog

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can be made to grow fur by legislation. The detachment of socialism from the facts of life is here again apparent. Present society is what it is, historically and evolutionally, solely because it is conditioned by the very human nature given to us to work with on this planet. It is absurd to reason as if we were perfect angels in a perfect paradise. Socialism is a dream of perfection suited only for a perfected human nature.

IV

YET the more practical of the socialists may with propriety reply that the conditions of living on this planet do not oblige society to give special opportunities to some and deny them to others; that society can do as it pleases with the free gifts of nature; and that private property is not necessary to securing the highest efficiency and happiness of man. There is force in this criticism. There is no divine right in private property; it is a creature of the social will. It has come into existence by the consent of society, and is what it is as the outcome of the experience of the race. It is not an accident; it is an expression of the wishes of the race as they have been developed by time and evolution. It is with us because men believe, for good or for ill, that the institution has best served their purposes through many centuries. It remains, and will remain, solely because men believe that they get more good than evil out of it. It is not pretended that imperfect human beings will make out of private property in land an institution so perfect in every respect that no one in all conditions will meet with inconvenience or unequal opportunity. Even though there are things which weigh against it, enormous gains have come from private property, which send the scales down in its favor. It has given a stimulus to effort, thrift, and improvement of the soil by the owner which could never have been known under a temporary tenure. All scientific rotation of crops, all planting of orchards, all drainage of land, all permanent buildings and fixtures, all improvements which become incorporated with the soil, all lasting private docks, all costly business structures in the midst of great cities, all railway investments of private capital—all these would be made impossible without the expectation of permanent possession implied in the private ownership of land. And the recent transfer of ownership to former Irish tenants, which has admittedly brought out new thrift and industry, is a practical testimony to the magic of private property in land. Lasting improvements on ground-rents are made possible only by a tenure so long as practically to give possession during the life of the improvement and for several generations of improvers. To the intelligence of society as a whole these are preponderating advantages.

This justification of the action of the race as shown in the institution of private property in land, does not imply that no disadvantages exist when the matter is carried to an extreme. Under the general protection to private property a man may so accumulate and control land as to work a disadvantage to society; he may keep vast tracts out of cultivation, to the damage of others. Hence, just as soon as the act of any one person infringes on the rights of others, society would have a right to interfere. In South America, especially on the west coast, the Indians of a low order of civilization have possession of a large part of the land. The suggestion there comes from those who are well-to-do and intelligent to dispossess the ignorant native of the soil in the interest of progress and greater productivity. With us the suggestion of limiting private property comes from the proletariat. Whoever may be the offender, it lies in the power of society to preserve the general mass of gains from the institution, and yet to establish rules by which the disadvantages may be minimized. If so, it would be unnecessary to resort to the remedy proposed by socialism and destroy all the vast gains to the race of private property in order to remove only lesser disadvantages.

Private property, of course, is not ideally perfect; it contains a composite of various possibilities. Under it, great and unexpected wealth may come to a man without any foresight or skill. A pioneer squatter in his log-house, living on scanty crops from a poor soil, may awake some morning to find he is living over a rich deposit of oil, or copper, or zinc. Possibly such discoveries may be regarded as partly belonging to the state, if the state is poor; but, as a rule, under private property, they belong to the owner of the land. It may thus throw opportunity

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and wealth into the lap of the lucky, without the exercise of any toil or thrift. Many large fortunes have originated in this way. Nevertheless, such fortunes arise from an addition to the wealth of the world, and are not due to a subtraction from that produced by any one else. No one else is hurt. Unless such gains as these are permitted, however, it would be difficult to retain other and similar gains always expected by persons of small means. That is, millions of our people have bought farm lands with the expectation that the increase in population in their neighborhood would raise the value of their holdings. An unearned increment goes to the farmer; and no one seems to think evil of it, when it is small in amount. But the principle of equal treatment is involved whether the amount be large or small. Thus, there is here, in these cases, no reason at all for destroying all the enormous gains from private property because of some possible inconsistencies which are incidental to the general institution. To destroy the important gains in order to avoid some lesser evils, as would follow from the socialistic dogma, would be another evidence of detachment from the world of fact in which we live. It is like the traveller who throws away his shoes because they pinch his toes, and who finds himself as a consequence obliged to tread a flinty road in his bare feet. He is very certain to return to shoes sooner or later.

V

Since the socialist believes—provided he is not himself the owner of property—that the major part of the crimes against society arise from contests for property, he may hope to regenerate social life by the annihilation of this source of crime. But unless human nature is transformed men will still be selfish and unprincipled whether private property exists or not. If a river is fed by a mountain stream, the river does not cease to exist merely because its course is diverted by blocking up its old river-bed. This discussion of the abolition of private property is as old as the Romans. It is now largely academic.

Nor is it of much avail to analyze the economics of socialism which have been filtered down from Marx through many absorbing and modifying minds. There is no uniform economic programme among the widespread sections of the socialist propagandists. As has been said, socialism is not a logical system of thought. A feeling of injustice having arisen, doctrines have been created, from time to time, to suit the need. Socialism is not to be overcome by argument and economic analysis; it can be removed only by removing the causes of the feeling—however that may have arisen. Socialists hot from the ovens of European absolutism still sizzle after being placed in the cool air of free America. Unable to reason calmly, their emotions throw them passionately against any form of control, even that which free representative government has established in the general interest. Yet they place before them the shield of some sort of Marxian theory, behind which they fight.

Since inequality of wealth is believed to be due to a wrong social system, it was natural for the proletariat to devise a theory by which the value of the product was claimed to have been created solely by labor—meaning usually manual labor. By eliminating capital as a necessary agent of production, of course interest was regarded as a "steal." Thus the rhetoric of socialism has produced a flamboyant literature in which the industrial struggle is always believed to be between labor and capital. And, consequently, capitalism is regarded as a system, and almost blackened with sulphurous invective. Whatever is meant by "capitalism"—and it is charged with countless sins—capital itself is as necessary to production as is labor, both manual and mental. This is a fact, to be observed by any one who has eyes. If labor is in itself all-sufficient, then why do not the laborers themselves go on erecting shoe-factories and cotton-mills and put the product on the market? There is absolutely nothing to prevent but the lack of skilled management, which, after all, is only a high grade of mental labor. It is silly to talk about capital not being needed in production. Capital and labor are both as necessary to each other, if production is intended, as the two blades of the scissors are necessary for cutting. It is a place for the old Roman story of the stomach and the other members of the body.

When socialists saw that the product provided more than wages for manual la-

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bor, they accounted for it by calling it "surplus value." This was only their vague way, in default of economic analysis, of accepting the existence of a sum which, in any modern industry, must go to certain other factors in industry which cannot by any possibility be overlooked if production is to continue. The socialist urges that wealth is unjustly distributed because the whole—or the major part—does not go to manual labor. If capital demands a share as essential to production, it sometimes excites cerebral irritation in the socialist. Now, if the laborer only knew it, he would find that the battle is going his way. The distribution is not going in favor of capital, but in favor of labor. Human effort is winning the day. Capital itself is necessary to production, whenever any division of labor exists; but the percentage received by capital, *qua* capital, is not an increasing share, or percentage. Ask any widow, who has been left capital by her husband, if she can invest her funds at an increasing rate. Then, what is all this excitement about? Why is capital so much abused? Simply because there are other factors in production which must receive shares, and the emotional theorists have not had enough horse sense to see it; and they think that capital gets it all. The truth is, that the largest shares in industry do not go to capital, but to labor—not unskilled manual labor, but to skilled labor, and to highly efficient mental labor in the management and organization of industry. If the socialist but knew it, he would find this outcome to be the one cheerful and inspiring thing in the world of to-day. That is, the contest for the distribution of the wealth produced is one of laborers against laborers; and the cheerful thing about it, and that which opens up a vista of promise to any man of ambition and ability, is that industrial capacity will carry a man to the front and win the enormous wages which go to organizing power, just as surely as wind and muscle will win a Marathon race. The competitive struggle, which so agitates the socialist, is really a contest of inferior against superior labor power, of inferior against superior human effort whether physical or mental. Not understanding this, he wishes to escape the penalty of inferiority—not by improving the inferior until it equals the superior—but by resort to the philosophy of failure, and the abolition of the struggle! The folly of it is almost pathetic. It is more agreeable to be told that the cause of low wages is in something outside of him, instead of being instructed that the cause is within himself, in his native power or in his education and training. This is the homely truth which should be enforced, without regard to the popularity of him who says it.

If pushed too hard, the agitator will still recur to the old point that large accumulations are obtained only at the expense of the share of others. As has been said before, there is both right and wrong in the world; so there are fortunes both rightly and wrongly won. Some fortunes, moreover, have been gained in providing for men the means of intemperance and speculation. Grant this. Yet, as things now are, society can, if it wishes, provide the necessary means of preventing these wrongs. Because reformers shrink at this task—the only practical remedy available—there is no reason for overthrowing all the institutions which have been evolved by the race in centuries of growth. The sound and healthy elements in society, the elemental sources of character and legitimate industry, should not be destroyed in the effort to strike out minor evils. That would be a mistaken maladjustment of emphasis. To assume that all wealth is won at the expense of others, is to assume that all men are wholly evil. No mercy should be shown to wrong-doing in industry any more than in politics and government. Just as there are statesmen who are not corrupt politicians, so there are honorable men of affairs in industry. Indeed, the industrial world is full of examples of wealth honorably won. Because some men are evil, there is no reason for assuming that a materialistic philosophy bent on redistributing wealth will make all business men into perfect human beings.

VI

THE philosophy of socialism has spread in many directions under a kindly desire to make things right. It centres about the abolition of competition. Thus, in a way, it seems—perhaps wrongly—to decry the necessity of encouraging the free expression of individual activity in industry. It

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assumes that the evil-doing of society can be removed by the action of the state. If men are unrestrained, a vast amount of "social power," it is said, is allowed to go to waste. Thus a paternalistic form of government is looked upon sympathetically even by those who would not wish to be regarded as socialists. The restraint upon the free action of human initiative is supposedly in the best interest of a country's growth in power and happiness.

One point in this connection is clear: it is desirable to get all the gains of individual initiative and creative power, and yet to prevent the evils of unrestrained individualism. Hence, we get a very simple maxim of political interference: Just as soon as the acts of any person infringe upon the rights of others the state should interfere in the interest of equality and justice. Beyond this limit individual activity should be left untrammelled and encouraged to believe that it will receive all the rewards due to its own initiative. It is unquestionable that the continued imposition upon others of power and direction from outside inevitably tends to reduce the creative strength of the individual and to bring about a deterioration in the stock. The only way by which the best can be got out of the race is by stimulating rather than by repressing every possible kind of new energy—and by offering all possible rewards for its exercise. It is hardly conceivable that any one set of government officials should be so omniscient as to know just how to stimulate every other human being by processes of legislation.

Finally, it would be only fair to compare socialism, which is an ideal, untested by experience, with the competitive system, not as it is now, but as it would work out with a perfected human nature. To improve the world, living as at present under a competitive system, offers an inducement, as great as does socialism, to the eager idealist who wishes to work for righteousness. If perfection and noble ideals are established as permanent elements of the competitive system we shall have as great results as in the dream of socialism. But perfection is no more to be looked for in the one case than in the other.

Thus we are led to believe that, while idealism is an essential incentive to progress—and Americans are preëminently idealists—its path to definite results must lie in some direction other than socialism. Nor should we wish to be understood to mean that socialism has been wholly useless. It has forced its case to serious discussion; and the liberal conceptions behind it cannot, and ought not to be, easily disposed of. But, as a practical people, who must deal with the world as it exists, we must inevitably conclude that socialism is not a means appropriate to the desired end.

"O KNIGHTLY HEART!"

By Julia C. R. Dorr

O KNIGHTLY heart, no humble place is thine!
For thee the shrine was builded long ago,
If it stood silent waiting for the glow,
The warmth, the glory, and the breath divine,
What matters it? To-day the candles shine
With sudden, starry splendor. To and fro
The fragrant censers swing; and bending low
Angelic spirits pour thee heavenly wine.
Drink it, great heart, nor fear to drain the cup!
Thou hast kept holy vigil and art pure;
Thou hast kept knightly vigil and art strong;
Then proudly lift the royal banner up
By right divine, unchallenged and sure—
And God be with thee if the way be long!

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AFTERWARD

By Virginia Yeaman Remnitz

IF it had been Eunice, who was quite evidently tired of lying on her back; even if it had been Chud, whose loud cries of rage made Eunice wince a dozen times a day—it would have been different. But it was Ronald.

Only those who knew the boy can understand just what that means. It is impossible to describe him. To look into his dark eyes; to see the slow smile breaking over his face; to hear that musical, unhurried utterance of his, was to see and feel the very glow and color of life—of life wholesome and fresh and unspoiled.

His coloring, like his voice and his nature, was rich and softly vivid. He might have been a beautiful Italian boy, save that a certain control and reserve marked even the quickness of his temperament. When his brother raged Ronald watched him with inscrutable eyes; but there was a wonder in the look and a certain pondering. "Stop!" he cried once, having caught the distress in my face—I was the children's governess—and he forthwith put a firm hand over Chud's mouth. When the boy, at that, flung himself on the floor to kick and scream at his ease, Ronald knelt down and quietly gagged him with two stout little fists. Only my prompt interference prevented a tragedy.

Now, it is as hard for a rich woman to bring up her children aright as it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Eunice, poor child, lying all day on her back, could surely not have too many compensations for the birthright forfeited when a careless nurse let her fall out of her perambulator. Mrs. Seymour felt, naturally enough, that she must make her daughter constant reparation for that irremediable happening. What was the indulgence of every caprice in comparison with the power to run and play! And so poor Eunice fretted herself from one whim into another.

When Ronald was with her, however, she did not fret so ceaselessly, and she was less unreasonable. To chain the boy to her chamber, in fact, Eunice made the only exertion on behalf of another she had made, so far, in all her life. She told him stories. Mrs. Seymour, coming into the little invalid's room one afternoon, found Ronald sitting at the foot of the bed, his great dark eyes chained to his sister's face. If the mother had paused quietly, she would have caught an astonishingly vivid bit of narrative. But she did not pause. She exclaimed: "Oh, my darling, aren't you tiring yourself?"

Eunice had never been less tired; but she suddenly realized a hardship. "Ronald won't stay if I don't tell him stories," she whined.

The boy slipped down from the bed and looked up at his mother. He did not contradict Eunice, for he had said, "I guess I'll go out and play now." He was not a martyr, but a splendidly healthy, normal boy.

If Mrs. Seymour had been a wise woman she would have understood all this; but she was not a wise woman—yet. Nevertheless, that earnest, questioning look should have won some other response than: "O Ronald, stay with poor little sister if she wants you. *She* can't run out of doors and play, you know!"

So Ronald stayed. But he was so quiet and unresponsive that his sister soon grew discontented, and bade him call the nurse. Then he was free.

Yet the boy was not a whit spoiled. Undoubtedly, there are some children who cannot be spoiled. Even his father, too absorbed in his great business interests to ever dream of taking any responsibility concerning his children, had fallen into the way of making Ronald the companion of his leisure hours. He let the boy trudge over the golf links with him and sit with him after dinner in the smoking-room. They even discussed together weighty matters; such as the construction of battle-ships, and the way battles are fought and won—or lost.

"But the United States couldn't get beaten," Ronald would aver.

"If she didn't keep her men and her ships up to the mark, she could," his father said.

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"I'll be the head general, when I'm a man, and keep 'em up to the mark!" the boy exclaimed.

But it was all merely selfish with Mr. Seymour. The boy delighted and refreshed him; he used him as he used his cigars and his yacht and his gun.

What Ronald was to his mother it would be hard to tell; he was her sunlight, her fire, her well of delight. When motherhood seemed a failure, he was reassurance; when wifehood seemed something wholly different from the dream, he vindicated the reality. He made everything seem worthwhile—even life itself.

Whether or not Ronald was, in the usual sense of the term, "a good boy," I cannot say. Certainly, in the sense that many people use those words—the pitiful, devitalized sense we all know—they would not have fitted. Times and seasons were nothing to him; meal hours slipped by unnoted; darkness swooped down upon him without preliminary warning. "I didn't know, Miss Martin," he would say, his voice as slow and beautiful as his smile; his direct, dark-eyed gaze happily unclouded by either fear or regret.

"But didn't you see it was getting dark, dear?"

"No, dear, I wasn't looking."

It seemed simply that his personality found unclouded expression through a splendidly normal body and mind. The dusky red of his cheeks, the light in his eyes, the rich music of his voice—these seemed but the outward expression of his nature. He gave no promise of bookish tendencies; yet when he started to school his simple and vigorous mental appetite awakened his teachers to fresh interest in their work. And after his coming the play hour had a new witchery in it for the children; for Ronald's companions lost all track of time in the absorbing interest of whatever game was played. And so, necessarily, did Ronald. Life was all a wonder and a delight to him.

It still seems incredible: that sudden going out, that blankness. No one could quite believe it. The house was empty, desolate; but at any moment it might be filled again with life. He would come running in, and the nightmare spell would be broken. If a door were suddenly opened the mother started involuntarily and looked up. Chud cried, "There's Ronald, now!" and started to meet him. Then there fell again the incredible silence and blankness.

Away from the empty home his name was spoken in low, hushed tones—on the train; by cabmen, waiting at the station; in the school, where he had been the life of his room; and in every other home of that beautiful suburban town. And how often the voice trembled and the eyes of the speaker filled with tears! No one, it seemed, who had known the boy but missed him; no one who had heard that voice, with its lingering cadences, but must keep on longing for it through the silence.

One evening, as I sat with Eunice after dinner, she grew suddenly restless—a way she had—and demanded her mother.

"Poor mother is tired," I said; "let's not disturb her." I knew the protest was useless, even as I made it; and a few minutes later I was on my way downstairs to find Mrs. Seymour.

She was not in the library, nor in the cosey sitting-room, nor in the great empty drawing-room. So I turned down a passageway from the main hall, and knocked lightly at the door of the smoking-room. I hardly thought she was there; but Mr. Seymour might know where she was.

The servants were all downstairs, eating their dinner, and there was no one else of whom to inquire, or I should not have ventured to disturb the master of the house in his seclusion. I remember, as I stood outside of the door awaiting an answer to my timid tapping, that the silence of the great house oppressed me terribly.

But there came no answer; and, supposing the room empty, yet not quite satisfied, I opened the door very softly and looked in.

I do not know how many moments elapsed before I closed the door again and crept away; but it must have been merely that unmeasured space of time necessary for the realizing of an impression and the acting upon it. Eunice was calling fretfully as I passed her door, but I did not go to her. I summoned the nurse and went to my own room.

By degrees, as I sat there alone in the darkness, the flashing impression I had received when I looked into the smoking-room emerged from the dazed turbulence of my sensation into greater clearness, and began to make its way from my scarce believing senses into the realm of conviction.

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The scene which I recalled—the strange, ineffably moving scene upon which I had intruded—presented itself to me then, as it has ever since, as a whole. I see the dim light diffused from the lamp on the table; Mr. Seymour, leaning forward in his arm-chair, wholly oblivious of me and of the sounds I had made; and, at a little distance from him, his wife, her pale face rapt and luminous. The only elusive part of the scene, as I thus recalled it, was that without which it would have meant nothing at all.

For Ronald had been there also. As I stood in the doorway, I was aware of no distinction between the manner of my seeing him and of my seeing his parents—or the material setting of the scene. But now some indefinable difference became more and more marked: though the conviction of his presence, and of my perception of it, was never dimmed for a single moment.

At first his presence had seemed almost natural—that awakening from a terrible dream which we had all, in certain moods, involuntarily looked for. My heart leaped up to see him running from his mother to his father. I think he leaned against his father's knee, looking up at him.

Then a sudden wave of realization swept over me, and with it came the fear that—if the child knew I was there—he would go. It did not even occur to me, as I hastily withdrew, that the mother or father might discover my presence. I felt that, as long as the child remained they were caught away from all outward perceptions.

Afterward, one of my emergent impressions was that the reunion I had witnessed had taken place before—and more than once. For the past week or so, I remembered, I had not seen Mrs. Seymour for some time after dinner, nor had she come into Eunice's room until later than had been her wont.

Presently my fancy busied itself in weaving together an introduction to the first enactment of that unforgettable scene upon which I had looked. And my fancyings came, in time, to seem as real to me as the thing I had witnessed.

One evening, as the bereaved mother sat alone, she had thought of her husband—also alone; and of how Ronald used to be with him in the smoking-room at this hour. She used, long ago, to sit with him there herself; but that custom seemed to belong to another period of her life. And now each sat apart, in the great sorrow and loneliness which had fallen upon both alike.

Timidly, with a certain embarrassment even, she had risen and gone to her husband. He had received her courteously, but with constraint. They could not open their hearts to one another; the years seemed to lie between.

Then Ronald came. They needed not to speak of his presence; each knew the other aware of it. And the years that lay between them were swept away.

But further than this I could not go. Impalpable barriers shut in my thought—even its questioning became vague and formless. In what manner Ronald came to them it mattered not: since it was the child himself, and they realized his presence. And though it were through the unspoken communication of mind with mind, and impulse with impulse, I felt sure that the three—when they thus met together—came nearer to one another than they ever had before.

But whether my fancyings were right or wrong—and they could not, after all, have been very far from the truth—there were certain developments in the household, from that time on, which were perfectly open to my observation; and which in my own mind have always made a part of the same story with my fancyings, and with the scene upon which I looked when I opened the smoking-room door.

The silence which fell upon the house after dinner had now a peculiar significance to me; to the others it was in no wise remarkable under the circumstances. They did not look now for laughter and gayety under that roof—save when Chud chanced to be in a happy humor. And Chud was in bed and asleep before his nurse ventured to join the other servants downstairs.

I alone, besides the master and mistress of the house, knew the true significance of that quiet hour; and sometimes I wondered just how much the parents themselves realized. When I looked into the smoking-room they had been quite evidently withdrawn from any perception of external things. Whether or no some connection of memory existed for them between this state and that to which they afterward returned, I could not tell; nor could I understand why I should have been able to enter into their experience—or rather, why I should have

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been able to perceive it. My own realization of every material object had been so clear and vivid that the appearance of the room was stamped upon my brain to the smallest detail of its arrangement.

As to the effect left upon the minds of the parents by their singular experience, I could only speculate. Perhaps the result was an influence of which they were conscious, but could only dimly trace to its source. That some manner of anticipation was theirs when they met together in the smoking-room, and that there was left upon their minds some impression, however indefinable, of what had taken place there, seems to be shown by the incident which, since it resulted in an entire readjustment of the household, brought my connection with the family to an end. That they recognized the constantly growing influence their thought of Ronald had upon their lives I have not a doubt; nor that they treasured, with jealous delight, the thought that—through their love—the boy's exquisite brief life could be made fruitful of good; and thus, in its essence at least, be perpetuated.

It had already been decided by Mr. and Mrs. Seymour to devote a certain part of their estate to a summer home for poor city children and their mothers. Mrs. Seymour talked all the plans over with me and showed me the architect's drawings. She interested Chud, also; and would take the boy with her to look over the grounds set aside, and discuss with him how they should be laid out and what should be done for the children's amusement. With it all Mrs. Seymour was very busy and interested, and happier than I should have thought possible.

Now, I had come to feel myself, in some sense, a priestess, appointed to guard the quiet of that after-dinner hour from violation. I always sat with Eunice and within hearing of Chud. The boy, once caught up by sleep, was—as a rule—no further care. But it took all my ingenuity, and all my devotion to the self-appointed mission, to prevail with Eunice. Often and often she was seized, during the time I guarded, with that insatiate restlessness which was sure to result in her demanding her mother. And one night loud screams from Chud's bedroom startled me, and sent me hurrying from the little girl's side.

Thus Eunice was left alone, just when the guarded time was nearly past, and we were both expecting her mother at almost any moment. But those ferocious cries which were rending the air must be silenced at any cost.

"Hush, Chud, hush! What is the matter?"

"I want my automobile brought in," the boy roared. "I left it out on the front lawn, and I want it brought in! You tell Ben to bring it in quick!"

"I will," I breathed, hoping thus to shut off any further demonstration. "I'll run down now and tell him."

But as I turned hurriedly I came face to face with Mrs. Seymour. She laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"Chud wants his automobile brought in," I explained, feeling at once something in her manner which quieted my own perturbation. "He has left it out on the lawn."

"Wait a moment," she said; and as I stood in the doorway I listened, instinctively, for Eunice. But as there was no sound from her room I thought it probable she had fallen asleep.

"Did you forget to bring your automobile in, Chud?" I heard Mrs. Seymour ask.

"Yes, I did! I did! I did! I told her I did! Make her go quick. Don't let her stand there waiting that way!" All this in a succession of angry, excited roars, in the uttering of which the boy pounded continuously upon the bed with his fists. The din was so horrid that I longed to fly out of hearing.

But Mrs. Seymour said very quietly: "If you forgot your automobile, Chud, it must stay out of doors. And Miss Martin can do nothing for you while you are screaming that way."

The mere shock of surprise stilled the boy for a moment—exactly as a dash of cold water might. Then he drew a deep, gasping breath and, with its expiration, emitted such a roar of rage and protestation that I slipped away from my post and stole to Eunice's door.

Once, in a fit of childish passion, I had rushed out to a woodland nook I loved, and hidden myself there. That was years ago; but now, as I entered Eunice's chamber, a sudden memory of the peace of that retreat came upon me. And then another memory followed; it was the sudden, almost startling memory of how Eunice had been wont to look when I would come in to find her and Ronald together. She turned upon me

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now that well-remembered look of happy animation. How it beautified her whole face! And there was in the room, moreover, that subtle change of atmosphere which only personality can effect. It was the freshening and content which Ronald's presence had always brought to his sister's chamber.

"Have you been asleep, Eunice?" I asked, instinctively seeking some superficial explanation of her peace amid the tumult of Chud's outcries.

She smiled and shook her head. Her expression was not puzzled exactly; there was nothing in it to suggest the strain or the distress of trying to recall something that had slipped just beyond the mind's grasp. But her eyes grew dreamy, and her smile vague. "I was having a good time," she said slowly.

Mrs. Seymour came in just then; and she caught instantly the happy note of the chamber. Her face, which had been grave and pale, brightened as she bent over the bed and kissed her little daughter.

"Sleep well, sweetheart—and pleasant dreams."

"Yes, I will. And *you* sleep well, mother, dear."

The lady lingered, pressing the soft little face against her own. It was the first time, since Ronald had left us, that she had received that good-night wish.

It was several days after this that Miss Davis, the trained nurse who cared for Eunice, came to my room and asked me to go walking with her. The girl's face was so bright that I remembered suddenly how she had looked when she first came to us.

"Have you noticed," she asked, when we had gone a little way in silence, "any change in Eunice lately?"

"Do you think she is better?" I asked, parrying the question.

"I am sure she is happier," said Miss Davis. "I don't understand it. She could never amuse herself for a moment, you know. But now she seems often to forget all about her uncomfortable feelings. If I go out of the room, I am apt to find her smiling to herself when I come back. You would think that somebody had been with her, except that she is not tired nor excited. I should be worried for fear—for fear she was not so well, you know. But it isn't that sort of a change. She sleeps better and has a better appetite."

"If she is happier," I said, "she will, of course, be better."

"Yes," the nurse agreed. "But I don't believe," and her voice sank lower, "that she will ever be able to run about—even to walk."

Then she will surely need, was my answering thought, whatever compensation may be given. But I did not speak this thought aloud. Miss Davis was a sweet and a charming girl, but it would have been utterly impossible for me even to hint to her those things of which I knew.

When we returned to the house a familiar sound from upstairs made us hasten our steps. Chud was in one of his passions, and we both knew how his ragings at such times made poor Eunice shrink and quiver, as though she were in actual physical pain.

But Eunice lay in an attitude of perfect rest, an expression of happy animation on her face. It came to me in a flash that she looked exactly as she used when telling stories to Ronald and making up verses for him.

Upon discovering our presence the child's face changed. The vivid, absorbed look died away, and she opened her eyes wider, regarding us intently—as though to readjust herself to her surroundings.

"Please give me some paper and a pencil," she said, with a quick smile. And that was the beginning of Eunice's writing—with which she amused herself at first, and after a time a great many other people besides.

But that is a far glimpse ahead. Chud's insistent cries had been ringing in our ears ever since we entered the house; and while Miss Davis got paper and pencil for Eunice I started toward the boy's room—though my inclination, as always, was to fly from the storm of passion which I knew to be raging there.

As I neared the door, however, Mrs. Seymour stepped from her own room and drew me within, closing the door.

"Do not go to Chud, Miss Martin," she said; "I wish him left alone." Then, as I stood there hesitating, she added: "Sit down a moment, please; I want to talk to you about Chud."

I shall never forget that talk. The mother who had let her wilful, passionate-tempered boy slip almost out of her control seemed endowed with a wholly new spirit of wisdom. Her pale face, however, was

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not set in those lines of hardened, desperate determination which bode ill for the spoiled child to be brought suddenly under discipline. It was tender and softly illumined. Some of her words still linger in my mind: "It is not his fault, you know, but mine; so we ought to be very patient. But for his sake we must do whatever is necessary. He was the sweetest baby! And I can imagine just what a dear boy he will be when the spoiling is undone. It will take time, and I want you to help me. I am not going to make any rules. I have no plans nor theories—" she smiled rather pathetically—"but I am just going to work along day by day, and try to do what seems best. But we shall have to let Mary go, I am afraid" (Mary was Chud's nurse); "that is my fault, too; but I am sure she could not change. And I think you and I can take care of Chud."

But she took, after all, by far the greater part of the care upon herself. She was with the child a great deal from this time on; they read and walked and played together. How she had courage for the task she had set herself I scarcely knew. But I tried to help her as well as I could; to enter into her attitude of watchful sympathy, to feel her tender patience, to practise her marvellous firmness. Whatever discipline was necessary was far more than offset by the tenderness and sympathetic comradeship in which she enfolded the boy, and through which she held him near her. But despite all this the progress made was not particularly encouraging. It was a relief to turn from Chud in those days to Eunice—to Eunice, from whose chamber I had so often come in a state of physical and mental exhaustion.

Miss Davis, always practical and wholesome, confided to me her opinion that the change in the little girl was simply one of the mysteries of development. "In writing her little stories she has found an unfailing source of entertainment," the nurse said. "She has her own little world of fancy now, and when she is in it she forgets all about her poor body."

That was true; but I knew it was not all the truth. Eunice had always had fancies to amuse herself with. When she wished to keep Ronald with her, she used to tell him stories and make up for him odd and funny rhymes. And, besides this, I remembered the first time that I had found Eunice happy and smiling; my sudden feeling that she had not been alone, and that look on her face when she said, "I have been having a good time."

Moreover, though Miss Davis had evidently not noted the fact, Eunice almost always wished to write after she had been left by herself for a time—instead of doing so to amuse herself in the interim.

The nurse's lack of observation in this respect was not, perhaps, remarkable—but how could she have failed to notice, upon returning to Eunice after an absence from the room, that something in the atmosphere, in the manner and expression of the little girl herself, which had so impressed me! Miss Davis, also, had known Ronald; she had often come into the room to find him and Eunice together. Yet now she was blind and insensible to every sign!

Then suddenly the explanation flashed into my mind. Had it not been for that initial experience of mine upon opening the smoking-room door I, too, would doubtless have been as blind and insensible as the rest of the household; incredible as it seemed, this was doubtless the truth.

The thought held me intent for some time. How many truths akin to those I realized might not be missed—everywhere, by everyone! And merely because of an attitude of mind. It had taken that singular experience to open my eyes; it was strange to me to realize it, but I now clearly traced all my deductions, which had seemed to me merely inevitable, back to that initial revelation.

Did Eunice know? Not, I decided, in the sense that I knew. She realized, doubtless, that there was something delightful in her life; something to which she escaped when alone. But I doubt that she could have told what it was; nor did she realize that the influence of it hung about her always, and had changed her from a querulous, fretful invalid into a happy child. She knew only that she *was* happy; that the day was not long enough for the delightful thoughts and activities that overflowed all its hours, and that the nights were seasons of pleasant dreams and peaceful rest.

It was particularly noticeable that Eunice no longer quivered in nervous agony when Chud flew into his paroxysms of rage. One day, the boy's cries penetrating to the quiet chamber where both Miss

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Davis and I chanced to be sitting with Eunice, the nurse said: "Why, how long it is since I have heard Chud scream that way! I had almost forgotten he did it."

Oddly enough, I might myself have spoken the same words. So gradual had the change been, and attended by so many discouragements, that I had scarcely realized the progress made. Yet now, after Miss Davis had spoken, I saw Chud in a new light. He was no longer a hopelessly spoiled child; but a manly little fellow, with a strong will of his own, and an inherent, unyielding sense of justice. Splendid men had been made out of just such material.

Here Eunice broke in upon my thoughts. "I told Chud stories yesterday," she said, "and he liked them."

"Who wouldn't like your stories, darling!" exclaimed Miss Davis, who was now doing her best to spoil Eunice.

But Eunice was too happy and busy to be spoiled. "I didn't use to think of any to tell him," she said simply.

Perhaps I should have followed Chud's development—or rather his coming back to his normal self—more intelligently had it not been for the tension, the absorbed suspense, which, for some days past, had permeated the atmosphere of the whole house. Even Miss Davis must have noticed it, I felt sure. Mrs. Seymour no longer busied herself with plans for the children's home; there was a look of strain on her face, and on that of her husband; and the two talked much together in low, earnest voices, falling silent when others were near. They seemed shut off by that intangible barrier of an unshared obsession of thought from all the rest of the household.

Mr. Seymour had been greatly changed by the loss of Ronald. He had been a rather typical man of affairs; with an assured, decisive bearing, and a certain remoteness from all the intimate detail of his own family life. But that unforeseen, unimagined blow had changed, it seemed, the whole constitution of his world. Perhaps it no longer seemed to him stable and to be depended upon. Hitherto everything had gone his way; he had moved in the centre of events and circumstances which he himself had called into being, and of which his own will was the undisputed arbiter.

In this world Ronald had become, unquestionably, the principal object. Heaven only knows what hopes rested upon that boy! He made, I am sure, an intrinsic part of his father's whole scheme of things; had been elected to stand, with him, at the centre; to take his place, when the time should come, and so perpetuate the creation of that masterful will.

And yet it was Chud, after all, who was like his father, and could best carry on his father's plans. But parents do not perceive these things. And when Ronald died the centre had fallen out of Mr. Seymour's world.

He missed the boy in warm, personal ways, also, I could never recall that scene upon which I had looked in the smoking-room without the tears springing to my eyes; I could never see Mr. Seymour follow his wife and sit down at her side without feeling a tightness in my throat. He had been so sufficient to himself; and now he was so dependent upon her. He had even become one of Eunice's favored guests, and she would sometimes read to him the little stories she wrote after having been left to herself.

Finally, also, Mr. Seymour discovered Chud; but that was somewhat later.

Through bits of talk dropped in my hearing I gradually came to know that the suspense and tension I felt had to do with business interests. When two people are absorbed in a common subject of thought their desire to discuss it is very apt to override their instincts of caution and reticence; and to make them underestimate, also, the intelligence of others. I could not have been the only one in the house who knew that some great business interest hung in the balance: but I alone, probably, had guessed that the balance it hung in was that of Mr. Seymour's own decision—and that his wife was using all her influence against the business interest involved.

One evening, after waiting for her husband until long past the usual hour, Mrs. Seymour—as was her custom at such times—sent for me to dine with her.

Miss Davis and I had already had our evening meal; Chud was sound asleep, and I had just settled down with an uncut magazine, to the coming of which I had been looking forward with eagerness, on account of a serial story in which I was interested. I remember still the pang with which I laid the magazine aside and went downstairs.

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When Mr. Seymour came home, a little later, this pang was suddenly resuscitated.

As soon as he came into the dining-room, however, I forgot my little personal disappointment. It was evident that something of importance had happened. His wife went pale even as she raised her eyes to his face, and their looks met and lingered with mute eagerness on the one hand, and mute significance on the other.

How they longed to be alone together! And yet I could not excuse myself without obtruding upon them my sense of the situation—or imagined that I could not. And the courtesy of my employers forbade their even hinting at my departure.

After a few attempts at commonplace talk the thought that controlled Mr. Seymour's mind forced itself into expression.

"They've decided on that deal," he said to his wife, in a low, suppressed voice.

Mrs. Seymour paled and her eyes widened. "But you—you did all you could?" she asked, after a few moments of silence.

"Yes; I did all I could. But it was no use."

"Of course you won't—you won't have anything to do with it!" The wife tried hard to make her voice sound assured; but the note of anxiety, of suspense, vibrated in the air.

Mr. Seymour's mouth went into a twisted smile—such a smile as a man in great physical pain might force. "It's got to be either in it, or out of it," he said briefly.

"I know; but—" then Mrs. Seymour set her delicate lips, as against impulsive speech. And a strange silence fell—a silence so quick with thought, so strained to the breaking-point, that my heart began to beat quickly, and I felt an almost irresistible impulse to get up and run away.

Yet it seemed impossible for me to frame the simple words which kept going through my mind—"I think, if you will excuse me, I will go upstairs now, Mrs. Seymour." At last, rendered almost desperate by the momentarily increasing tension, I seized upon the only thought that presented itself. "Do you not think I had better go up now, and sit where I could hear Chud, Mrs. Seymour?"

A quick relief sprang into her face as she assented; perhaps her desire for privacy was so acute that she actually did not consider the flimsiness of the pretext—or perhaps she simply did not care.

During the days that followed it became perfectly clear to me that there was a conflict going on; a tremendous, significant conflict between the powers of this world and those invisible forces which dwell in the human heart and conscience. And the thought of Ronald was constantly in my mind. He seemed involved in the whole matter; it was his influence which was upon trial—his influence as against that of material possessions.

In the face of this situation every other interest paled. I went through my daily duties like one in a dream. And then, one evening, the crisis came.

I had gone downstairs on an errand; and as I passed the library door I heard Mrs. Seymour say in a hesitating voice, "Are you not going to the smoking-room, dear?"

"No," was the answer, "I want to read. I think I shall sit here."

Now, the smoking-room was off a passageway from the main hall, and I did not have to pass it. But I involuntarily paused on my way, and looked toward that closed door. To open it would have been an intrusion impossible to my thought; but my fancy penetrated the barrier—and, as it did so, I stood spellbound.

Was it merely some indefinable recognition of influence, or was it an actual consciousness which withheld the master of the house—on this evening above all others—from going to that room with his wife? I believed that it was an impression—a scarcely acknowledged feeling—and yet one as potent as a reasoned argument. Within that closed door were influences which would work against that to which he had made up his mind; influences which, did he yield to them, would work the undoing of his lifetime efforts.

But if he did not go—such was the leap from my conception of his feeling to my own thought—all that really mattered would be lost; and the influence that had pervaded the house, and grown in strength day by day, would be gone forever.

There was a sound of light footsteps down the hall. I moved on a little; then Mrs. Seymour's voice arrested me. "Margaret," she said—and it was very rarely she used my first name—"Margaret, I am going to the smoking-room. After a few minutes will you go to Mr. Seymour in the library, and ask him to join me there?"

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"Yes," I murmured, not even looking up into her face. There was to me something infinitely pathetic in her appeal; in the fact that, in her great need, she had turned to me.

But what if I should fail her; what if the message with which I was entrusted did not, after all, accomplish its purpose! The whole weight of responsibility seemed suddenly shifted to my shoulders.

As I lingered in the sitting-room, whither my errand took me, I could form no plan of action. If Mr. Seymour made no sign of complying with his wife's request should I simply withdraw? or would there come to me something further to say, some way of moving him?

The few minutes elapsed, and I stood without the library door, saying: "Mr. Seymour, Mrs. Seymour is in the smoking-room, and asks that you will come to her there."

My voice seemed to belong to someone else. Mr. Seymour looked up from the book he was reading, and a slow flush spread over his face. He had taken his cigar from his lips as I spoke; before answering he put it back and drew a long inhalation, then he said, "Very well," and nodded his head, as though in dismissal.

But I did not go. A sudden change had come over all my feeling. I was no longer timid and self-conscious. I had forgotten myself entirely. The words I spoke came to my lips of themselves.

"Mr. Seymour," I said—while my eyes, full of tears, looked directly into his—"Mr. Seymour, please go now. They are waiting for you: please go now!"

Mr. Seymour rose to his feet. His face was very pale. He looked at me steadfastly for a few moments; then, without another word, went out of the room. And I stood where I was, motionless, until I heard the smoking-room door open and close again.

It was some days later that Mrs. Seymour told me, in a voice which trembled a little, that she was planning to simplify her household, and must learn to do without both Miss Davis and me. The tears rushed to my eyes, and a sudden desolate sense of homelessness swept over me. But the next wave of feeling was one of deep, quiet gladness. I had not foreseen this; but now I was, indeed, identified with the victory which I had so eagerly desired—and which, as I could not help remembering, I had myself helped to bring about.

The afternoon before I left I was sitting in Chud's room, watching the boy at play. His absorption had given me an opportunity to drift out on a sea of melancholy thought.

Just as I became fond of the sturdy little fellow, and began to understand him, we were to be separated. He would forget me; and Eunice also—then I heard steps in the hall, and Mrs. Seymour's voice. "Of course," she was saying—with a laugh that had a catch in it—"we must give up the children's summer home."

"I'm afraid so," her husband answered. "But perhaps I can manage something else for you."

"For the children, dear," she corrected; and added very softly, "in memory of Ronald."

"And all that we give up," said Mr. Seymour, "is also in memory of Ronald."

When they reached Chud's room, and stood in the doorway, I was able to raise to them a smiling face. I hope that some of my inner gladness shone on them and cheered them. For Mr. Seymour's words had given me a new thought. I, too, could say that all I gave up was in memory of Ronald!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

LONG ago, when I was a naughty little girl, and I was always a very naughty little girl, I used to make a persistent practice of running away from school, a fault for which I have since rather abundantly atoned. It may be that I was then, as now, a bit sceptical about the higher education of womankind; sometimes, as I face my lecture-room, full of upturned faces and upturned pompadours, I wish that I had the splendid courage of those early days. Then I should—however, I started out, not to suggest plans for the future, but to tell something that happened in the past.

On the Boys' Side

One day I was, as usual, playing truant, and had wandered far along a cool, green leafy wood with an enchanting forest on either side, when I was rudely overtaken and wakened from my happy dream. A grown cousin who was visiting us drove past, and, catching sight of me, surely a harmless fugitive, with the swift severity of unmellowed youth resolved on discipline. I remember that for years afterward I hated the very name of the city in which he lived. Springing to the ground, he lifted me bodily into the phaeton, held me fast as in a vice, drove to the old-fashioned country school which I—perhaps I have not the right to say attended, but, rather, from which I had escaped—and, opening one of the doors, thrust me in, then departed without saying a word. His cruelty was greater than he intended, for he put me down on the boys' side. I can still hear the giggling of the little girls, from whose company I was thrust out, and see the questioning, scornful glances of the boys, who had no desire to count me among their number. There I stood, shamefaced and immovable; there I still stand.

The picture often comes back to me as a symbol of my later experience. Exiled from the one group, unrecognized by the other, I even yet, metaphorically, wait, hanging my head, uncertain where to go. Indefinable barriers keep me from my own side of the great school-room; intimations, half-heard challenges, call me irrevocably to the larger and freer life of the other. Many a taste and many a prejudice separate me from the little girls. I dislike new clothes; what right have I among those pretty, fluttering, feminine creatures? Anything calling attention to the outer shell has always brought me distinct discomfort, from that early martyrdom of curly hair to this day. Many voices call me where I do not belong; the world of out-of-doors and the long open roads make an all-too-distinct appeal. Since that far-off time of lawlessness I have acquired something of decorum, have learned to dress and smile when it is necessary, and I no longer, literally, at least, carry stones in my pocket. I can pretend to be a lady, but I am, and always have been, a tomboy at heart.

Again, one of my deepest pleasures—I dare confess this as this article will be unsigned—lies in having my mind work. Ideas move me profoundly, and few things in life have appealed to me more deeply than the intellectual quest. Note that I say few. My earliest and happiest memories are of hearing my father discuss, with his friends, literature, philosophy, politics, while I lurked half-concealed in some dusky corner; nor could I abide the feminine conversations that went on in another room. But those leisurely, genial discussions of the men, with their deep, rich voices, the warmth and comfort of the smouldering fire and the glow of the lamps, come back as the choicest moments of my early life, and those from which I date a knowledge of myself.

Again, the need of something to do is strong within me. I have a most unfeminine love of work, and I fear that, if I had been left as idle as many women are, I should be, by this time, a noted criminal. Speaking of work, mine is sadly hampered by a consciousness that my real place is among the giggling little girls. I might, perhaps—one can never tell—have made some small success as a writer of fiction, save for the unwritten law that a woman must go through the world with her eyes cast down. The endless spectacle of life, the great tides that govern being, the very panorama of the streets—I have always had to move on and away, for fear of being misunderstood, and of understanding too much.

I know that it is all a blunder, and I am heartily ashamed of my fatal love of ideas, of

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freedom and of work. For a woman, this is to have failed in life. Yet you who read will realize that it is not my fault, but my misfortune, a fatal blunder of Providence—or of Cousin Sam, who left me stranded on the boys' side. Surely I have been more sinned against than sinning! In the first place, I "took after" my father; could I help it that he was a man? Could I even wish to help it? My tastes, my ambitions, my problems and my way of working them out were his. He was a lover of books; could I be less, being his child? For that small portion of his mind that has come down to me I am more thankful than for any other bit of inheritance, and even now it is all astir with the inquiry: Inasmuch as in eight cases out of ten daughters seem to resemble their fathers, is it not possible that Dame Nature's ideals are different from those of Mrs. Grundy? I often think that she aims at a more even distribution of powers than society realizes.

The most distressing gift of all from the paternal store, that which has been at once my misery and my consolation, is a sense of humor. A woman handicapped by this never wins; she who has greatly sinned is sometimes forgiven, but never the woman with a persistent appreciation of the incongruous. The Young look at you with astonished and disapproving eyes; the Old marvel with lifted brows; you are branded by your sex as not being an Earnest Woman; men look askance, except the rare kind of man who understands, and he is the only kind worth knowing. To me it seems that one can hardly be a genuinely Earnest Woman without it; that in life, as in the greatest English dramas, the most poignant sense of tragedy and the deepest sense of irony go together; but I should not dare suggest this when I see the white plumes wave over the heads of embattled womankind.

What is to be done with a creature born this way? I am only one of many, if the truth were known, and have all this time been confessing for scores of others besides myself. We make a distinct genus, and are wondering if there may not be for us some place in the chain of being, even if there is not in the social order. What should I have done in that early, unpleasant adventure? Should I have scrambled to the little girls' seats and have tucked up my feet and the corners of my mouth, instead of standing, dazed and uncertain, as I do now? I do not know, but I have one other word of confession:

I am in reality hopelessly feminine, more intensely so, I think, in some subtle fashion which I cannot explain, because of having been put down by fate

On the Boys' Side.

A Modern Disenchantment

I HAVE published a book. Neither egoism nor shrewdness is the cause of my advertising the fact in this public way, but merely a humble desire to conciliate my reviewers. They have not hesitated to tell me plainly that I know nothing whatever about the art of composition; yet I earnestly desire that they should believe me willing to learn. With this purpose in view, I have bought me a copy of a little manual bearing the alluring title, "How to Write," and I am trying now to put all its precepts into practice. Rule 49 on page 10 tells me that it is well to begin a paragraph with a concise statement of some remarkable fact. This advice I have carefully followed, only to learn from Hint 12 that it is never wise to use the pronoun *I* as the first word of a statement. It will not do, however, to let a false desire for modesty discourage me. I hasten to fulfil one other injunction, for I read on page 16 that a repetition of the opening sentence always makes a forceful and elegant conclusion. I think I know what that means; at any rate, I shall take advantage of the suggestion: I have published a book.

The paragraph which I have just finished has no connection with what I really want to say: it is intended as a mere introduction; and an introduction (see Rule 32) may be upon any subject, provided there is an adroit narrowing to the real topic. Lest some misunderstanding might arise, I call attention to the subtle and tactful way in which I am approaching my grievous experiences with book reviewers. I have published a book. I repeat the statement, partly to get a fresh start and partly to preserve rhetorical unity. I don't know just what rhetorical unity is, but the manual says that it must be preserved, and I am determined not to let it spoil on my hands, if I can help it. Well, when my book came out, not a magazine, not even a newspaper took any notice of it for a long time. I was just at the point of deciding between one of two conclusions, either that I was too deep to be understood, or that I had subscribed to a dormant clipping agency, when

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in five days the postman delivered at my address forty-nine reviews all exactly alike: every one of them was an accurate copy of the announcement with which my publisher informed the public that I had written a book. (Kindly observe how, in accordance with Rule 98, I have repeated the unifying thought, but varied the expression.) Of course, I couldn't find fault with what was said in this widely reprinted notice. It was unquestionably flattering: whoever wrote the thing had been moved by a singleness of purpose worthy of better things. It was his business to make that book sell, and from the way in which he revealed me to myself, I feel confident that I have created an epoch. Nevertheless, I must say that the announcement began at last to pall. I came to know it so well that I could say it backward as well as forward, and not trip once. When I closed my eyes I would see its lovely proportions blazing against the dark. If my friends looked at me pityingly, I knew that I was mumbling the magic formula to myself. Indeed, I am not sure but the time is near at hand when I shall be gibbering it in a madhouse cell. Still, there was one redeeming feature about the matter: having so many copies of the same review, I could send one to each of my relatives and enemies—two classes which with me are pretty nearly identical—and thus awaken their envy. As for my friends, I was not content to supply them with mere notices; instead, at Christmas time, I presented each with a copy of the book myself. You see my publishers had kindly sent me several of the volumes gratis: this thoughtfulness on their part solved the holiday problem for me in an unexpected and inexpensive way.

After a time the clerks of the clipping bureau seemed to find the monotony of continually sending the same review irksome; at least, that is the conclusion which I drew from the next thing that happened. Without any warning whatever, I began to receive newspaper notices of every man whose name is one with mine. (My diction here is modelled on a line from Tennyson, a device which, according to the manual, adds distinction, and subtly suggests wide erudition.) Now my name does not happen to be Smith, or Jones, or Brown; but I have recently become convinced that my relatives are more numerous, more widely scattered, and more diversely employed than all the members of those three families lumped in one grand total. I received notices of men who died before I was born, and of children who were born after my book was written; I learned that if Senators and Congressmen bore my name, so likewise did recipients of public charity and of penal justice; if I was interested in tracing my possible relationship to prominent clergymen and physicians, I was compelled to shudder at the probability of my connection with some misguided man whose "before and after" portraits adorned the advertisement columns of newspapers more or less obscure. Finally my mail became so heavy for a private citizen that the postman began to ask searching questions; and, had I not notified the bureau of its errors, I do not doubt that the government would have instituted an investigation with the purpose of discovering just what kind of swindling game I was trying to play.

Meanwhile the real reviewers had got hold of the book. "Then dawned the dark days." (Rule 7: Alliterative quotations may be used sparingly.) I learned from one magazine that my style was inflated, from another that it was flat; I read one morning that my reasoning was fallacious, the next that I attempted to prove the axiomatic; some critics thought me flippant, others commented on my lack of humor; I was accused on the same day of being pompous and puerile, on another of being half-hearted and grimly determined. In fact, if there was anything I was not in the mind of one critic, that thing I was in the opinion of some other. The battle over my book may not have attracted world-wide attention, but I am sure that it has been vital to me: I have come out of the conflict convinced that all unconsciously to myself I have been leading a double life for years.

With one reviewer at least, I am happy to say, I got right down to bed-rock. He casually remarked that a more stupendously useless piece of work had never before got into print, but so far as the index was concerned, it was well made. He might have added with truth that the book was well printed, and that the binding was carefully put on. Still, I was thankful for the mere shred which he did leave me, for another critic commented upon my work in the same paragraph in which he denounced a novel not now mentioned in polite society. Can fate have anything worse in store? I think not, although my recent experiences have totally unfitted me to have or to express an opinion. I may as well re-

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cord the fact, however, that to-day I received the announcement of a coming auction sale, in which one item includes my book with a volume of out-of-date sermons and a forgotten "best seller" novel, all to be bid for as a lot. I look for the fall of the last straw to-morrow: I expect nothing better than to read in the morning paper that some department store, having bought from the publishers their superfluous stock of my book as a remainder, will place the copies on sale at their notion counter for nineteen cents.

The Difficult Art of Receiving

WHY not? If giving is a difficult art, and we are often so assured, why should not the difficulty of the art of being given to also be recognized? Certainly it is a matter equally involving the most delicate equations. Giving is of universal exaltation and magnification, its value everywhere emphasized—some might, indeed, say rather unnecessarily "rubbed in." But no one arises to submit that, after all, taking things properly when they are offered is one of the most useful graces in all this world. It does fully as much as giving toward keeping humanity sweet.

Giving is, by contrast, really a simple task. Once base it on a good working theory (as some of our multi-millionaires tell us they are seeking to do), and the thing runs of itself. At least, it runs of itself in the sense that it can be entirely dissociated from any close personal feelings or decisions. Once you have concluded on what lines you think you can give in order to do the least harm to everybody concerned, the system works automatically. But if you are one of those who are given to, there is no system that you can always follow. Sometimes you can afford to be given to, and sometimes you cannot. There are some obligations which to incur is a blessing, and others which to incur would be a pest. Such distinctions are complicated. And there are other complications. If you accept the hospitality of the Romans you must like their "ways," whatever they be. I have in mind a book written by a good lady in which much stress is laid on the duty of a hostess to see that her guest's room is provided with every little device and conceit to be had in the hostess's own room. Somehow, I fear me this good lady saw the situation from the viewpoint of a bad guest; one of those unhappy persons for whom the house is always too hot or too cold, and whose Christmas gifts are never *just* what she wanted.

Of course, it is rather trying not to have one's preferences remembered. But, then, what a good school of abnegation the recipient's position is. So good, that one wonders if any one ever gave rightly, when his turn came, if he had not first done his duty manfully in that less prominent, and less comfortable, place to which it always pleases Providence, in some manner or other, to call every man at some time of his life.

I have always had a sympathy for the newly rich. It is possible that they are often misunderstood. Some of them may be the vulgar creatures of popular fancy, but others are probably good souls embittered by the malice of former companions. Is the "climber" who drops his erstwhile friend always the ignoble being, or may it not be the friend to whom the term applies? Between the ravings of the "predatory poor," on the one hand, and, on the other, the thinly-cloaked fury of old associates who can't forgive him his good fortune, what, one asks, is the poor, rich parvenu to do? Those in the circles above him who do not yet want his society probably wonder why he does not keep to his own "class." Alas, the reason may often be that he cannot because his own "class" has come to make it so disagreeable for him.

If it is praiseworthy for man to be loyal to his poorer brethren, it would seem to be equally praiseworthy to be loyal to the friends who have run ahead in the race; and often it is very much harder. If it requires wisdom and humanity, a good head and a good heart, to stick by those who have lost, and to be a generous giver, one contends that it requires as much of a quick, sound brain, and as much of a sane, merry heart, to swing up—at least in the matter of interest and sympathy—beside the friend who now sails in wider waters, amid a more benignant ether, and to take without fear, as without loss of self-respect, the dispensations of his easier bounties. As between the churl who does not know how to give and the churl who does not know how to receive there really is nothing to choose.

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THE FIELD OF ART

RUSSELL STURGIS

IT is a pity that the word "dilettante" has fallen into such disparaging connotations. Because, in truth, it "was a marvellous good word before it was ill-sorted." But, in its primary meaning of a "delighting" man, of an "enjoyer" it became suspect to the Puritans, to whom every pleasure was, if not a sin, at least a "snare." "A most sinful feast," wrote John Adams of his entertainment in Philadelphia in 1774. "Everything that could delight the eye or allure the taste." And its secondary etymological meaning of a "diligent" man, an accurate man, has been so perverted as to be reversed into a man not diligent and not accurate. Instead of an enjoyer who feels a responsibility for his pleasures, and takes pains to be in the right about them, it has sunk to denote a man of moral and intellectual frivolity.

One feels particularly the need of the uncorrupted word in attempting a verbal sketch of Russell Sturgis, who died in New York, February 11, in his seventy-third year. He was such a dilettante, in the elder and better sense, such an enjoyer who felt bound to render an account of his enjoyments. Nothing human was foreign to him, nothing that made its appeal to the natural or to the spiritual man. He was curious in viands and vintages as well as in buildings and statues, as well as in carvings and bookbindings. He could perfectly have said, with Burke, "I trust that few things which have a tendency to bless or to adorn life have wholly escaped my observation in my passage through it." And can you find a better definition than that of the spirit of culture? "We live by admiration, hope, and love," says Wordsworth. And a certain number of us feel responsibility for our admirations and our hopes and our loves, and hold ourselves bound to render, at least to ourselves, an accounting for them. If the account be rendered only to himself, such a steward and student of his emotions remains a dilettante, a "connoisseur"; if also it be rendered to others, to "the public," he becomes a critic. And Russell Sturgis, having the nature of a connoisseur, acquired the art of a critic.

With his tendencies and his environment, at the time of his adolescence, it was quite inevitable that he should succumb to the spell of Ruskin's eloquence. Nothing less than that eloquence could, at that period, have inclined so large a proportion of the population of England, still less of New England, towards the fine arts. Nothing else would have availed so much as the contention, in modern language, that "Art was the handmaid of Religion," that æsthetics were, in fact, a subdivision of ethics, to reconcile the sensitive descendants of the Puritans to following their bents. "As an appeal to moral order always must"—remarked the complacent Emerson. Determining, in his youthful enthusiasm, to devote himself to architecture, it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Sturgis would devote himself to the revived, or, in its British phase, to the "Victorian" Gothic. And he naturally sought the office of the most austerely logical of the practitioners of the school, in whose own work the much that there was of beauty might have seemed to him the consequence of the logic, though in truth it was very largely a "by-product." And he associated himself in the direction of an evanescaent and evangelical architectural journal entitled, almost necessarily, the "New Path." The establishment of the "Nation" as a more stable organ of a wider culture gave him a more available medium for his verbal discoursings, and in the early volume of

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"Essays" collected from it he appears as a contributor. Though he gradually outgrew, in the practice of what one might already describe as his subsidiary art of architecture, the trammels of his chosen "style," he never practised in any other. A picturesque bank in Albany stands to show what he could do and still more to indicate what he might have done. And his buildings for Yale, three dormitories and the chapel, while all distinctly Gothic, are hardly of the "Victorian" variety, distinguishing themselves, in fact, by restraint and moderation from most Gothic that was doing at the same time; by no means "bigoted ones." Perhaps hence, but at any rate for some reason, they hold their places with dignity and respectability among the more recent contributions to a somewhat Babylonish competition.

But the latest of Russell Sturgis's buildings dates from a quarter of a century ago. And one may say that only in ceasing to practise art and in devoting himself to appreciating it did he find his true vocation. The two elements of the true dilettante, sensibility and conscientiousness, were blended in him in a very high degree. His anxiety to be in the right carried him through what to most men would have been intolerable drudgery. But it was not drudgery to him. In the course of it he attained, and one may say, purely as a matter of culture and with no by-ends of "publication," a knowledge of the history of art, and of architecture and sculpture especially, which made his acquirements in this respect the envy and despair of his like-minded but inferiorly equipped acquaintances. His knowledge was recognized as encyclopædic long before he had published anything of encyclopædic pretensions. It designated him in advance as the one American to edit the "Dictionary of Architecture and Building. By Russell Sturgis and many Architects, Painters, Engineers and other Expert Writers, American and Foreign." It equally designated him as the one American to write the "History of Architecture", interrupted by his fatal illness, of which the first volume, coming down to the close of the "classical" period of Roman building, has, so far as it has gone, no rival in fulness, lucidity, and sanity for its subject and period. Sanity here means especially resistance to that temptation to propound unverifiable conjectures and theories to which most of the popular writers on the subject have fallen easy victims.

In particular, the talents and the acquirements of Russell Sturgis marked him out as the fittest person to preside over such a survey of the "Field of Art," as has been under his charge in the pages of this magazine during the past ten years. Nobody had been more forward than he in insisting upon that interdependence of the "allied arts," which is in this country quite recent as a practical and working conception. Nobody had been more useful in promoting it towards becoming a reality. His service in this respect was attested by his repeated elections to the presidency of the body which professed these aims. Nobody, one may say with assurance, knew so large an extent of the whole "Field." And the result was the peculiar interest, influence and authority which this unique "department" came to command. The authority, indeed, came largely from his choice of collaborators. But his good fortune in this was a consequence of his knowledge, of his tact, and of his generous subordination of himself when the occasion demanded it. "Specialists" are as a rule looked upon askance by publishers. One heavy-laden editor expressed the feelings of many when he said to an insistent and "authoritative" contributor,—"I know what an expert is. He is a man who writes for three other men who will disagree with him." To induce the real expert to deliver his tidings at all is often difficult: to induce him to deliver them "like a man of this world" often seems impossible. But Mr. Sturgis induced many artists, who would have said that they could not write at all, not only to write of their own several arts and mysteries, but to write of them intelligibly and interestingly. In many of his relations and capacities Russell Sturgis will be missed and mourned, and will for a time seem to have been a man irreplaceable. He will especially be regretted by the circle of readers he had made his own in the conduct of the "Field of Art."

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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Thais.
Essex Co. Court House, Newark, N. J.

Adam.
Essex Co. Court House, Newark, N. J.

ANDREW O'CONNOR, SCULPTOR

IN the "Field of Art" for February, 1904, consideration was given to the new portal of St. Bartholomew's Church in this city as an example of architectural design—"a splendid work of art, worthy to rank with anything of modern times"—which yet would be in comparison unremarkable were the sculpture reduced in importance and significance, or in refinement. This especially with regard to the large frieze in high relief with the culminating groups of the central doorway, "of singular boldness and intensity." In a more extended review of the work of Mr. O'Connor it would probably be difficult to find more adequate terms to designate the peculiar aspects of his talent, the most comprehensive examples of which may be found in this frieze and central door and in the statues and reliefs which embellish the new Essex County Court House in Newark. The St. Bartholomew work, it must be mentioned, was executed largely under the direction of Mr. Daniel C. French. It is related of Augustus Saint-Gaudens that, on one occasion, being shown by an architect a list of contemporary sculptors in connection with some proposed commissions, he ran down the names till he came to that of Andrew O'Connor, upon which he paused with the comment: "Ah! this man is in a class apart, by himself."

The St. Bartholomew work is, at this writing, with the exception of the statue of General Lawton, in Indianapolis, Ind., the latest in date of Mr. O'Connor's in this country. In that on the Newark Court House, executed mostly in 1904, may be recognized the same qualities displayed on a much larger scale. This is a handsome white marble building by Mr. Cass Gilbert, not too high, approached by wide converging flights of steps, a high portico with four pairs of Corinthian columns, and the pediment rather richly decorated with a broad Greek pattern following the raking cornice, and a great trophy in high relief in the centre of the tympanum. Of the statues themselves, the first impression is of surprise at the unwonted fervor suddenly infused into familiar things. On the extreme peak of the gable, relieved against the sky, is a seated figure of Justice, which, as it is the highest, suffers most from the foreshortening inevitable in the case of this architectural sculpture placed above

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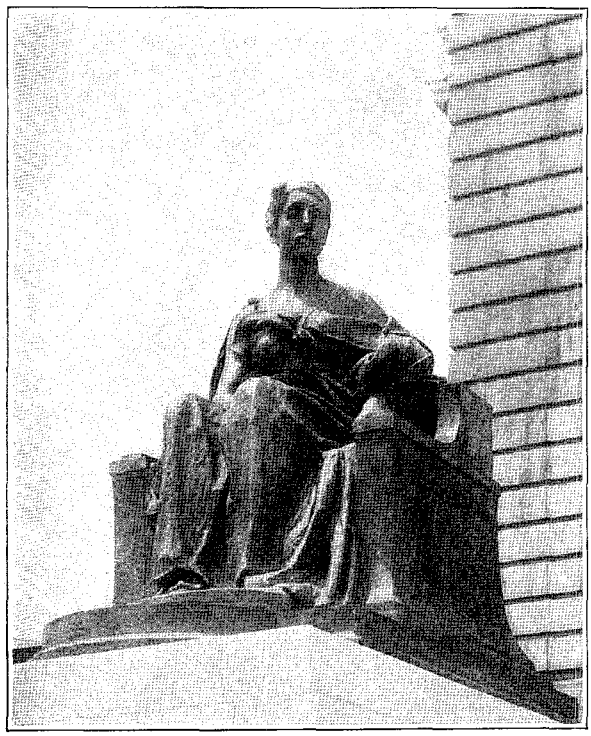

Truth.
Essex Co. Court House, Newark, N. J.

the cornice. The handsome, impassive Justice, with her balance and her sword, to which we have become accustomed, has quite disappeared,—no greater antithesis can be desired than that between this statue and Baudry's pretty soubrette in the Paris Court of Appeals, masquerading as Themis; or Hesiod's Diké, the virgin, who sits by her father Zeus. It is rather the terrors of the Law which are presented in this muscular, Michael Angelesque figure, seated, with his right arm extended over the wide curved back of his chair and his face so hidden in the close cap descending over his ears that on a sunny day it appears as a black spot against the blue sky. No prisoner, no accused, approaching this temple of Justice, can look up to this menacing figure, throned on high, with any equanimity. The left arm is brought over to the right side to support the circular shield on the ground, this buckler repeating on a much smaller scale the great one in the central architectural trophy below. The legs are enclosed in greaves; the drapery, in very broad simple folds, falls over the back of the seat, across the left thigh, and between the legs to the ground.

On the cornice of the porch below are ranged eight statues of heroic size, one over each of the supporting columns. To the right of the centre are "Adam" and "Eve"; to the left, "Cain" and "Thais"; at the extreme end on the right, "Wisdom" and "Learning"; and at the other end, "Maternity" and "Light." The four central figures are nude, or nearly so, and in action, the legs striding or separated in walking, the heads inclined and the arms uplifted or grasping, while the four symbolical figures at the ends of the cornice are much more architectural in the usual sense of the word, heavily draped, upright, "statuesque" and dignified. The vigor and intensity of the nude central statues, surprising as it is at first, is seen to be balanced and under control, and the architectural stability of the façade is not disturbed. It is in these figures of the First Pair and of their homicidal eldest son that have been found suggestions of Rodin—disturbing to many; since his sojourn in Paris it appears that Mr. O'Connor's expressed admiration is for Rodin and Donatello—more the former than the latter; but before this, he is declared to have maintained that his masters by election were, first, Michael Angelo, and, second, Saint-Gaudens.

The conception of Adam and of Cain is that comparatively modern one of the primitive man, still untrammelled, muscular and vigorous, but not wanting in grace and symmetry, neither classic nor realistic. The torsoes are broad-shouldered and comparatively narrow in the hips, that of Cain somewhat the heavier; the heads are small, the hands and feet large and very vigorous in action; even the feet, flattening under the weight of the body, seem capable of grasping the earth. The expression of the heads is given by their action, that of Adam being almost buried in the shoulder of his upraised left arm, and that of Cain likewise nearly concealed in his right arm, brought up with the hand and thumb outward. The sinewy left hand, dropped at his side, grasps a slain and trussed-up kid or lamb; the belt

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across his hips sustains a scrap of the skin of some animal and a stone-headed hammer. The legs of all Mr. O'Connor's figures seem to be sturdy, sometimes, as in the case of Thais, somewhat unduly so. And, as we have said, in these nude figures very important results are obtained by their action, as in Adam's slow and heavy walk, both feet flat on the ground, Eve's still slower but more graceful, and Cain's despairing stride.

For the figure of the mother of mankind that device—more acceptable in sculpture than in painting—of twining the serpent around her body has been adopted. The Tempter, issuing from the supporting broken tree, winds around her right thigh and carries his flat, triangular head almost up to her bent left arm, with the long and strong hand of which she conceals her face. Her right arm hangs at her side, the hand bent backward at the wrist. In stature and form she is in every way the counterpart of Adam: a young woman, fully developed but not heavy, the same character in hands and feet modified for her sex, and the modelling revealing the sculptor's facility in rendering the texture and substance of flesh. But the details of the technical skill are lost sight of in the very effective presentation of the theme, in the impressiveness of these statues of Despair. On the other side, Thais, in no wise disturbed by the unusual company in which she finds herself, advances slowly, her drapery hanging in heavy folds behind her and a portion of it supported in front by a ribbon across her hips, while she clasps against her breast two doves with both hands, bending her head over them. On each side of her face her hair falls in heavy braids, and her head is further protected by the edge of her mantle drawn over it. Her figure is voluptuous only in the heavy limbs; her face, though the only one of these four which is revealed, is in shadow, and at the height at which she stands can scarcely be distinguished, the sculptor having apparently recognized that for architectural sculpture facial expression is usually unavailable.

Power.
Essex Co. Court House, Newark, N. J.

On each side of the broad flights of steps that lead up to the entrance is a heroic seated figure in bronze; on the east, "Power," a bearded, muscular man, nude to the waist, his thighs covered with a heavy leathern apron and his feet sandalled. His right hand lies in his lap, and his left, the elbow on the arm of the chair, supports his head, the brow is knotted in thought, very carefully wrought out, removed from the realistic by that slender margin of right feeling so necessary in these cases. This is still more marked in the female figure on the west—the head, at the first careless glance, might be mistaken for a contemporary portrait, but is in fact an admirable personification. Even in the ungrateful material (for the bronze is pretty black) the mouth droops softly, the eyes are full of care, a wonderful feminine grace and charm lends interest to the intensity of expression. This is called "Truth." The drapery, like the arrangement of the hair, is a skilful combination of the contemporary and the classic—the shoulders and arms are bare, and something quite like a modern bodice covers the body; but the skirt, simple and heavy, falls in two perpendicular folds which, like her companion's broad apron, apparently

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bear in mind the architectural requirements of the building behind and above them. Not the least expressive of all this sculpture are the panels in rounded relief on the sides of the sedilia of these seated figures, in the three most important of which is revealed a most unusual poetic inspiration. The passion, constantly threatening to break its bounds, never does so, though we wait in something like apprehension. The central theme in each of the two largest panels on the inner sides of the seats is the same; the figures appear in low relief, rounded, with but comparatively little detail in the modelling, more in some figures than in others, and with much care for the rendering of textures and the difference between flesh and all other things.

In this central theme, in each of these little bronze dramas, the man apparently leaves the woman, who follows him despairingly, dropping her head on his shoulder. He still turns his face to her, and clasps her hand, but the completeness of the abandonment is typified in the more graceful of these groups by his setting his foot on hers. Other figures are added, commenting on and extending this theme; and on the outer side of the chairs are simpler groups. When Mr. Gilbert asked the sculptor in his studio in Paris for some interpretation of these panels, the latter replied that they were not taken from any classic *motif*, and did not represent any incident of classic tradition, adding: "Sculpture has a language of its own, as has music. If you do not understand the language, I cannot tell you the story in any other way. The sculpture tells its own story, and if it does not, then it fails."

O'Connor was born in Worcester, Mass. in 1874, and his early life was the not unusual one of poverty and hardship. Breaking away from the drudgery of the farm, he first went to Chicago, and was for a while in the studio of Wm. Ordway Partridge, but soon came to New York, and gained admittance to that of Daniel C. French. His first independent commission, it is thought, in 1900, was from Mr. Gilbert for a panel in relief for the bronze door of the tomb of the Loney family in Skaneateles, N.Y. and this door, according to the sculptor himself, was the first bronze casting by the *cire perdue* process in America. The late Stanford White chanced to see the door while in the foundry, and from the interest in the sculptor thus awakened in him grew a number of important commissions.

From Mr. Gilbert also came a commission to execute a seated, mourning figure for the tomb of the Thomas family in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown (1903). Of about the same date are his mystical panels, a male and female winged figure, on the American Insurance Building in Newark, N. J.; and a seated, draped figure, "Inspiration," executed in plaster for the pediment of the Fine Arts Building of the St. Louis Exposition. Of this latter, his explanation was, that good work, the result of inspiration, was wrought in great sadness and stress of soul. The very decorative oval escutcheon, with supporting winged figures, on the U. S. Custom House in this city, is of about 1904; his work may be seen also in the spandrels of the Gorham Building in Fifth Avenue, this city, which were carved by his father; and he made designs for the façade of the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. His first work, seen and appreciated, a relief of a head, "Sea Dreams," was exhibited in the London Royal Academy in 1896, and praised by Leighton and Whistler; since his residence in Paris he has exhibited repeatedly at both Salons, and the bust of Robert L. Newman, of the Société des Artistes français, 1908, is now in the Luxembourg. The bronze statue of General Lawton, with a heroic figure carrying shield and palm on the pedestal, commenced in this country under the supervision of Mr. French, was completed in Paris, and has been erected in Indianapolis. Among his Parisian works is a design for a funerary monument, a species of pedestal as high as a pylon surmounted by a colossal and menacing owl, the illuminated eyes of which will enable the whole to serve as a pharos.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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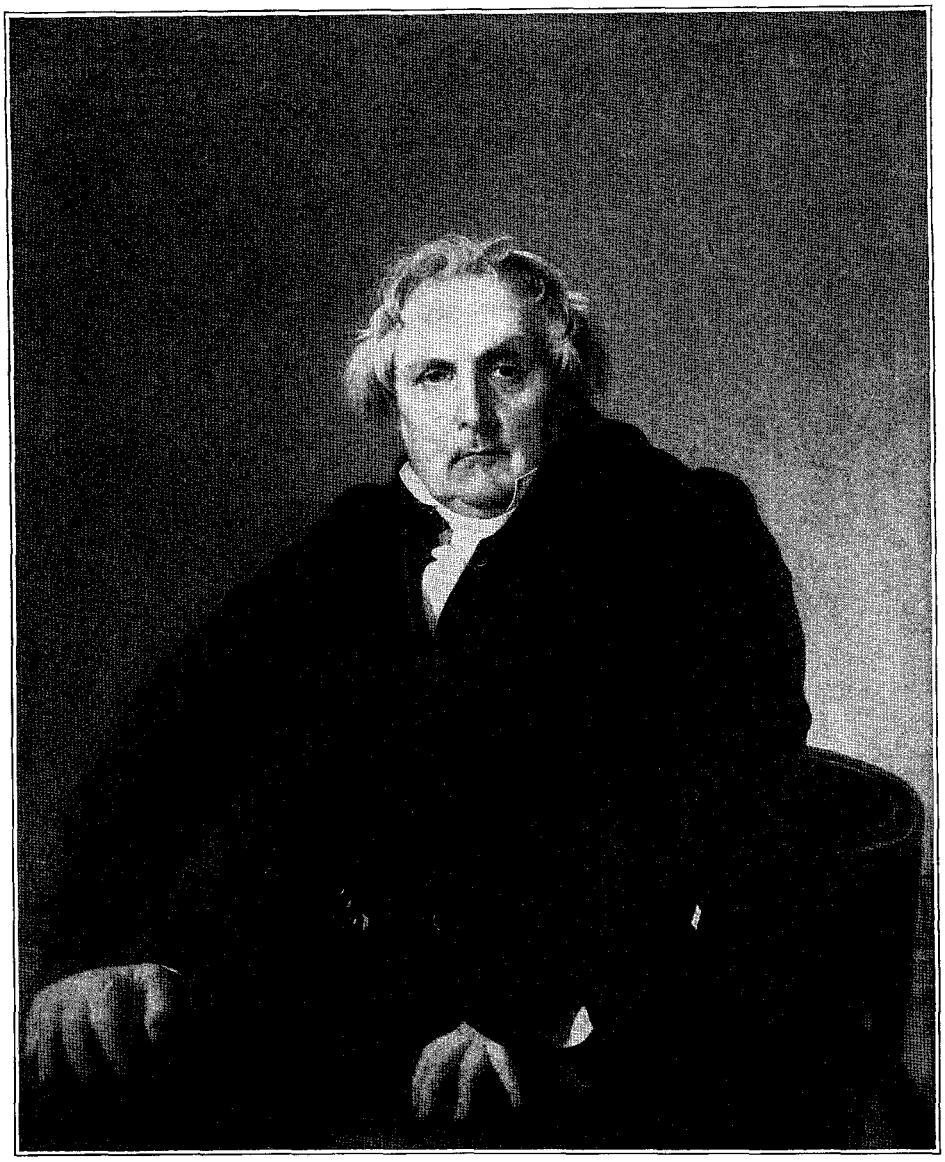

PORTRAIT BY INGRES OF M. BERTIN, IN THE LOUVRE.

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